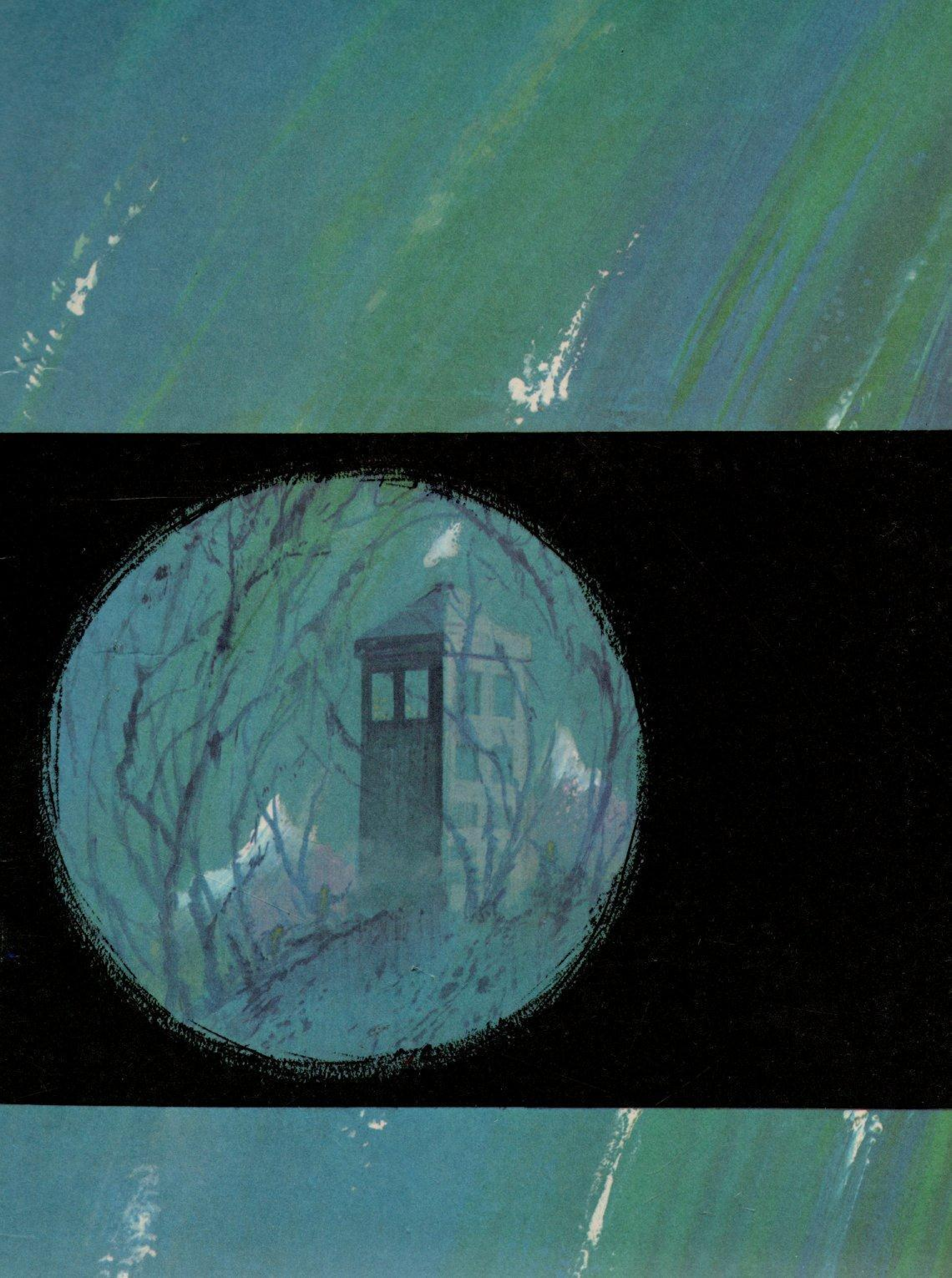
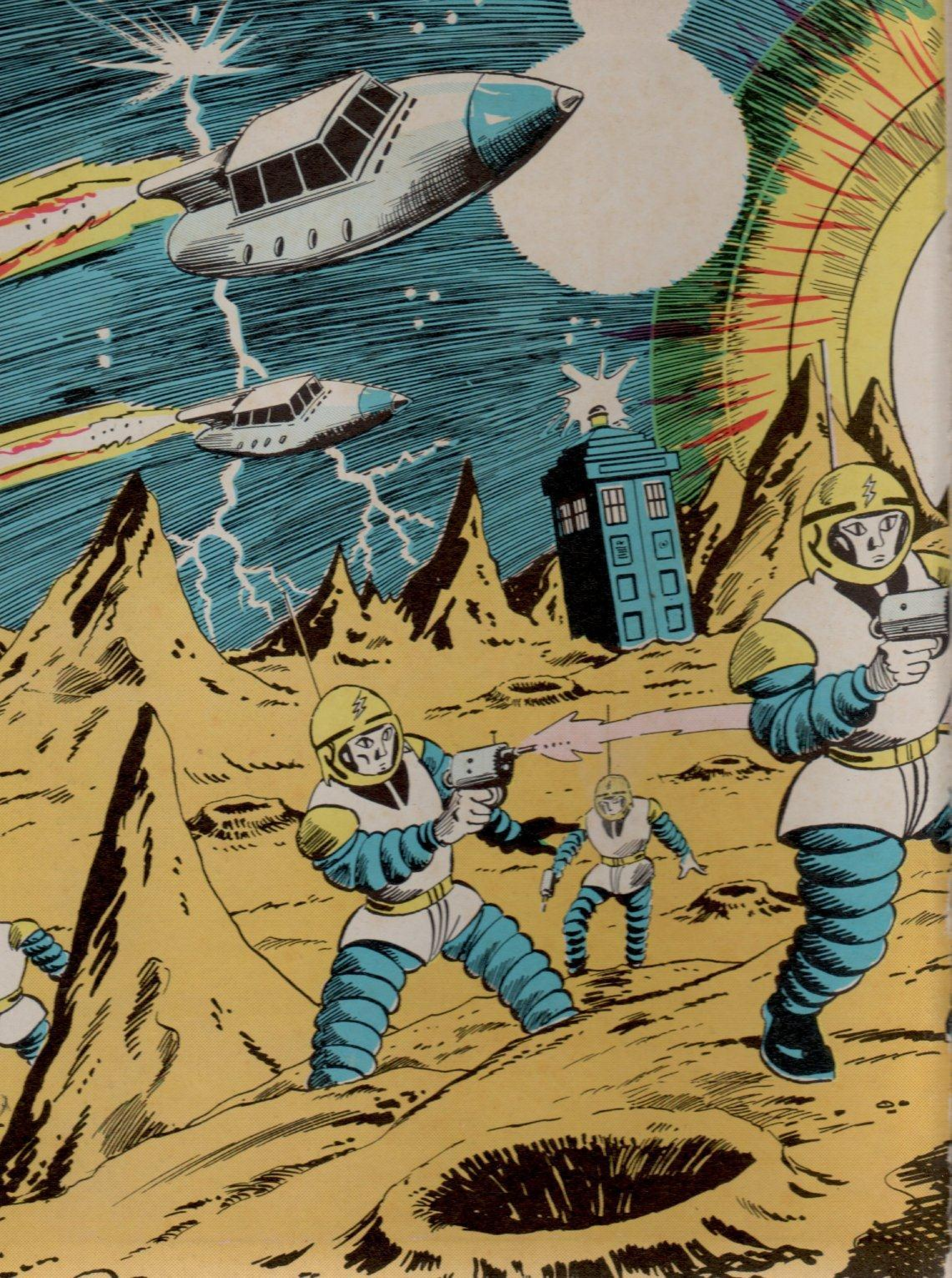
THE DR WHO ANNUAL

As played by
PATRICK TROUGHTON

Based on the popular
Televison Series

By arrangement with
BBC tv





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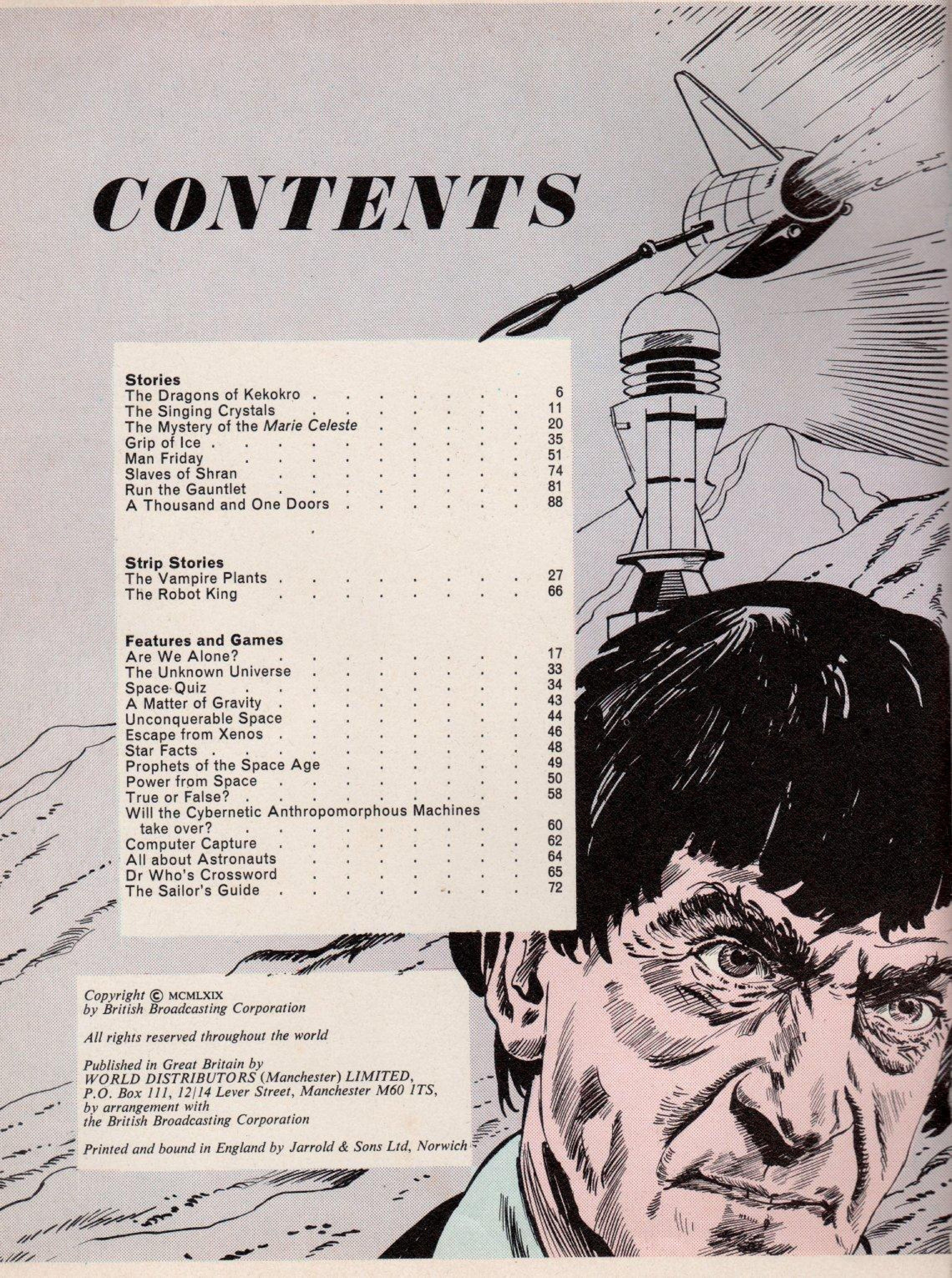

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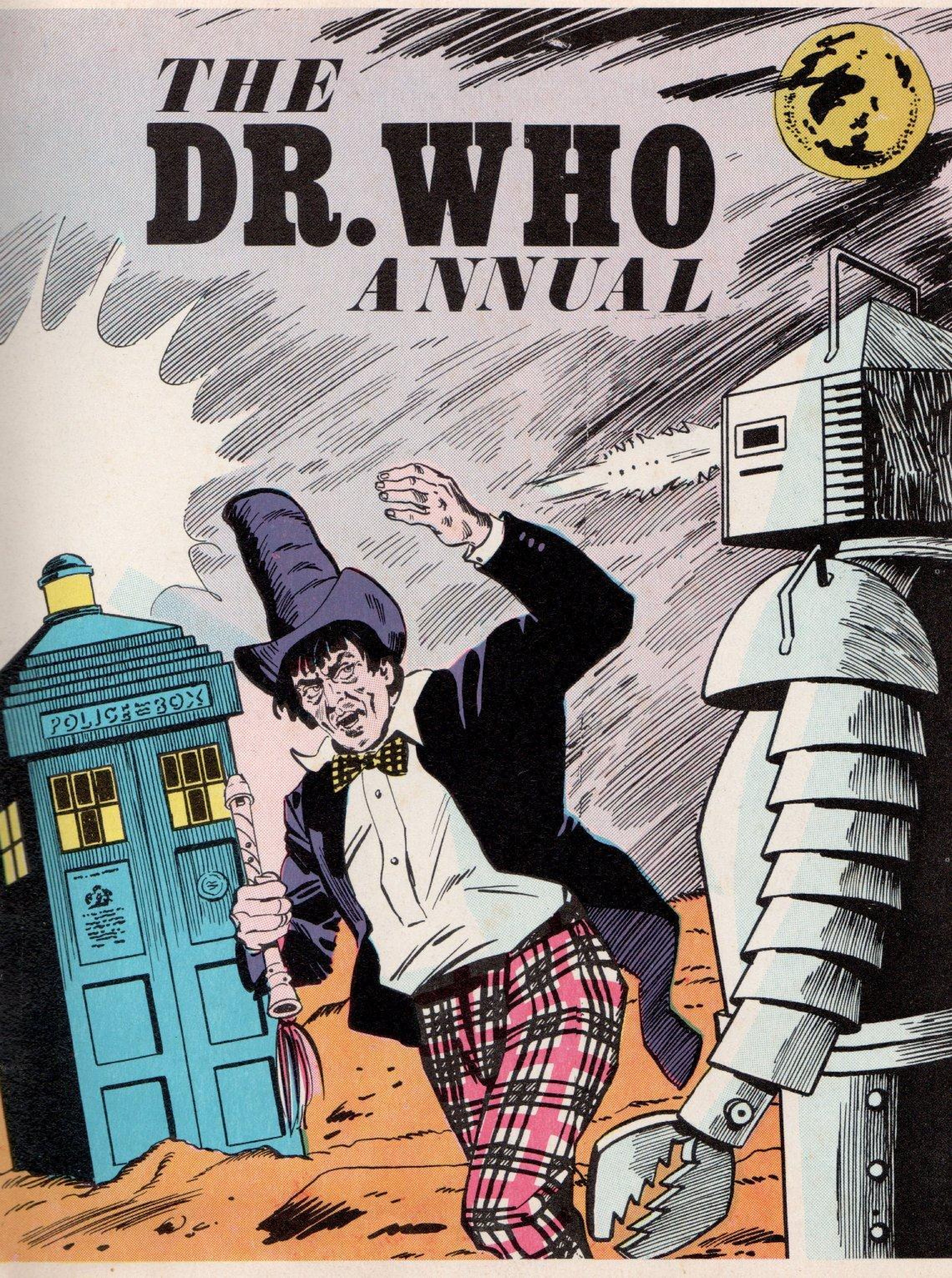
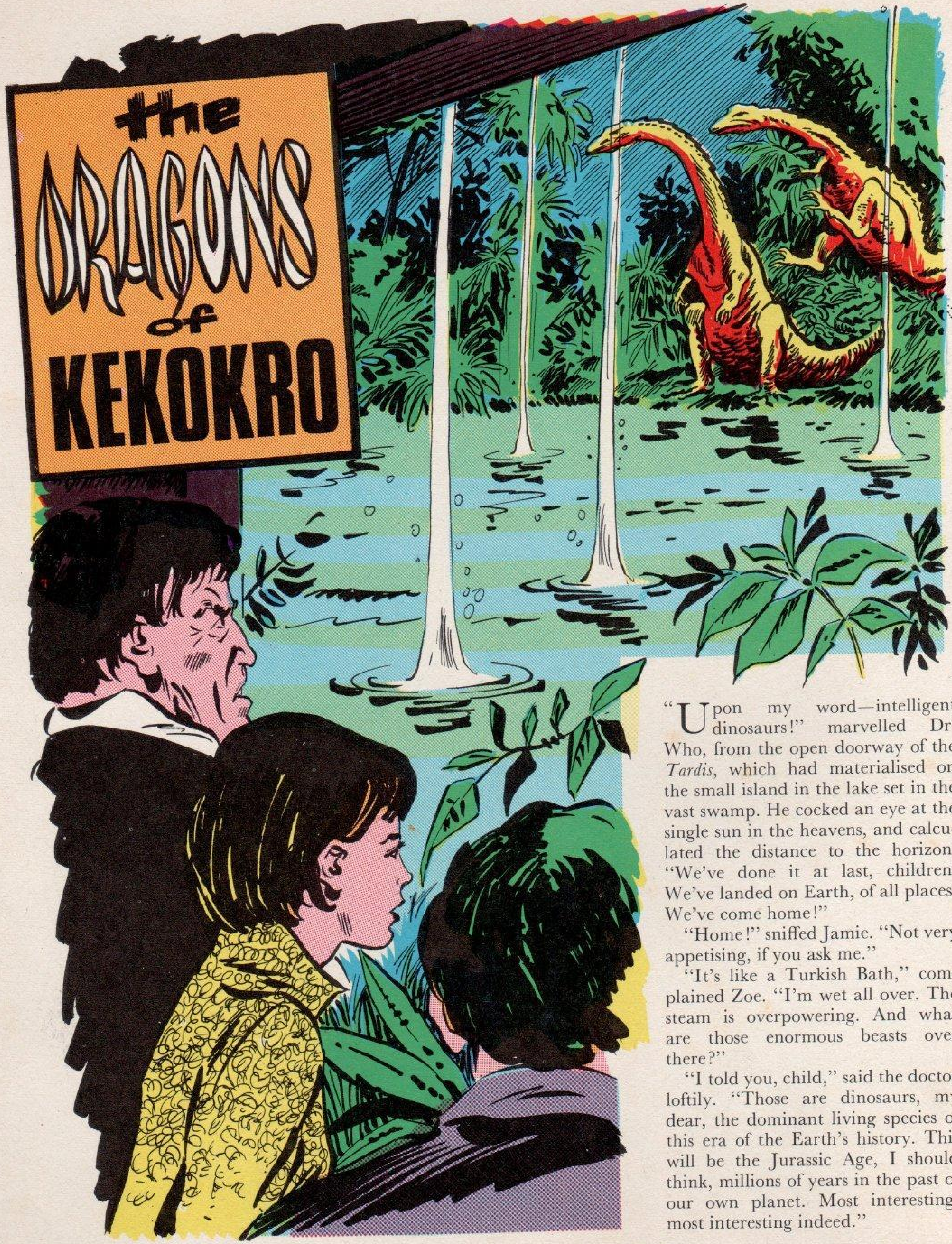


the DRAGONS of KEKOKRO

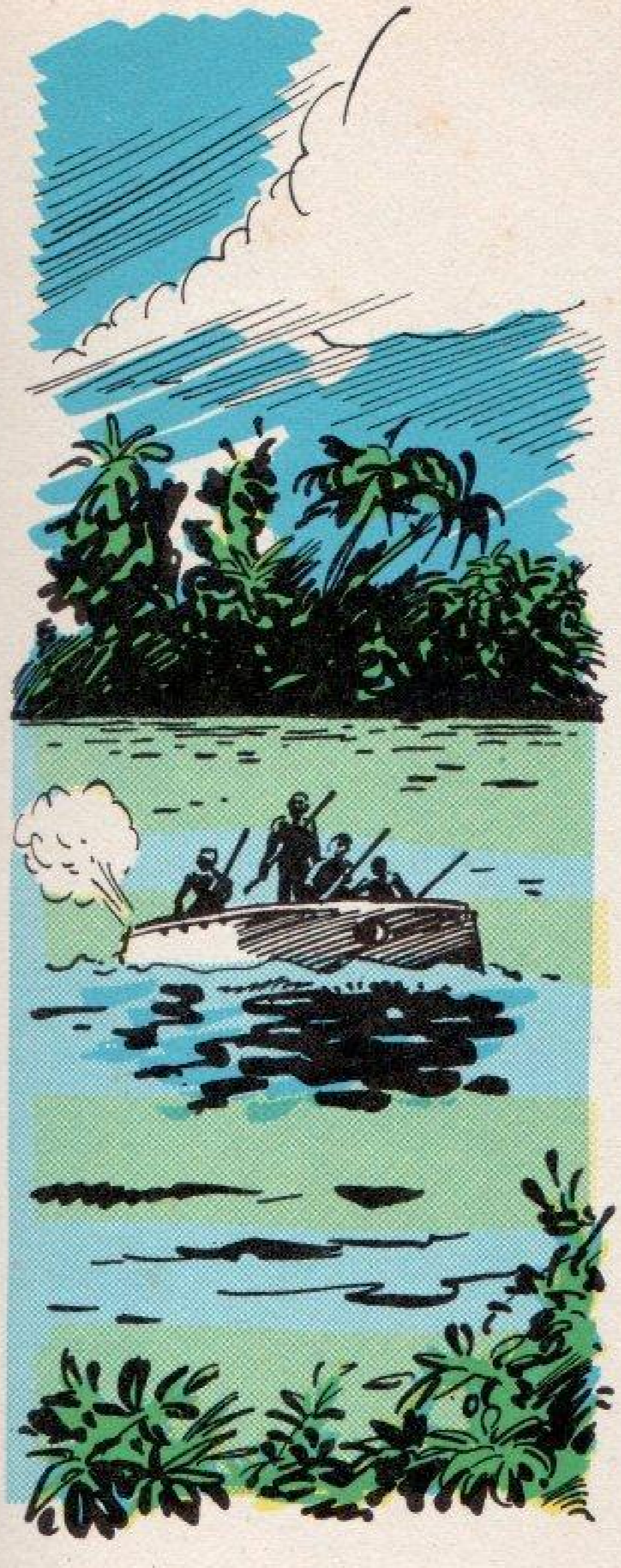


"Upon my word—intelligent dinosaurs!" marvelled Dr. Who, from the open doorway of the *Tardis*, which had materialised on the small island in the lake set in the vast swamp. He cocked an eye at the single sun in the heavens, and calculated the distance to the horizon. "We've done it at last, children. We've landed on Earth, of all places. We've come home!"

"Home!" sniffed Jamie. "Not very appetising, if you ask me."

"It's like a Turkish Bath," complained Zoe. "I'm wet all over. The steam is overpowering. And what are those enormous beasts over there?"

"I told you, child," said the doctor loftily. "Those are dinosaurs, my dear, the dominant living species of this era of the Earth's history. This will be the Jurassic Age, I should think, millions of years in the past of our own planet. Most interesting, most interesting indeed."



He held his field-glasses to his eyes and stared at the strange creatures on the edges of the swamp. "I just can't believe it," he said in a hushed voice. "That huge lizard over there seems to be holding something in its front paws. By the stars, it looks like a weapon; a gun of some sort!"

"Now I've heard everything," snorted Jamie. "I'm only an ignorant Scot, Doctor, but even *I* know that the dinosaurs were only over-size lizards, with tiny brains, which fought each other to extinction."

"Theories, my boy, theories," said the doctor airily. "No one knows how the reptiles became extinct. Some say that their great weight caused them to die out. They lived in swamps so that the weight might be lessened. They fought each other savagely and continuously and the flesh-eaters ate the plant-eaters. But—and it's a big but—a great Ice Age succeeded the Age of Reptiles. My guess is that the creeping ice covering most of the hemispheres of the world wiped them out. They were the monarchs of all living things for two hundred million years, so they can't have been such poor specimens. Now, that creature with what looks like a gun was called Tyrannosaurus. Forty feet long and twenty feet tall, some baby!"

"Were there any *men* living in those times, Doctor?" asked Zoe, in a small voice. She was looking at the far edge of the swamp.

"Of course there weren't, child," he said testily. "Men didn't evolve for many millions of years after the great Ice Ages."

"Then," said the girl, in a quavering voice, "if there aren't any men in the Jurassic Age, who or what is coming towards us across the water in what looks very like a boat to me?"

"What!" roared Dr. Who, and he spun round to look in the direction of her pointing finger. Coming towards them was a craft. It was round, and there were no oars or sweeps. Figures could be seen standing in it, and a puff of smoke came from the rear. He turned to the other two with a chuckle.

"You know, children, I'm not often wrong, but this is one of the times. This can't be the Jurassic period. These are men and they have machinery. That is some sort of motor-boat coming towards us."

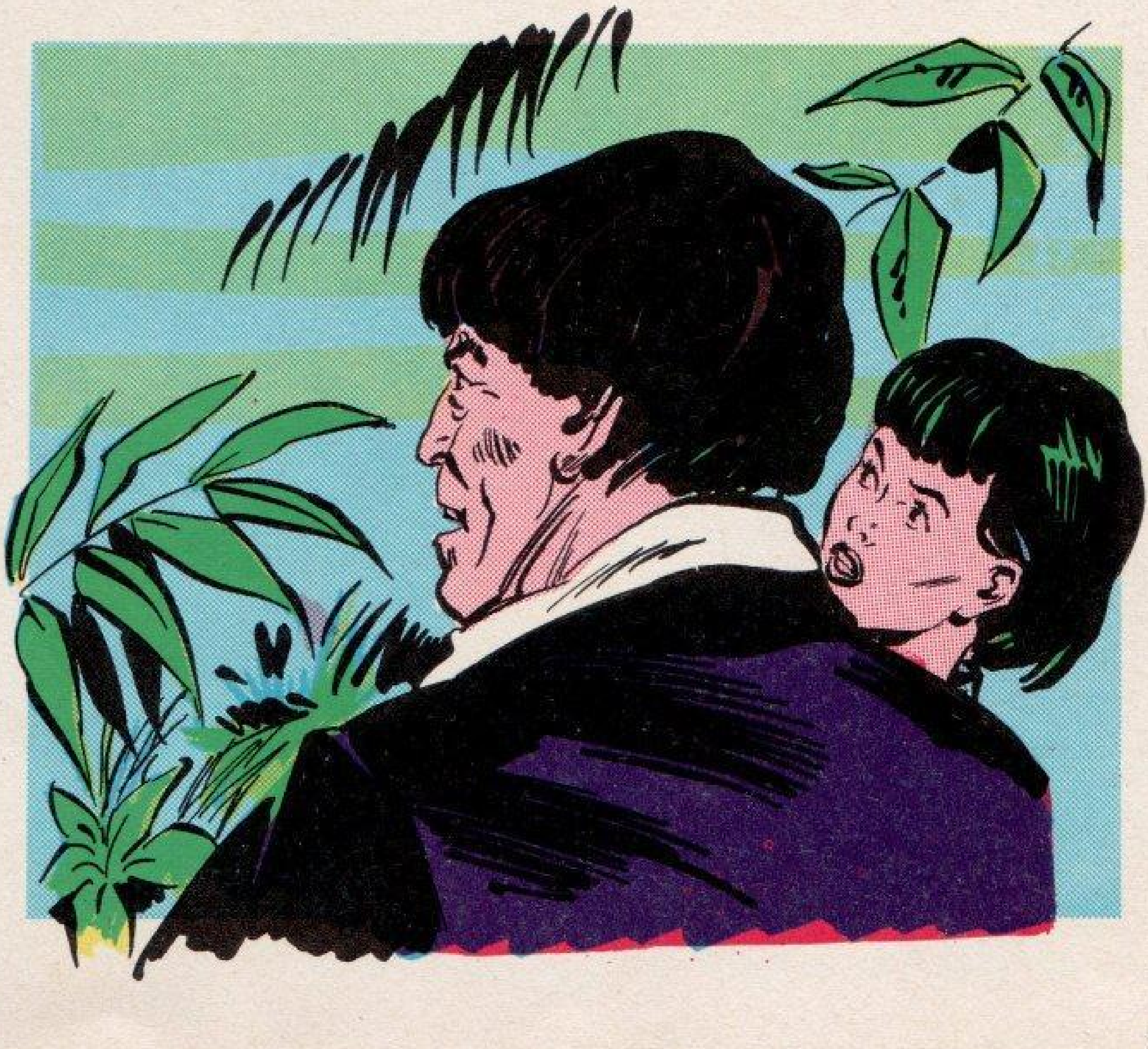
The craft beached, and the occupants, three vaguely man-like creatures of about three feet in height, came closer to them. They were all jabbering with excitement and all held long rods like weapons. One of them jabbed his rod into Dr. Who's chest and let out a string of strange, guttural sounds.

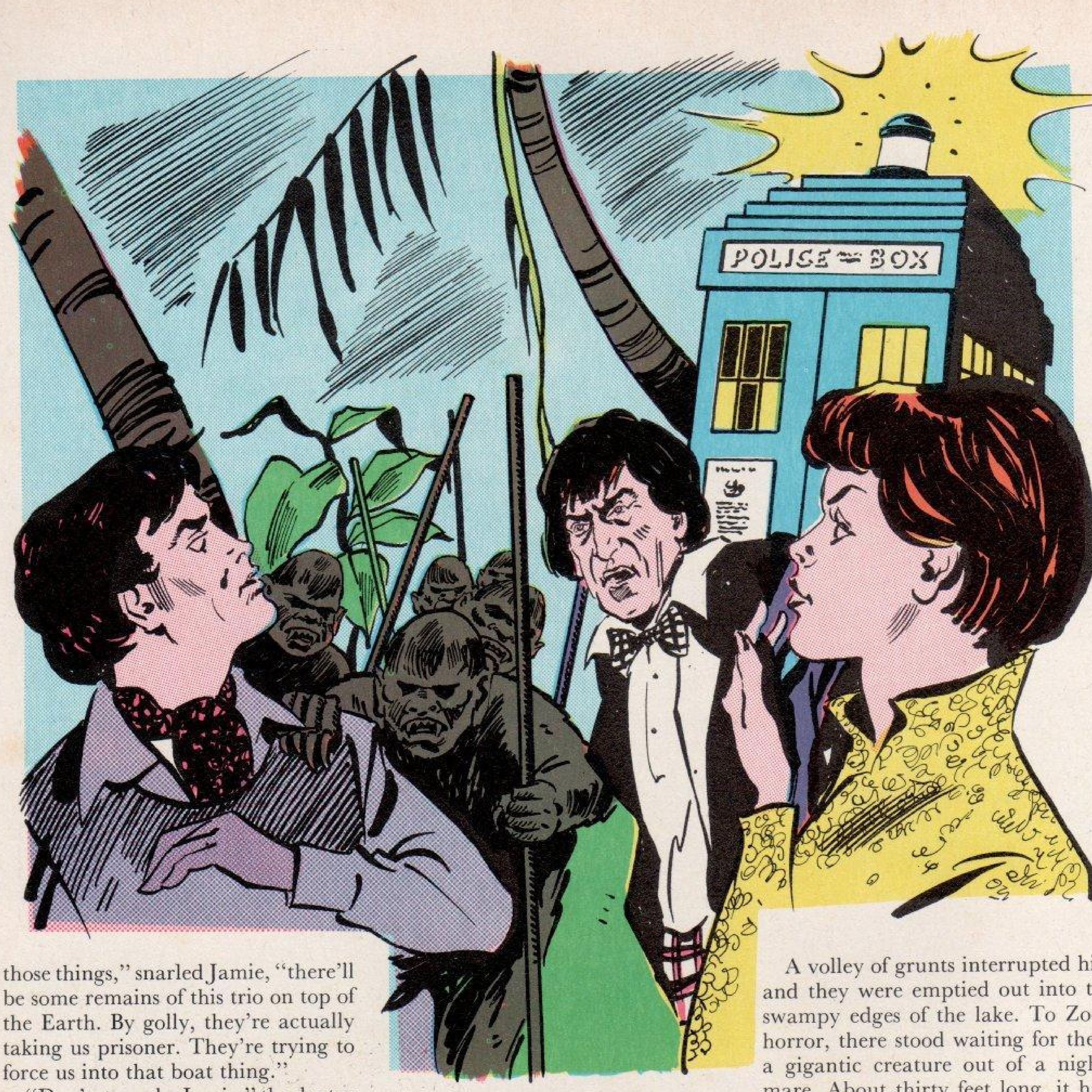
"I was wrong to say I was wrong," said the doctor wryly. "This is Earth and this is a pre-Ice Age world, Jurassic, Mesozoic, or what have you. These creatures, children, believe it or not, are *men*!"

"Ugh!" growled Jamie. "Take that thing out of my stomach, you . . . you . . . apeman, you." He swung an arm and knocked the rod from the creature's paws, and it bared massive fangs in rage. Dr. Who put up a hand.

"Don't antagonise them, Jamie," he warned. "This is all most interesting. It will be fascinating to study these creatures at close quarters. These are real men out of the remote past of our world. They flourished before the Ice Ages. There are no remains of such creatures near the Earth's surface at all."

"If they don't stop poking me with





those things," snarled Jamie, "there'll be some remains of this trio on top of the Earth. By golly, they're actually taking us prisoner. They're trying to force us into that boat thing."

"Don't struggle, Jamie," the doctor pleaded. "Let's go quietly and see what happens. You all right, Zoe?"

"Just let me get back into the *Tardis*," the girl moaned.

"All in good time, Zoe," he beamed, and they were thrust into the boat. "They haven't taken the slightest bit of notice of the *Tardis*, which is locked up. They don't recognise it for anything they've ever seen."

The craft moved across the choppy water, and the doctor peered with deep interest at the rear. One of the apemen appeared to be doing something inside a wooden box, and the boat increased its speed. "Some sort of engine, hum! Fascinating! Apemen with technology! It's scarcely to be believed," he mused.

A scream from Zoe cut across his thoughts. Out of the water had appeared a fearsome head on a long serpentine neck. It had two large saucer eyes, a tremendous mouth armed with many teeth, and two large horns on its head. One of the apemen raised his tube and the head was sliced from the body, without any sound of a shot. For many yards round the water boiled, as the vast coils of the sea-serpent thrashed in its death-throes.

"Plesiosaurus, it is, for sure," gloated the doctor. "Oh, this is all too intriguing. To think, no living eyes ever saw——"

A volley of grunts interrupted him and they were emptied out into the swampy edges of the lake. To Zoe's horror, there stood waiting for them a gigantic creature out of a nightmare. About thirty feet long, it had tiny eyes and a crest of horny plates along its great back.

"A stegosaurus!" cried Dr. Who. "And a tame one at that! Impossible! Incredible!"

"It's the last 'bus' to nowhere," grinned Jamie, his anger vanishing at the realisation that, so far, no harm had come to them. "Look, that fellow's getting up on the neck. And we're being boosted up on the back of this thing."

The huge lizard developed a truly remarkable turn of speed but the ride was anything but smooth. Eventually, the brute stopped and they were all flung off violently. The three apemen, with the rods which the three captives now heartily respected, herded them towards what looked like the entrance to a dugout. This is just what it was, and they went down a slope, and a hatchway closed. Bolts were shot, and they were in a lighted cavern. The light came from a ledge near the roof and glowed with a cold light.

They were hustled down and down, with the atmosphere getting hotter, and then they reached the bottom. They were surrounded by a crowd of apemen in a large lighted cavern.

One of them, a little taller than most, came forward to meet them. He uttered a string of grunts and yelps and, to his amazement, Dr. Who fancied that at last he could detect sense in the sounds.

"Spies!" the creature was trying to say to them. "Spies of our enemies of the south hemisphere. We will torture them and force them to tell us the plans of the Kabokos." It all came out like grunts and howls.

"We are not spies," said the doctor boldly. "We do not know these——"

But he might as well have been talking to himself. The leading apeman had turned away and they were dragged to a small hollow, where chains were put on their wrists and ankles, chains secured by what the amazed doctor could only think of as actual locks! They were left alone for a while, as there seemed to be some great excitement amongst the apemen.

"No one will believe all this," said the doctor gloomily. "I can hardly believe it myself. Veritable *men* before the Ice Ages, men with an organised community life, with energy weapons and powered boats, and the masters of the giant reptiles. Do you realise what this means, children? It means that these apemen dwell below ground but tame their dinosaurs and use them as beasts of burden and as *soldiers*! When the Ice Ages come upon the world, all traces of these apemen will be lost. Somewhere, in our world, deep below the surface and unsuspected, will be the buried remains of this . . . this . . . one can only call it a civilisation, in many ways primitive and bestial, but in others startlingly beyond the knowledge even of the Twentieth Century. Are you listening, girl?"

"Whisht, Doctor," muttered Jamie. "She's asleep. Give us a rest. Says a deal for her courage that she can sleep at all in a spot like we're in."

"You're right, Jamie, of course," was the reply. "I do go on, don't I? It's hot in here and it smells; by heaven, how it pongs! Have you a knife?"

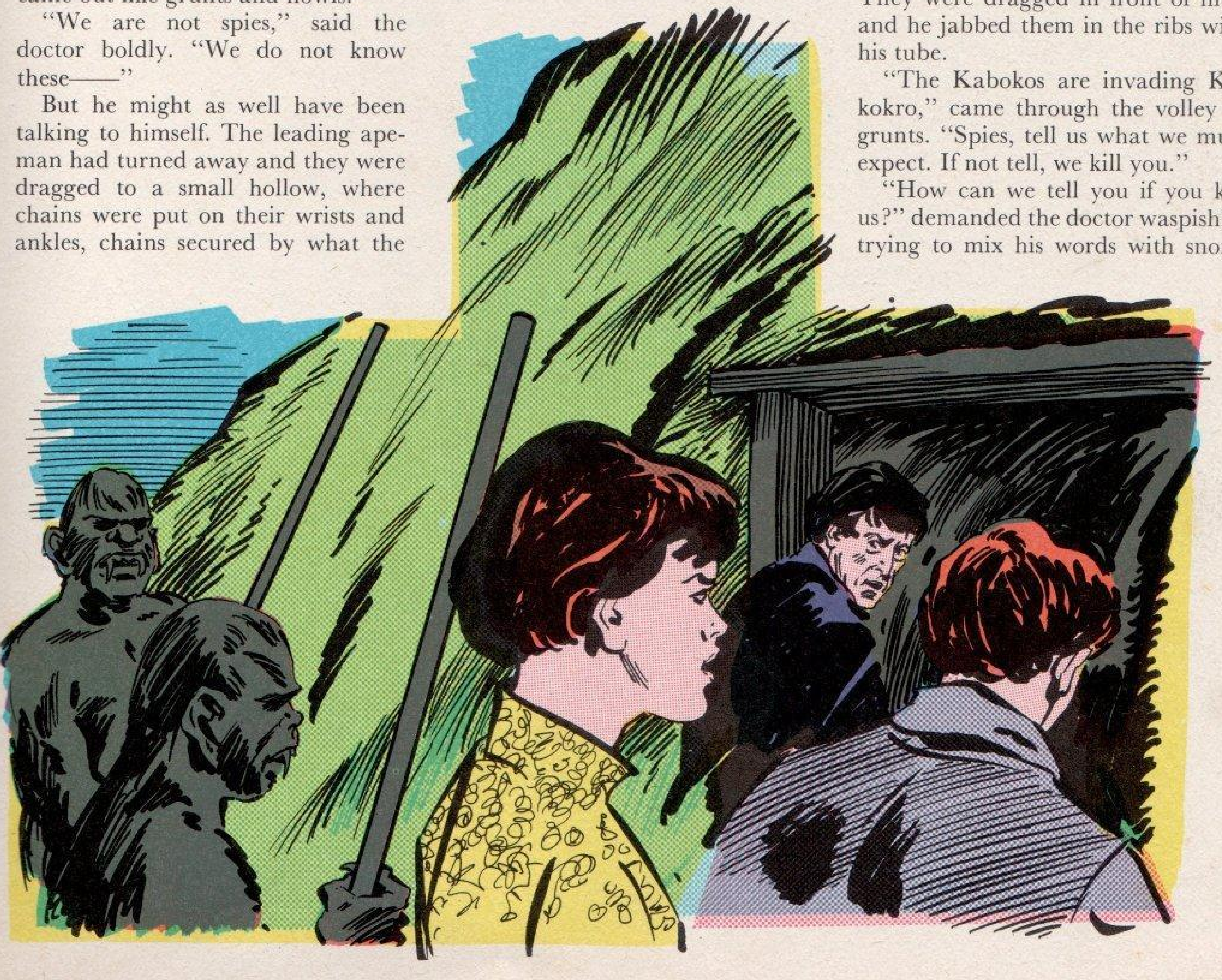
"I have," growled the boy. "But it's in my stocking, and my wrists are chained behind my back. That's not going to do us any good, Doctor."

"Can hardly tell light from dark in this hole," mused the other. "That lighting's interesting. Some sort of phosphorus in a trench. Hello——"

Several of the jabbering apemen crowded in, and they were released from their chains. Zoe wakened angrily, and they were hustled along upwards again. At the open hatchway, the taller apeman was standing. They were dragged in front of him, and he jabbed them in the ribs with his tube.

"The Kabokos are invading Kekokro," came through the volley of grunts. "Spies, tell us what we must expect. If not tell, we kill you."

"How can we tell you if you kill us?" demanded the doctor waspishly, trying to mix his words with snorts



and grunts, to make them understandable. He must have succeeded, for the little eyes gleamed beneath the low forehead and the tusk-like teeth gnashed together. Dr. Who grinned. That held him, he thought.

"It's a full-scale war, Doctor," yelled Jamie. "Look, there's masses of those big lizards, the ones you call Tyranno-something. They've got the rods——"

"This is a tribe named the Kekokro, Jamie," said Dr. Who blandly, as though he was reporting a skirmish in a local war. "They call their dinosaurs dragons and they have their own troops—Brontosaurs, Thunder Lizards—to meet the attack. If you look closely, children, you'll see that there are apemen sitting in slings at the backs of the necks of those monsters. You know, I wouldn't have missed this for worlds."

"There's some worlds I'd sooner be on now," shuddered Zoe.

"Tut, child," he reproved her. "This is the most extraordinary experience we've ever had."

"Pity we chose the losing side, Doctor," said Jamie witheringly. "The dragons of Kekokro are being hammered. Look, their lizards are retreating. Now's our chance. Grab one of the rods while these chaps are demoralised. We've got to make a run for it, now or never."

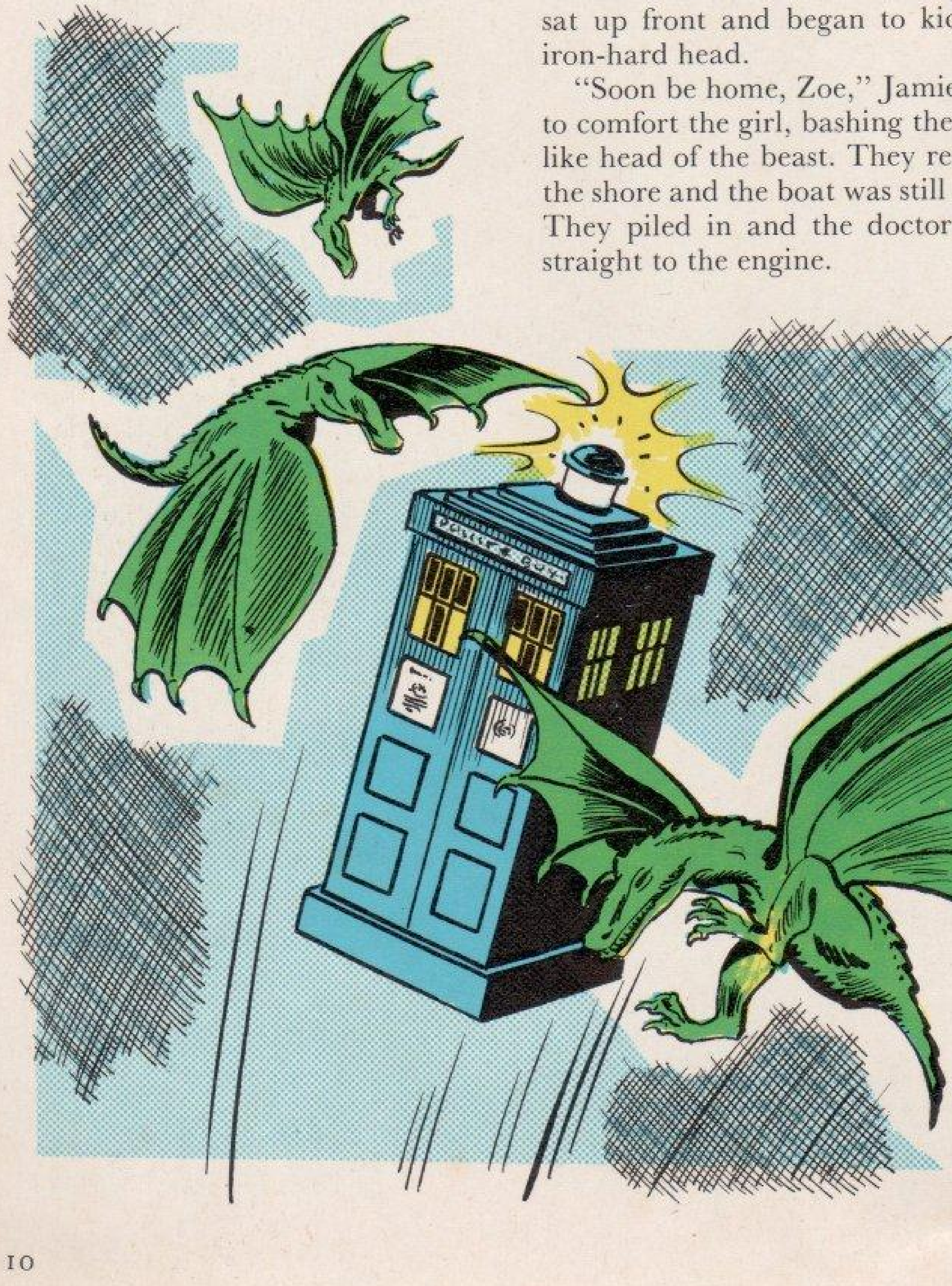
"And where will we run to, my boy?" Dr. Who snapped.

"To the island, of course, Doctor," cried Zoe. "Look, there's the monster over there, still tethered. It can't be far; it wasn't long."

"But . . . but . . ." stammered the doctor, "I want to see more of this place."

But the two youngsters carried him bodily to the stegosaur, which permitted them to mount its back. Jamie sat up front and began to kick the iron-hard head.

"Soon be home, Zoe," Jamie tried to comfort the girl, bashing the rock-like head of the beast. They reached the shore and the boat was still there. They piled in and the doctor went straight to the engine.



It was one that he could not recognise, neither steam nor petrol nor electric, and his eyes gleamed. "An entirely new form of power," he said. "To think that this secret now lies buried deep in the earth!"

"As we'll be buried if we don't get a move on," warned Jamie. "There, that lever does it. We're off."

"We're being attacked," cried Zoe. "Look, flying men!"

Dr. Who blinked up and grinned. "Our friends the apemen have even controlled the flying reptiles of their age, the pterodactyls. This reminds me of the modern age. The P.A.F. The Pre-historic Air Force. That one was too close. Jamie, try and use that rod!"

One of the huge pterodactyls, its leathery wings flapping, its long-toothed jaws gaping, had whooshed towards them and the invisible ray from its rider's tube had sliced the boat in half. They scrambled to shore just as several great plesiosaur heads gaped, dripping, from the lake.

"Run for it, both of you," bawled the doctor. "Here's the key, Jamie, you've got the fastest legs."

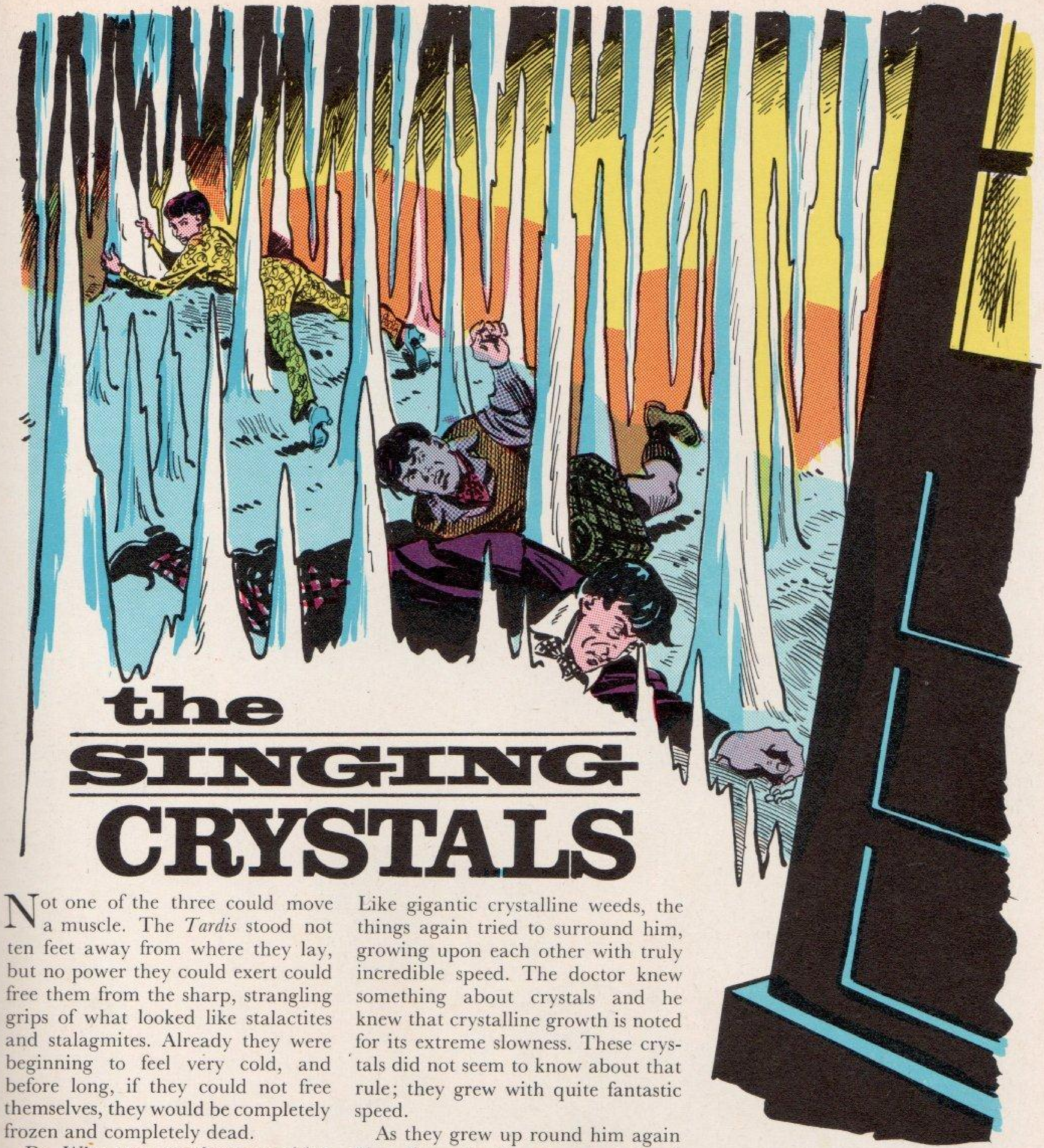
As the great door of the *Tardis* swung in its gimbals and sighed home, they stood inside, gasping, as the flying monsters slammed against the vessel. Had it not been invulnerable, it must have been shattered to pieces. The doctor turned towards the control console.

"A great pity, really," he mused. "A wonderful opportunity lost for ever. I would dearly have loved . . . but no, it couldn't be done. That was Earth in pre-history, and it would have proved just a little too dangerous and uncomfortable for us. That boat-engine now . . . ah, well, it's gone. Still, we have got that marvellous rod-gun of yours, Jamie. That's something."

Jamie shrugged his shoulders. "That's where you're wrong, Doctor," he groaned. "I dropped it in the boat when those flying monsters came at us."

The doctor frowned, then his face cleared and his eyes twinkled.

"Maybe it's for the best. Let the dead past remain dead. We'll be off now somewhere not quite so bloodthirsty, eh, my children."



the SINGING CRYSTALS

Not one of the three could move a muscle. The *Tardis* stood not ten feet away from where they lay, but no power they could exert could free them from the sharp, strangling grips of what looked like stalactites and stalagmites. Already they were beginning to feel very cold, and before long, if they could not free themselves, they would be completely frozen and completely dead.

Dr. Who gave another convulsive heave, and some of the crystalline daggers that enveloped him broke off, again with that peculiar twanging sound he had heard when they had emerged from the *Tardis* and had immediately been surrounded and overwhelmed by the masses of crystals.

As the crystal broke, he struggled quickly to his feet and stood erect. Like gigantic crystalline weeds, the things again tried to surround him, growing upon each other with truly incredible speed. The doctor knew something about crystals and he knew that crystalline growth is noted for its extreme slowness. These crystals did not seem to know about that rule; they grew with quite fantastic speed.

As they grew up round him again like a fence, he thrust out each hand and grabbed for his two companions. With a splintering and twanging of broken crystals, he dragged first Zoe, and then Jamie, out of the prison that had grown around them. They were blue-faced, and their teeth were chattering. With a clashing of broken fragments, he dragged them towards the *Tardis*, only to find that the open door was completely blocked by the stuff, and probably the inside of his vessel was filled with it. Angrily, he turned to face the crystals.

Something was tickling his mind about them. His common sense told him that they were only minerals, growing formations that were merely frozen chemical salts. But these things seemed to have a purposeful growth. They grew *towards* where the three humans stood, and growth was almost absent away from them. That seemed to indicate, fantastic as it sounded, that these things *knew* what they were doing!

And the sound, that faint, twanging, musical note? Was that a voice? Did these things have sensations, intelligence? But that was nonsense. They were lifeless minerals. Or . . . were they?

"What are these things, Doctor?" Jamie chattered from cold lips. "They almost seem to know what they're doing. Look, I broke off that piece, and already it's growing on itself and towards us!"

"Are you all right, Zoe?" Dr. Who ignored him and spoke to the girl.

"I'm blue with cold," the girl said from chattering teeth. "I seem to be all right but, oh, this awful cold, This is colder than ice ever was."

"We can't get back into the *Tardis*," snapped the doctor. "At least, not yet. We'll have to find some place where we can avoid these things, whatever they actually are. One thing we must keep firmly in our minds, otherwise we'll go mad. This is all a mineral formation of natural crystalline growth. It is not living and has no feel or intelligence."

Jamie uttered a cracked laugh and, reaching out, broke off two large spears of the growth that were growing rapidly towards the doctor's throat. "It looks as though they just don't know the way crystal should behave, at least, back in our world. We should find some way to tell the brutes."

Dr. Who stared at him. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings ——" he began, and Jamie stuttered indignantly.

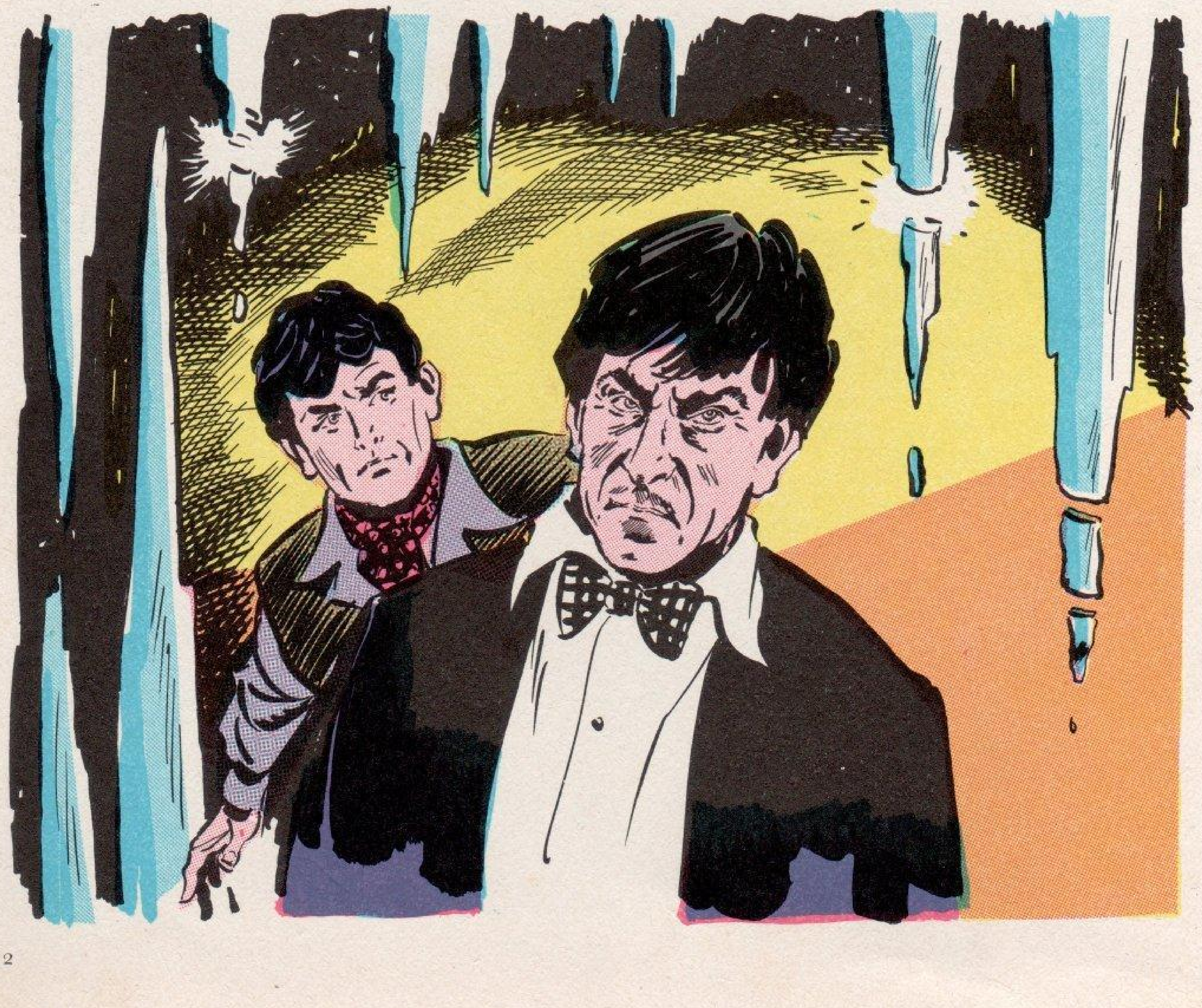
"Hey there," he bawled, "who're you calling a—what was that—a suckling? I'd have you know——"

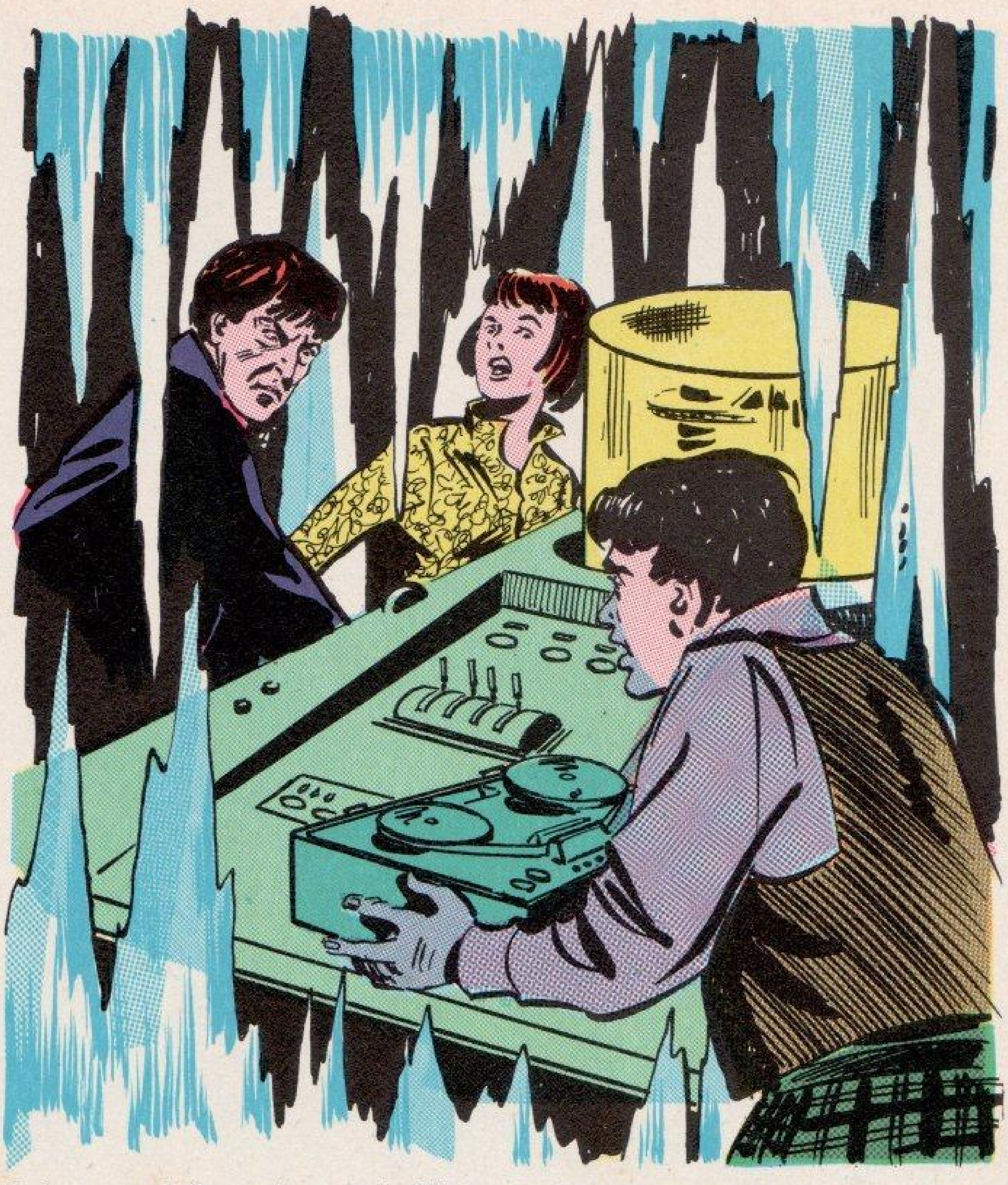
He pulled up, as the doctor grabbed his arm. "Look there, boy," the doctor shouted. "The crystals are dropping away from you. What's happening now?"

"Aye, and they're stopping growing at you, Doctor," cried Jamie in a shrill voice, and now Zoe was the only one to be imprisoned by the weird growths. It came to the doctor's logical mind at once.

"The sounds, Jamie," he said, "the *sounds*. *You* shouted, and then *I* did. This is a world of silence, and noise is death to these things. Zoe, start yelling at us. Make any sort of noise you can; just keep on shouting and crying . . . Jamie, my boy, she's fainted. It's up to us now."

Both howling and bawling for all they were worth, they freed Zoe from the clinging crystals, and then turned to the open doorway of the *Tardis*. Clearing a path inside proved harder, but eventually they stood within, facing the fantastic sight of the vast





wall of crystal growth overwhelming all their apparatus.

Dr. Who groaned. "My throat's sore," he whispered. "Can't keep it up much longer. If we are to get away from this awful place, we've got to clear the ship."

"I've got it!" cackled Jamie loudly and shrilly. "Just hold on to Zoe, and keep singing or shouting, while I fix these demons."

Bawling out a loud gibberish, he forged his way through the shrinking crystals into a red room, and came out, still yelling, with a large, flat box in his arms. "Power's still on; we'll soon have these babies running."

In the small cone of space created by the doctor's flagging vocal efforts, he stabbed at the studs of the tape-recorder. The reels ran round swiftly and then he stabbed the last stud. From the speaker poured a confused babble of flat, loud noises, totally without meaning or expression, as the last tape they had recorded ran backwards, pouring out its dissonance into the room, so crowded with furious crystalline 'life'. The result was spectacular.

Like splinters of ice melting, the crystals fell away. Incredibly fast the things died—if that was the word—leaving only faint liquid smears. As the hideous discords poured out, the things began to vanish and soon the whole of the control room was clear, plus a small space outside the great door. Here the influence of the noise died, and a now solid fence of the growth remained.

Jamie watched glumly and the reel ended. Almost at once, crystals again began to encroach inside and Dr. Who flung himself at the recorder.

"We must keep this going all the while," he snapped. "Without it, we'll be smothered again. Don't know whether I can stand it. My head's aching already."

"We've just got to, Doctor," shouted Jamie. "Once more and then we'll be able to close the door. They can't get inside then, can they?"

"I wish I knew for sure, Jamie," groaned the doctor.

He pressed the studs. The puddles of liquid in the silence had begun to form crystals under their feet and were growing at what seemed to be their normal fantastic speed. With the renewal of the harsh notes, they died again, and the doctor began to mop up the liquid into sealed jars for further examination. If these things really were a new kind of 'life-form', he wanted to know all about them.

But the great door would not close, as an almost solid fence of the invaders grew half inside the threshold. Dr. Who activated the door controls, in vain. They would just have to try and clear these monstrous growths away by main force.

Jamie's voice came to him from the rear room: "I'm collecting all the reels we've got, Doctor," he yelled. "Get Zoe to help. Bash 'em with iron bars. It must be possible to break them."

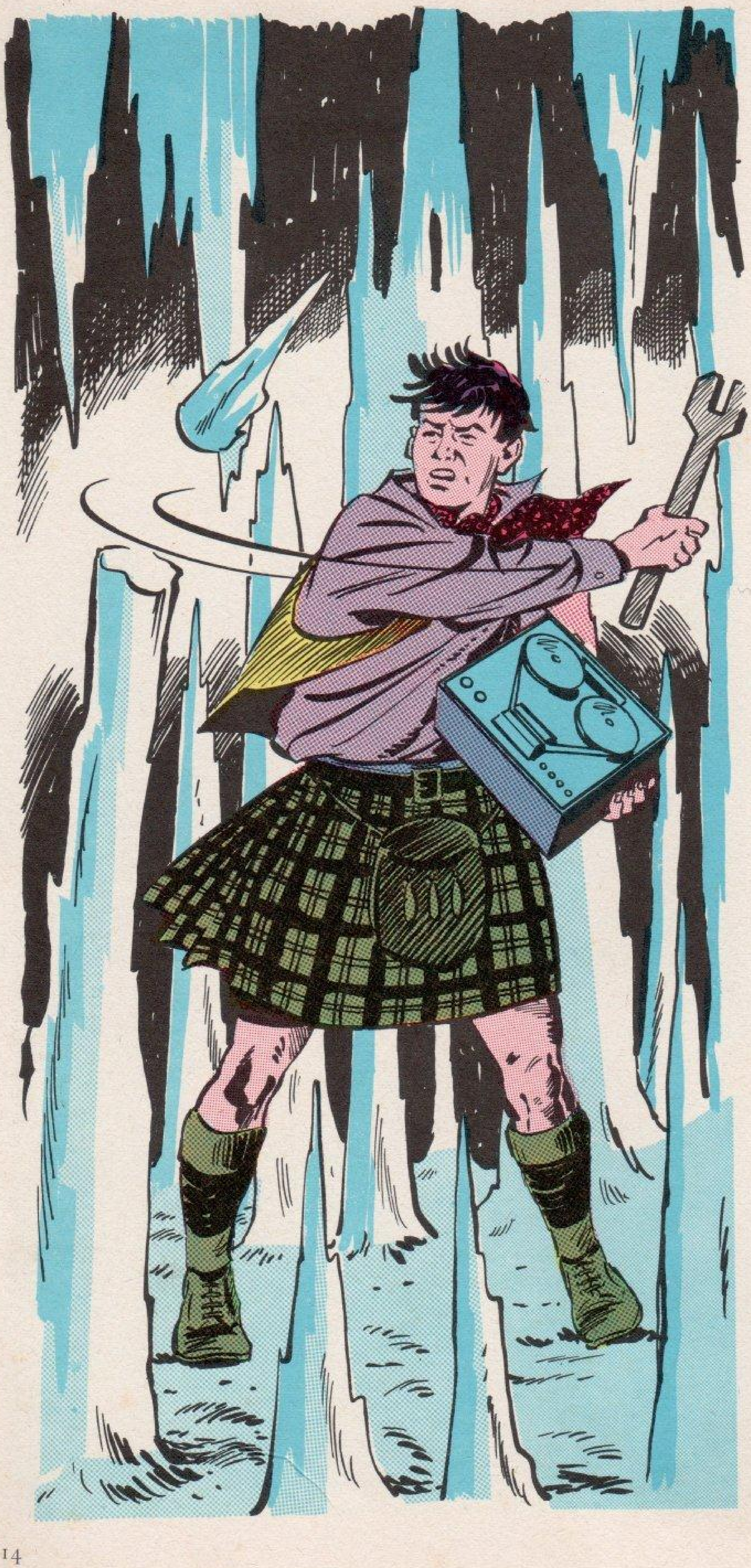
Dr. Who looked round for the girl, but she was not in sight. Wasn't she with Jamie? No, of course not. Else why would Jamie . . .? Then a shrill cry came from . . . *outside* the *Tardis*, and he blanched. The crystals had captured her. She must have wandered too close to the doorway and been *grabbed* out!

"Now look, Jamie, don't carry on like this," he said, when the boy returned with his arms filled with tape reels and discovered their loss. "We mustn't panic. The things can't possibly do her any harm. They aren't living things; they can't be! We've just got to dash out and drag her back in again."

"By golly," snorted Jamie. "Not living things! To me, they're acting just as if they are. So we go out, eh? Then we all get clobbered. One of us should stay inside and keep these things out of the *Tardis* when it's open."

"You're right, of course, Jamie," said the doctor. "Which shall it be?"

"I'll go out," yelled Jamie above the cackling of the reel. "We've got a battery recorder and I'll use that



to keep these brutes at bay. You keep one of the mains machines going while I dash out. Give me that big spanner and I'll make short work of those things outside. Here I go."

The crystal closed round him as he staggered out into that amazing 'forest', but the sounds of his recorder made a pathway for him and then he vanished. With two recorders reeling at full blast, Dr. Who faced the high hedge of crystalline growth outside his *Tardis*. With his feet he pushed the instrument closer to the threshold and then he made a quick dart for the panel. Closing switch after switch, he watched the great door swing into its socket, at last closing completely.

He switched off both recorders and groaned his relief. His head had seemed about to split with that awful senseless stream of harsh nonsense. Now, when Jamie brought back Zoe, he would open the door and close it again for the last time in this frightful place, and they would take off for ever.

The first lurch took him off balance, and he reeled against the round panel. Another lurch, and then another, and the view of the forest of crystals in the view-screen rocked and swayed. The *Tardis* was moving! Not with its usual mode of movement, through the dimensions of Space and Time, but with normal ordinary movement. Something outside was *taking* it somewhere!

So the crystals had intelligence! By some unknown means, the things were moving the ship bodily, and there was nothing he could do about it. A flick of a few switches would take him clear out of the Space-Time of this world. But that he could not do, and leave Jamie and Zoe helpless behind.

Where was he being taken? What was this world like, this world of singing crystals, which had a life all its own, a life completely alien to and unsuspected by the normal world of organic matter? He must just wait and see.

Jamie staggered through the forest of growing crystals, hugging his recorder against his chest.

"Zoe, Zoe, where are you?" he

bawled every few seconds, and the sound of his voice helped to keep the things from actually touching him.

They towered up above him, rattling and singing, but they kept a distance of a few feet round him as he forged ahead. Whenever a reel needed rewinding, they crowded in upon him again and his voice grew tired.

The crystals were all white, but now a pinkish tinge began to appear, deepening to red, and still no sound or sign of Zoe.

Then, through that tangle of malignant growth, he heard his name called in a faint voice: "Jamie, Jamie, where are you? Here I am. Can't you see me?"

Like magic, an open space appeared in the growth and Jamie blinked at a curtain of flame. A circular dome appeared inside the red wall, and again came Zoe's voice, fainter now.

"Don't be afraid, come through the flame. I can't get away. They're holding me here. Come quickly; it's horrible . . ."

Through reddened eyes, Jamie stared at the wall of flame. It didn't seem like normal flame; more like a deep red glow. From behind it had come the girl's voice and he must follow. If it meant his death, he had to reach her.

The crystals formed a corridor for his dash towards that red wall and, still holding his recorder, he lurched along the empty pathway. The crystals rustled and waved on either side of him and the singing note grew higher and higher as he went. It was as if two files of furious beasts were held at bay but struggled to reach out and grasp him.

At his rear they were closing in, and then the recorder came to the end of its tape and, rattling and clashing, they closed in on him.

Breathlessly, he struggled with the machine, but his cold fingers were clumsy. He could not find the right studs and, cold as he was, a sweat broke out on him. He stared wildly at the scarlet screen, and Zoe's voice came again.

"They're taking me down . . . come quickly . . . if anyone can hear me . . ."

Then Jamie held his breath, closed his eyes and plunged towards the red curtain. A brief moment, and then he was through, his clothes not even singed, for that screen was not of normal flame. A black hole loomed before him and he dashed inside. From without came the singing note which his fevered mind likened to the snarling of infuriated beasts robbed of their prey.

In the dim, red glow he saw the creatures that were holding Zoe. At first they seemed to be shapeless lumps that crowded round the terrified girl. They had heads, but no eyes or ears or mouths. They looked like blobs of matter, like dough, and they held the girl with what looked like tentacles or pseudopods.

Jamie's hair stood on end, as he crouched closer. The girl must be paralysed with horror; he himself was stiff with fear.

Without eyes or ears these . . . these . . . things would not see him or hear him. But they must have other senses; quite obviously they knew he was there, for some of them moved sluggishly towards him. Dropping the now-useless tape-recorder, he laid about him with the long spanner. They fell away from him, as though the mere notion of physical violence was unknown to them.

He reached Zoe and grasped her fainting figure in his arms. "All right now, Zoe. I'm here and we'll get away from these horrors at once."

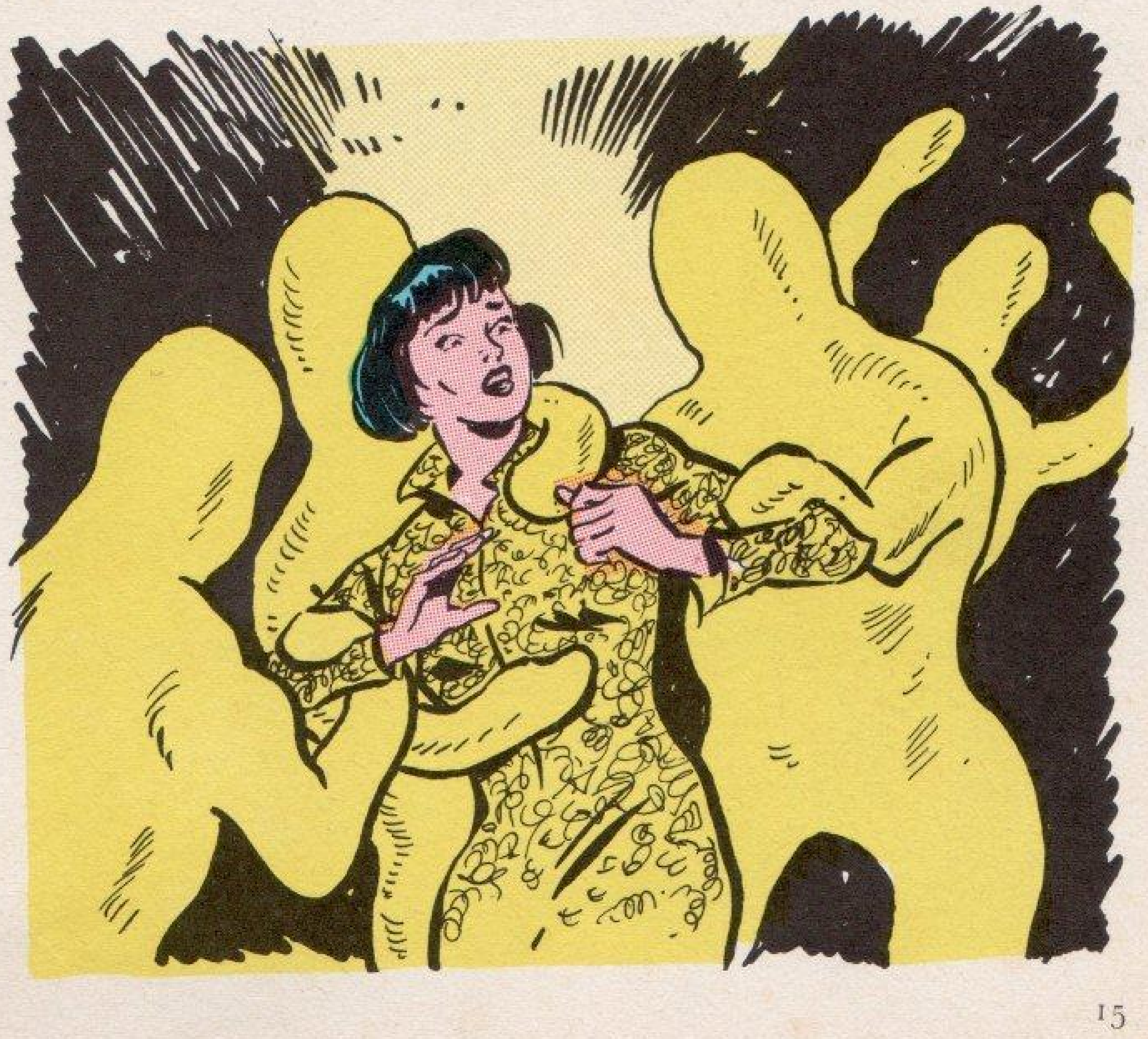
Her captors fell away and grouped round the two humans as though their very existence and activity was a puzzle to the curious creatures. He wielded his spanner mightily and forged a way through them. He backed towards the red glow. What a dilemma! Inside were these hideous caricatures of life, while outside were the living, singing crystals. Behind the crowd of aliens he could see only a blackness peopled with more of these foul monstrosities. Even the crystals seemed better than that. He dragged Zoe through the red glow and they stood outside.

It was deserted! The crystals had gone! He heaved a sigh of relief and began to revive Zoe.

She shuddered, sighed, and opened her eyes. She smiled when she saw Jamie. "Oh, how lovely to see you again, Jamie. I thought . . . oh, those frightful things . . . what are they?"

"Search me," grinned Jamie. "And I'm not bothering. We'll get back to the *Tardis* and clear out from this horrible place."

"But—where is the *Tardis*?" she murmured, and they stared all round



them. There was no sign of the Space-Time vehicle. Neither noticed the crystals growing up from the ground around them.

There was total silence outside the *Tardis*, and Dr. Who's hand hesitated on the switch that would activate the great door. He could not remain inside here for ever. He must be doing something about rescuing the children, and the only chance of doing that was outside the *Tardis*. He opened the great door.

Jamie and Zoe were there, hedged in by a ring of crystals, and the *Tardis* was in a vast cavern almost completely filled with a multitude of the crystals.

But the doctor scarcely saw them for the blinding radiance of what looked like a huge pinnacle of glittering glass. The singing grew and grew in his ears, and now he began to catch mathematical symbols in the note, universal numbers and equations, and also the universal symbols for the chemical elements. Someone was trying to communicate with him. Staring at the great pinnacle of crystal, the doctor's imagination took hold.

This would be the Grand Crystal itself, the king and overlord of all the lesser crystal. He began to catch the symbols for phosphorus, potassium, magnesium, iron, copper, silver and gold, and many other of the solid mineral elements. The key of the notes grew higher and higher, and it was just as though there was a note of joy and exultation in it. Like a thunder-clap, it came to the doctor and he reached above the crystals and seized Jamie by the arm.

"Jamie, Jamie!" he bellowed. "We've got to get away at once. These . . . these things . . . they intend to use the chemicals in our bodies as food. I can feel that the new chemicals in us would make wonderful new forms for them——"

"Away, Doctor," scoffed Jamie who, with Zoe in his arms, was fighting the encroaching crystals. "How can that be true? The crystals aren't alive; you said so yourself."

But his mind went back to those blob-like forms of protoplasmic life, penned in by . . . something . . . behind that red glow. Were those shapeless lumps of living matter reservoirs from which the crystals drew their sustenance in the form of minerals? Jamie shook himself. What had he to do with such queer thoughts?

"They're alive, Jamie," shouted the doctor. "Alive in a sense we could not even begin to understand. There are many forms of existence in the universe, Jamie. They're going to kill us and then they'll distil all the chemicals from our bodies. It's a long while since they tasted phosphorus and calcium, maybe the whole planet has been sucked dry of its minerals for the multiplication of the life-forms of this species. The recorder, Jamie—start it again, they're beginning to close in on us."

"It's gone, Doctor," groaned Jamie. "I dropped it when Zoe was in danger. I've still got this big spanner, though."

"Right. Use it as much as you can," snapped Dr. Who, struggling with the crystals that were growing up around him. "Bellow out those old songs of yours and I'll do what I can. Zoe, too, make as much noise as you can."

Swinging the long spanner like the claymore of his native land, Jamie set about him, and the crystals splintered round them. The things began to fall away and a new note came into the singing note from the tall pyramid that shone now with a fierce glare. If there had been anything even remotely animal about the things that were their enemies, the doctor might have called it anger and frustrated appetite.

Step by step, they forged their way through, and the growths at each side and behind them became thicker and thicker. The door opened to the doctor's key and they fell inside. As the great door closed, the crystal piled up outside it and, in the doctor's now fevered imagination, it sounded like the howling of beasts of prey, denied their quarry.

"Indeed we are well out of that mess, children," he said with a gasp. "They can't harm the *Tardis*, which is invulnerable, and we'll get under way as soon as I've rested my vocal cords."

"Canna' hear a word you're saying, Doctor," croaked Jamie, and Zoe could only move her lips soundlessly. All their throats were very sore. As the doctor went to the starting switches, he thought how grateful they would be for a little deep silence inside the *Tardis*.

ARE WE ALONE . . . ?

Do flying saucers exist? And, if so, where do they come from? Since the first sightings were reported many years ago, scientists, always reticent on the subject, have assumed that they could only be visitors from outer space, possibly Mars or Venus. But another possibility exists. Incredible though it may seem, say some observers, the saucers may emanate from Earth itself. Let us examine the facts and theories.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POLES

Antarctica is the coldest, the most desolate region on Earth. Most of the land lies buried under ice thousands of feet thick, and millions of square miles of the continent, nearly twice the size of Australia, are only partly explored. The area around the South Pole itself is a high plateau, covered by 9,000 feet of ice . . . and it is from here and from the North Pole that the unidentified flying objects emerge, from huge caverns, opening into the icecaps. Incredible, you may scoff. But there is no denying that strange facts have been gathered about the ends of the Earth, facts which take some explaining.

The early explorers trekked across Antarctica on foot, their sledges pulled by dogs or hardy little ponies, seeking the spot on the map which marks the South Pole. Several flights were made over the pole in later years, but it was not until 1947 that a thorough aerial survey was undertaken by the American, Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Operation Highjump involved 13 ships and 4,000 men and, according to the Admiral, he saw lakes, forests and mountains in ice-free areas, one of which lay only 300 miles from the Pole. Apparently, this did not cause any great stir in scientific circles—or, if it did, the authorities kept quiet about it. But Byrd was convinced, according to the reports, that he had discovered a strange new habitable land *beyond* the Pole.

Equally extraordinary facts have come to light concerning the Arctic. Coniferous trees have drifted out of the north where apparently no trees should grow. Butterflies and bees are found in the far north, but not further south. Bears have been observed heading into areas where, supposedly, no food could exist for them. A north

wind brings warmer weather. Eskimo in the south speak of strange tribes in the north. These facts, and others, would suggest that our knowledge of the Poles is far from complete.

LITTLE GREEN MEN, OR . . . ?

The obvious question is, if these people exist in the Earth, who are they?

One widely held theory is that thousands of years before the birth of Christ a brilliant race had established themselves on an area between what is now known as America and Europe; their land was known as Atlantis. The nation had enormous power. Trading ships touched many parts of the world and spread wisdom and knowledge among the ignorant. Then disaster hit Atlantis. Legends say that a huge volcanic explosion—or nuclear blast—completely destroyed the continent, causing it to sink below the sea. But some of the Atlanteans survived. And here the legends about the survivors become vague, because some say they settled in other lands and guided the people there to a higher civilisation, while other stories say that the survivors—trying to escape the deadly radiation and frightened by their own belief that the sun had harmful rays which shortened life—went underground.

The Buddhists seem to believe in this underground empire. The underworld men occasionally surface, they say, to check on the development of surface life.

Many other cultures of the world have legends concerning the Inner World people, usually describing them as Gods, because of their wisdom and knowledge of science.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES

Archaeological finds demonstrate that many amazing things were achieved by supposedly backward civilisations. The pyramids of Egypt, for example, are built of literally millions of stone blocks, each one weighing several tons.

How were such huge blocks cut with such precision? How were they transported from the quarries to the sites, hundreds of miles away? What tackle of ropes, and how many thousands of slaves could have been used to drag, and even lift, blocks of 45 tons?

Pyramids in both Egypt and South America demonstrate that such knowledge was widespread at the time. According to one popular theory, the builders received help from a nation who had the ability to control an elemental force, a power which enabled such huge monuments to be constructed.

In 1967, an undersea 'road' was discovered off the east coast of America by the *Aluminaut*, the deepest diving submarine in the world. Paved with a layer of manganese dioxide, the road extends into water 3,000 feet deep and is swept clean by the Gulf Stream, so that it closely resembles a black road top. Of course, this could be a natural phenomenon, like the long series of eroded but finely carved steps which the French bathyscaphe *Archimède* was reported to have seen on its five-mile descent to the deepest part of the Atlantic. But Nature is generally more erratic in her works.

An American university's marine laboratory took undersea photographs of rock columns which were inscribed with a strange language, and experts have surmised that they were created long before the Inca civilisation; still more proof that a brilliant civilisation once existed in the Atlantic.

FRIEND OR FOE?

One theory, bordering on the more implausible science fiction, concerns the Atlanteans who survived the disaster and is both bizarre and horrifying. After they went underground—so the theory goes—numbers of them, cut away from the health-giving properties which the sun generates, retrogressed into near-idiots, sadistic and unable to reason. They have access to Atlantean machinery, machinery which modern man would marvel at, but they do not have the intelligence to use these machines for peaceful purposes.

These degenerate Atlanteans are becoming more numerous. The kindly section of their community, the teros—so-called because, long before the time of Christ, their symbol of religion was a cross—have been scattered by the evil ones, the deros. The deros are supposed to be definitely hostile to Man on the surface of the earth.

Is it so impossible for huge caves to exist in the Earth? Earthquakes passing through the globe are a useful guide to what lies within. Shock waves are found to change their direction and speed at certain levels, which are known as discontinuities. Scientists attribute this to the different kinds of rocks found there, indicating a change in their physical or chemical condition. But they can only assume that this is what effects the shock waves; no one has yet disproved completely that a gap in the rock, a cavern, could be the cause.

UFO SIGHTINGS INCREASE

After the explosion of the Atomic Bomb at the end of the Second World War, sightings of UFOs have definitely increased. Perhaps some beings are becoming more interested in a civilisation which now possesses the means to destroy the Earth.

On 22 March 1967, an airliner over Peru was pursued by a pointed object about 120 feet in diameter. It took up position over the plane's control cabin and began to change colour. Soon it was joined by another. After a time, the two left, at fantastic speed.

In June of the same year a man was peacefully sitting outside his home in Virginia when he saw a bright light hovering overhead. The object dropped a purplish substance on to his arm and then another on to his face, burning the right side of it.

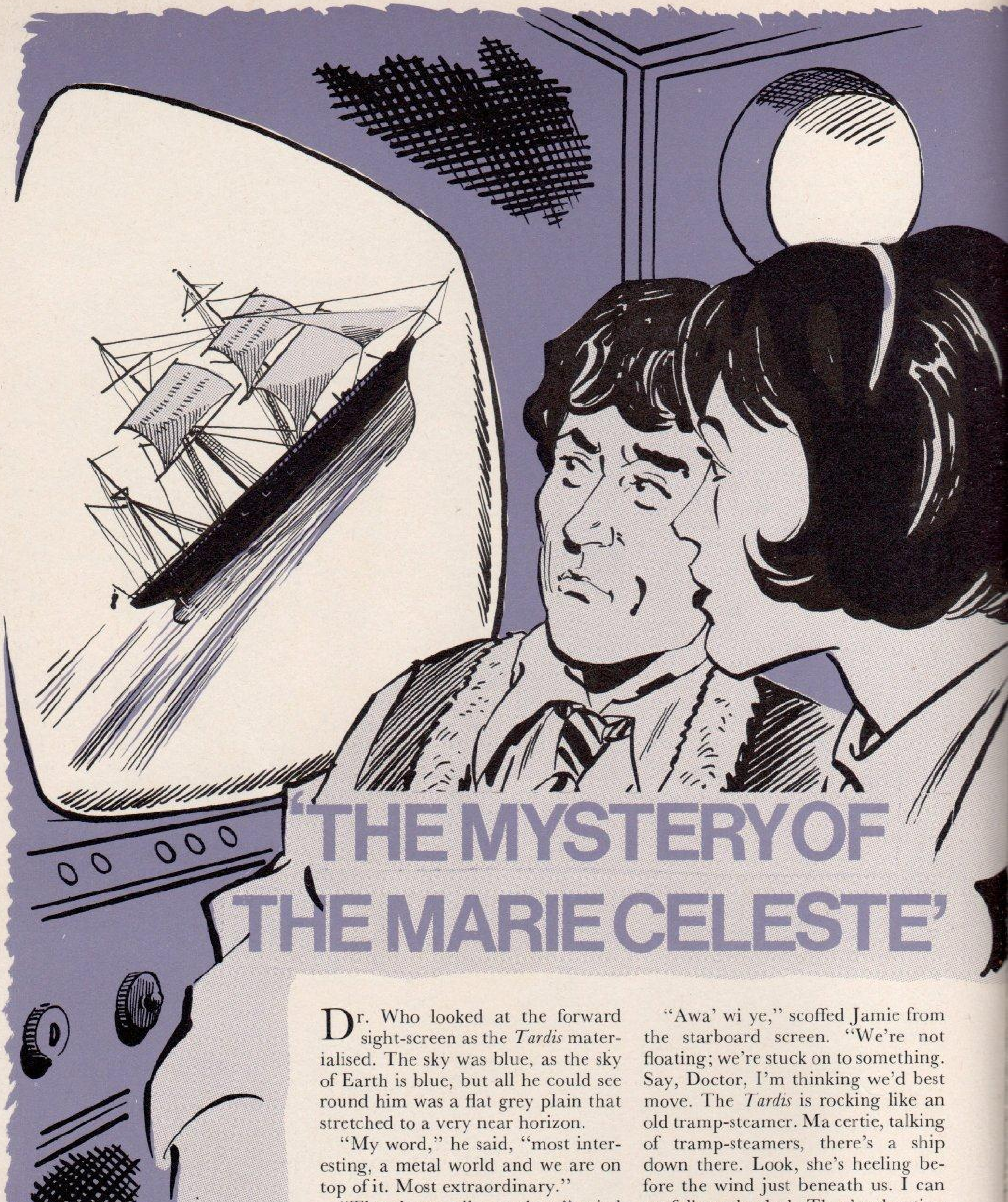
Pennsylvania's Shenango Valley suffered a powercut later that September, when a transformer shorted. During the blackout, police stations received reports of UFO sightings from dozens of residents, and the police chief reported he had seen a glowing white object hovering overhead. A crowd gathered to watch it.

Canada may hold a vital clue to the mystery of flying saucers. The Nahanni Valley of the country's Mackenzie Mountains is a fertile area with a temperature of at least 30 degrees above average the year round. But no settlers have ever lived there, and Indians and trappers avoid the area like the plague.

Why? Perhaps they are put off by the number of headless bodies found there, and the few trappers who do venture in complain of an eerie feeling of being watched all the time.

Wild beasts? Perhaps, but something which affected a plane near there was definitely not a wild beast. A trapper heard a disjointed message on his cabin radio. " Mayday . . . brilliant green light all round us . . . both engines have cut. . . ." The wreckage with the remains of the occupants was found two years later.

As our knowledge of the world grows many people are being won over to the belief that advanced civilisations did exist and were destroyed by a great cataclysm. Whether they have survived physically, underground, or only in the legends of Man, is anybody's guess.



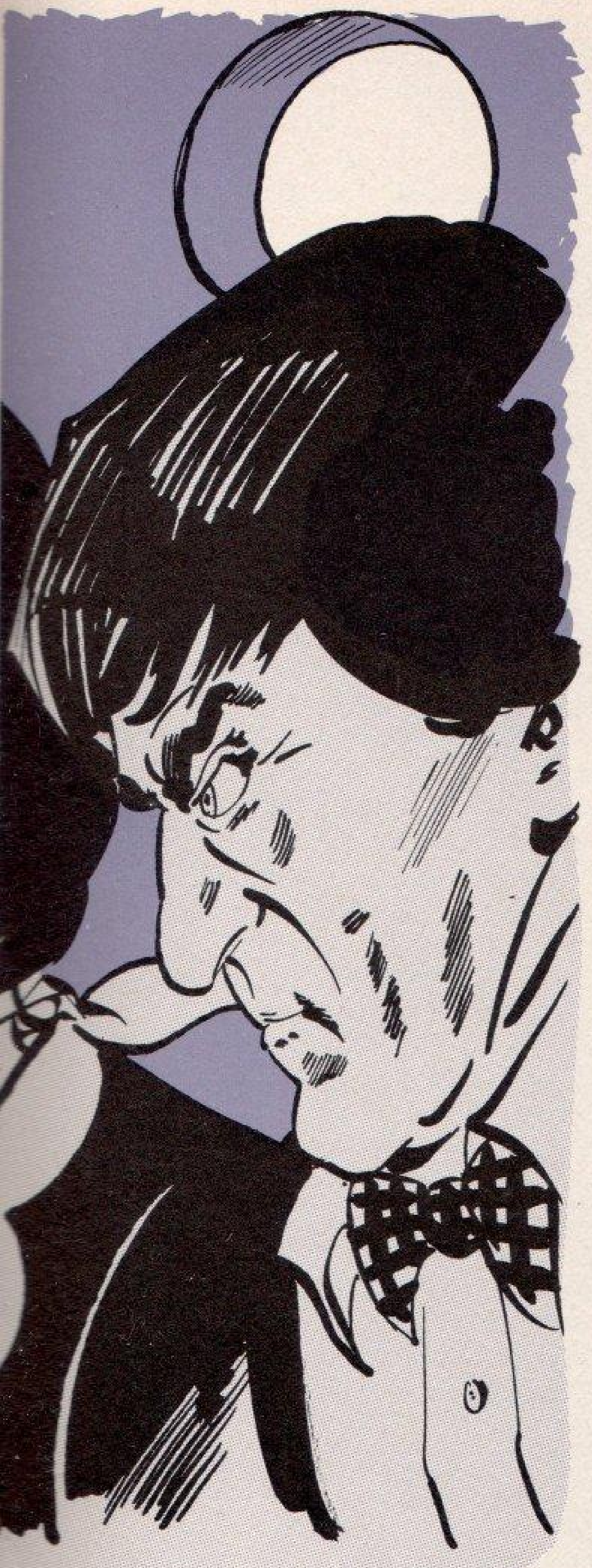
‘THE MYSTERY OF THE MARIE CELESTE’

Dr. Who looked at the forward sight-screen as the *Tardis* materialised. The sky was blue, as the sky of Earth is blue, but all he could see round him was a flat grey plain that stretched to a very near horizon.

"My word," he said, "most interesting, a metal world and we are on top of it. Most extraordinary."

"There's sea all round us," cried Zoe, from the port viewer. "Look, great waves, white-topped. We're floating on something!"

"Awa' wi ye," scoffed Jamie from the starboard screen. "We're not floating; we're stuck on to something. Say, Doctor, I'm thinking we'd best move. The *Tardis* is rocking like an old tramp-steamer. Ma certie, talking of tramp-steamers, there's a ship down there. Look, she's heeling before the wind just beneath us. I can see folk on the deck. They're shouting and waving their arms. Well, would you believe it, *it's going up into the air*! We must be dreaming, Doctor. That



ship's going straight up into the air. Well, now I've seen everything!"

The doctor and Zoe crowded round him and watched as the vessel, with all sails flying, went up into the air in a straight line. The men on the deck were running to and fro like frightened ants. The vessel swept past the view-screen and vanished.

"We have to go out of the *Tardis* and prove to ourselves that we *are* dreaming," said Dr. Who definitely. "I don't like seeing things that aren't even faintly possible. Come on, you two."

"But where are we going?" asked Zoe blankly.

"We're going out on to the surface of this vast metal globe," said the doctor with a grin. "I've worked it out in my mind. We are clinging—or stuck might be a better word—to the outside of a gigantic metal globe. In my own mind I'm certain it's a spaceship. Yet there were no spaceships even dreamed of in the time of that ship we just saw doing what no ship could possibly do, fly in the air. That ship, my children, is the ill-fated *Marie Celeste*, which was found drifting, with all hands missing, many years ago. It's one of the sea's great mysteries and maybe we are about to solve it."

The great door opened and they stepped out on to the surface of the metal sphere. That impossible ship was not in sight but, as they walked unsteadily across the metal plain they saw its upper spars appear over the side of the globe. Dr. Who pulled up sharply and pushed back his two companions.

"Quiet," he exclaimed. "We'd best not be seen by anyone, or—" he paused and scowled, "—by any *thing*. This globe is outside all my reckoning. It is quite obviously not made or inhabited by men. In the time when the *Marie Celeste* sailed there were no spaceships."

"But how do ye know that ship is the *Marie Celeste*, as you call it," objected Jamie. "That's you all over, Doctor, jumping to conclusions."

"I saw the name on the vessel as it was going up," replied the doctor blandly. "I believe what I can see, Jamie, Now, stop—havering, I think is your barbarous Scottish term—and let's get busy."

"Busy!" snorted Jamie. "Seems to me we should get back inside the *Tardis* and get right away from this place. There's danger here, Doctor. I can feel it in ma bones."

"Oh, shut up," said Zoe. "This is only a spaceship. They're quite common where I come from. All we have to do is to get inside and meet the people who are operating it."

Dr. Who looked at her queerly. "Get inside," he repeated. "Zoe, the—er—people inside may not be—people in our sense of the word. We are in the past of Earth, and the only beings who could be inside this globe must be aliens, extra-terrestial beings!"

"So what?" laughed Zoe. "We meet them and they meet us. That'll be what they've come for, from wherever they did come."

"Right," said the doctor enthusiastically. "We'll do that. Besides, Jamie, we have to solve once and for all the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*. It was found drifting, abandoned, with no crew or passengers, everything in order on board. I think that breakfast was found half-eaten, warm eggs and so on, on the captain's table. The crew had just vanished completely. There was talk of serpents and such rubbish but ——"

He stopped talking, for the very reason that he could no longer control his bodily movements. The three of them were progressing across the metal surface without moving their limbs, like dolls being drawn by a magnet. Ah, that was it, he thought. Some force was taking them along. It would be the same force that had bodily lifted the ship from the surface of the sea. Well, there wasn't anything they could do about it just now. They just had to go along wherever they were being taken.

Suddenly, a round hatchway opened in front of them and they found themselves drifting inside the globe. The hatch cover slid closed over their heads and then they found they could move again.

Jamie was furiously angry. "Picked up like a wee mouse!" he fumed. "Ma certie, I'll have something to say about this to someone, I can tell you."

A brilliant light shone upon them and they saw faces through a glass window ahead of them. A voice spoke, and it was as though they heard the words inside their heads and not through their ears.

"Air-breathers, like the others," said the voice, a cold expressionless voice. "You were right, Eretz, these creatures are made of flesh and they breathe oxygen."

"A wasted stop, Lantis," said

another voice. "We have plenty of air-breathers in stock and, anyway, they are a great nuisance. Their bodily needs are so fussy that they are more trouble than they are worth."

"They are discussing us as if we are specimens," said Zoe wonderingly.

"That's just what I think we are," said the doctor grimly. "Hey, you inside there. What is all this? We want to talk to you. Where are you?"

"Very fiery specimens these are," said the voice, not replying to the doctor's outburst. "They seem to be a little more intelligent than the others we took from that strange floating platform. It would seem that these three are from a different period of the history of this planet."

"I still insist that we are spending too much time and power on this very backward world," said the other voice. "We have enough specimens now of what are obviously the dominant species of animal here. We should be content now and take off. We have still a great part of this galaxy to explore. Let us move these ones to their places now."

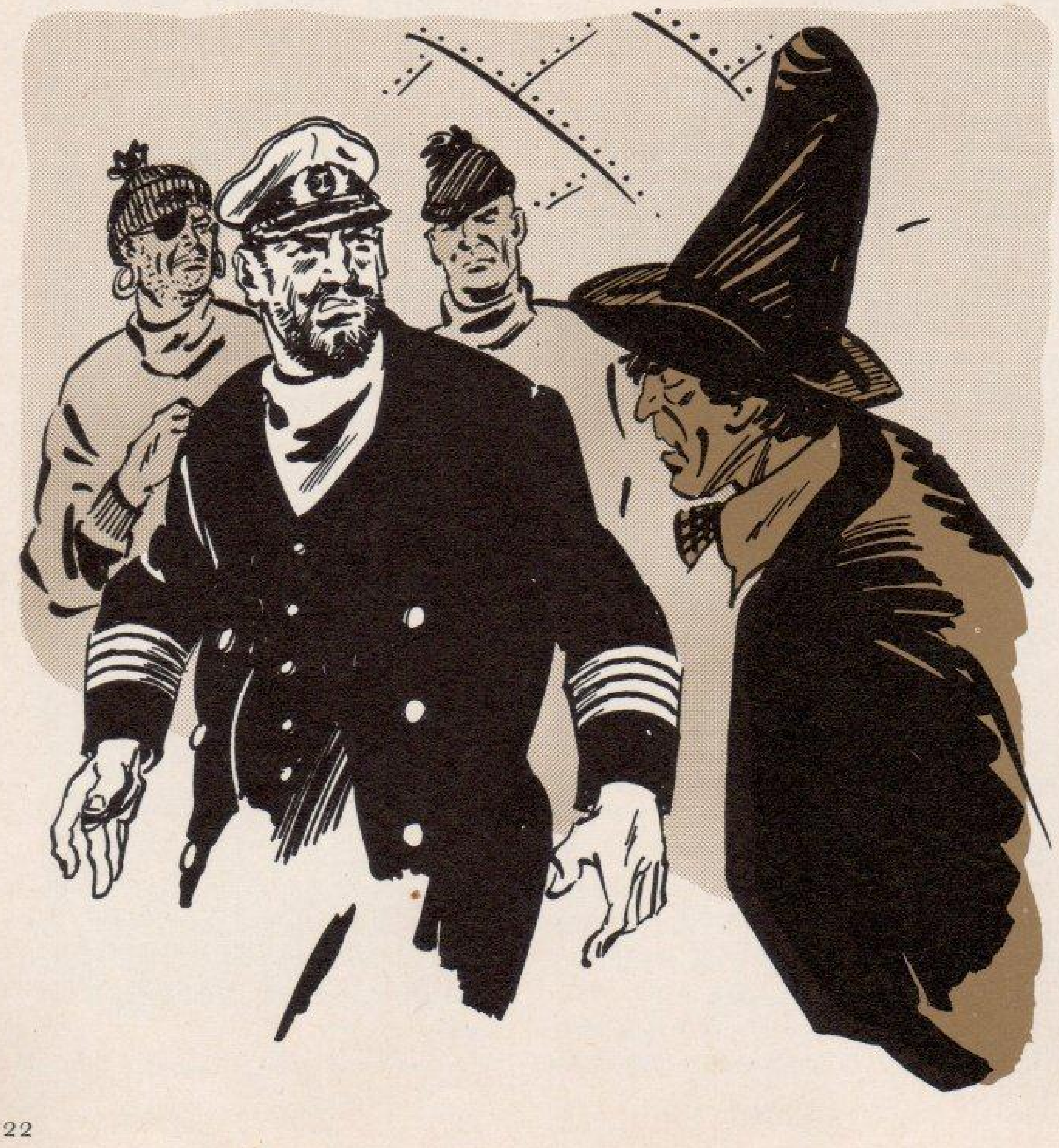
"Hey," blurted our Jamie, "you can't do this to us. What are you, anyway? Why can't we see you?"

There was no reply, but a metal door opened and once more they found themselves being moved, willy-nilly, along a bare metal corridor. Another door opened further along and they were thrust inside. Then the strange grip over their muscles relaxed. There was a crowd of seamen in this room.

"The crew of the *Marie Celeste*," said the doctor quickly, and a heavily built bearded seaman nodded. "Do you know anything of all this?"

"Magicians, sir, magicians," snorted the seaman. "I am the skipper of the ship, and when it was lifted out of the water I knew we were in the grip of powerful warlocks. Who are you three? There was no other vessel in sight when we were taken."

Dr. Who grinned. "Our vessel is of a slightly different type from yours," he said gently. "The *Marie Celeste*, by the way, is back on the the ocean's surface. Are all the crew here? If so, then your ship is a derelict, my friends."



"Derelict," roared the captain. "We'll soon see about that. Any of you lads armed? I've got a pistol."

Several of the seamen had marlinspikes, but none had firearms. Dr. Who wasn't worrying about that. His view of the creatures who had captured them convinced him that bullets would not have much effect on them. Beings whose powers included the exploration of a galaxy, the power to drag up with their tractor beams a full-rigged ship, wouldn't worry about such puny weapons as pistols.

"We won't get free like that," he told the skipper shrewdly. "I've got theories about these creatures from listening to their conversation. We are in the power of aliens, Captain, creatures from beyond the stars. Apparently they are ranging the galaxy, collecting specimens of creatures of all the worlds in space. This ship, my friend, might be likened to a travelling museum of all the highest life-forms of many worlds."

It was obvious that all this was quite above the heads of the simple seamen.

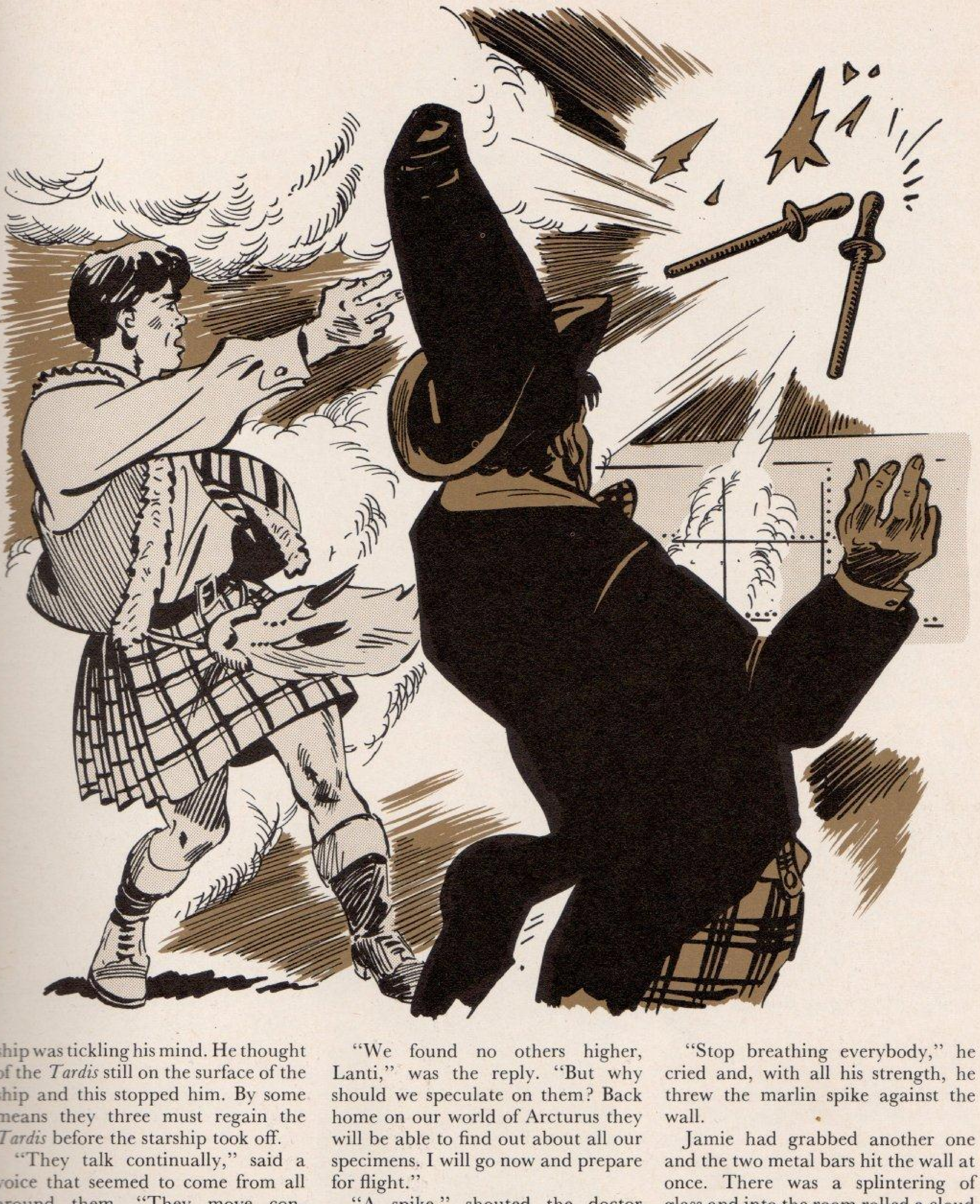
"Galaxy?" snorted the skipper. "What's that, my fine friend? You are talking nonsense, man. There'll be people on this globe, men like you and I. They'll be magicians, warlocks in league with the Devil. We are twenty good British seamen here and we'll down these villains. How do we get at them? If, as you say, this globe is a ship—which I doubt, mark you—where is the bridge, where is the armoury?"

"Easy, my friend," murmured the doctor. "We must think this thing out."

"We know they don't breathe oxygen, Doctor," put in Zoe brightly.

"We know they intend to take off almost immediately," growled Jamie. "If what you say is true, Doctor, we'll be out in space before we know where we are. There's no time left at all."

Dr. Who looked at his young companions closely. Zoe's contribution was the most immediate. A plan to prevent the departure of the globe-



ship was tickling his mind. He thought of the *Tardis* still on the surface of the ship and this stopped him. By some means they three must regain the *Tardis* before the starship took off.

"They talk continually," said a voice that seemed to come from all around them. "They move continually; they are never at rest. Are we sure, Eretz, that these ridiculous beings are the dominant species of this world?"

"We found no others higher, Lanti," was the reply. "But why should we speculate on them? Back home on our world of Arcturus they will be able to find out about all our specimens. I will go now and prepare for flight."

"A spike," shouted the doctor suddenly.

He could see the vague, very dim faces through the wall itself. If might be glass that only looked like metal.

"Stop breathing everybody," he cried and, with all his strength, he threw the marlin spike against the wall.

Jamie had grabbed another one and the two metal bars hit the wall at once. There was a splintering of glass and into the room rolled a cloud of green gas.

"Down, down, everyone, down to the floor," the doctor bellowed, and they all fell flat on the floor.

A whine like that of an animal came from behind the splintered glass and, still holding his breath, Dr. Who peered upwards. Two figures in the adjoining place were writhing in agony and uttering the strange whining sound that was their speech.

The deadly oxygen was burning them out, he knew. They would be ammonia and methane-breathers on their home world.

"Wrap something over your mouths," he yelled, and even as he opened his mouth a whiff of the green gas hit him and he gasped.

But he held on and began to help the weeping seamen through the broken window. With eyes streaming they all got through.

The two creatures were still writhing on the floor. They were humanoid, the doctor saw, as he leaped over the bodies. Clad in grey metallic clothing they looked like magnificent specimens of early Greek manhood. He had time to feel pity at their plight as the oxygen from their own prison chamber bit into their lungs.

But there was no time for that now. It was too late for regrets. He had to find the *Tardis* so that they could escape from this sinister vessel. The *Tardis* would take them all.

It was Zoe who saw the *Tardis* first. "There it is," she shrieked, then choked as the ammonia hit her.

Dr. Who, staring through the swirling green gas, saw his *Tardis* ahead of them. These Arcturians had brought it inside. How very obliging of them. Now, only one thing remained to do. Get to the *Tardis* and open the door. Then, with his two young companions and the crew of the *Marie Celeste*, they would escape.

How long would they be left alone? The crew of this strange starship must, by now, be well aware of the disaster that had overtaken their two companions. But he heard no sounds and saw no faces.

Could it be that those two, Eretz and Lanti, were the sole crew of the great ship? It could be. Those two must have a towering intellect and enormous power to run this gigantic spaceship. Of course, it would be automatically operated and driven, possibly by atomic power. Or maybe some power-source as much beyond his conception as atomic energy would be beyond the thinking of these simple seamen.

"We've dropped to the water, Doctor," bawled out Jamie. "Can ye not hear the sound of the waves? Say, there's a view-port. Oh, Captain, there's your fine ship. Just take a look."

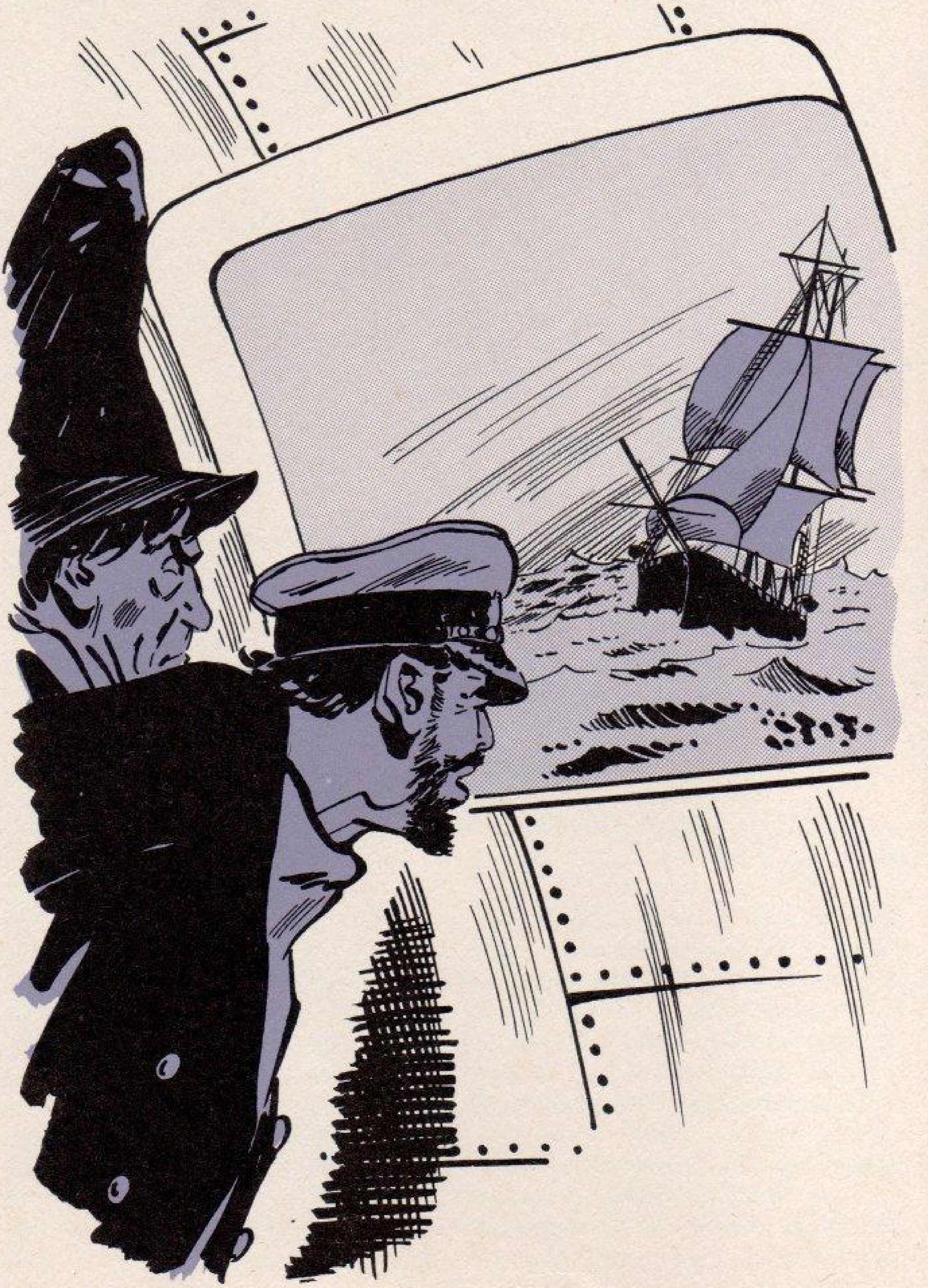
The skipper of the *Marie Celeste* uttered a deep groan. There rode his ship, wallowing in the waves, with no hand at the helm. "We've got to get back on board, men," he cried. "She isn't too far; we'll have to swim for it. Say, you with the funny hat, how do we get out of this iron ball?"

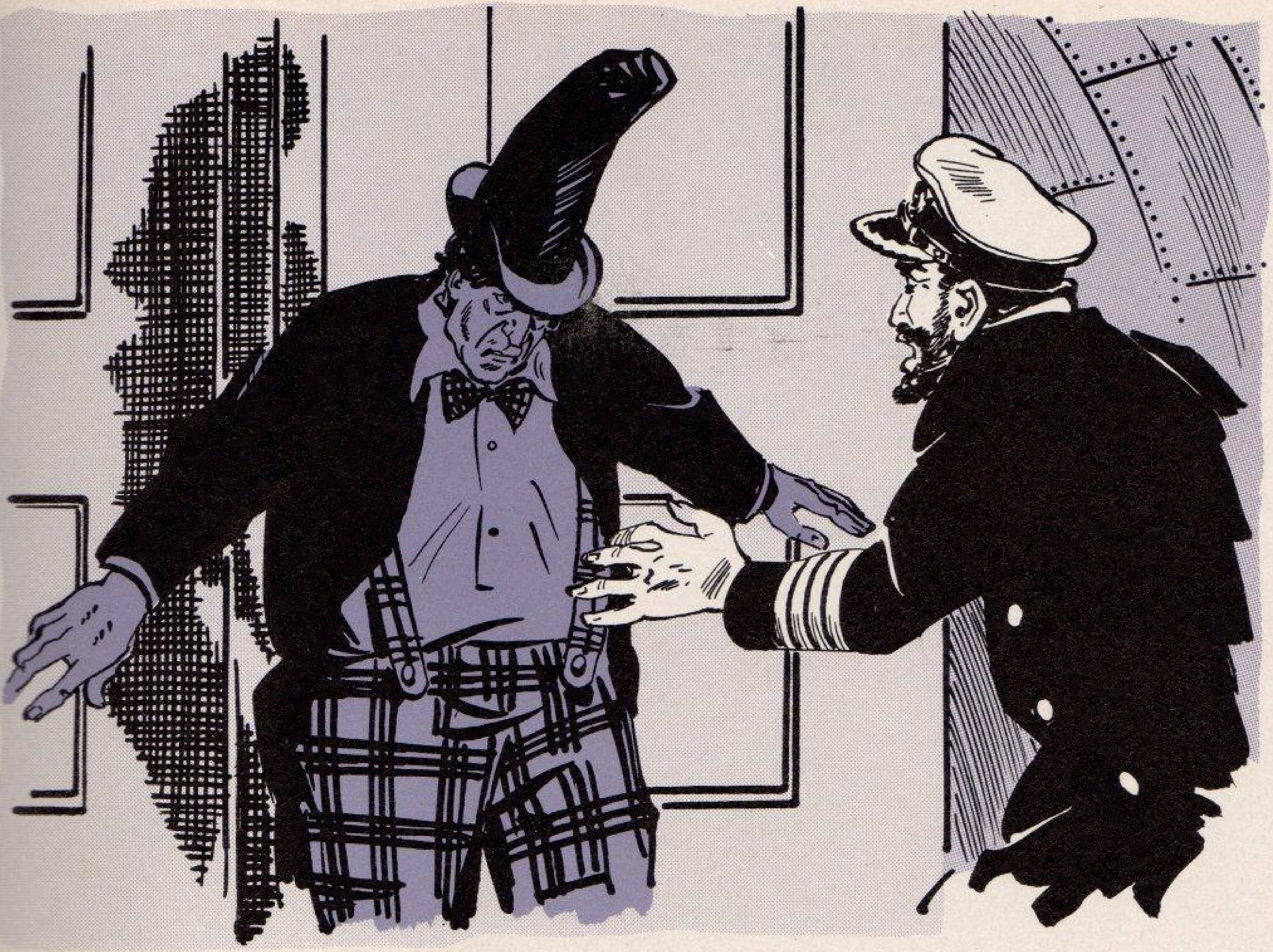
Dr. Who shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not concerned about getting out of the iron ball," he grinned. "All I'm concerned about is getting *inside* this ship of mine here."

"Ship? Ship?" grunted the skipper puzzled. "I see no ship here. How could a ship be inside here? You've lost your senses, man. That's only a queer blue box, like a coffin stood on its end." He guffawed and his men began to edge away from the three.

"Why can't we get into the *Tardis*, Doctor?" asked the practical Zoe.

"Because I've mislaid the key, my dear child," said the doctor, with a hunted look in his eyes. "I have it in this pocket, no, that one, I think. My





stars, what are we to do now? I don't seem to be able to find that key?"

Disgust and fear strove for mastery in Jamie's face. "Well, of all the daft things! What a time to lose the key!"

"It's Fate, Jamie," said the doctor miserably. "The *Tardis* had taken us through Time and Space, through thousands of years and millions of miles, and now she is stranded here. And all for the loss of a key. How stupid I am, my friends. How you must despise me."

"What d'you want to get inside that thing for?" demanded the skipper. They were all coughing, but the green gas seemed to have drifted away. "Can't see much use in that. Unless you have guns or weapons inside that box."

"That box, as you call it, my fine sea captain," said the doctor, with dignity, "happens to be the only way of escape out of this metal ball, which, I would say is more like a coffin itself. There is poison gas in all the chambers of this vessel, Captain. Every time we break a window or a door we release more of the poison. Unless we find that key we are dead."

"Don't need no key," said the other stolidly. "We'll break the door down. Hey, lads, have a go at her. This gent here wants to get inside that thing and he ain't got no key."

"By heaven no, sir," yelled the doctor and he stood against the locked door of the *Tardis* with his arms stretched out. "This door is a most delicate mechanism, electronically controlled. If you break it open, you will destroy many of the marvellous instruments in my ship. The slightest damage to this small blue box, as you call it, would maroon us here for ever."

"I don't make head nor tail of it," complained the skipper. "Where do you come from, sir, that you use such strange words? You call that a ship! Why, any man in his sane senses can see——"

"That box, Captain," said Dr. Who, relaxing, "will hold every one of us, your crew and hundreds more. There is a principle involved there. Small as it is, that ship exists partly out of the dimension of Time and Space in which we all are just now. Size and capacity are nothing once you leave the dimension."

The captain's face showed just what he made of all this, to him, gibberish. He made a sign to his men and two of them seized hold of the doctor.

"The poor man's gone mad," said the captain. "It's the strain and the fear we are all under. He's insane. Hold him, you men, while I look round."

Jamie backed up against the wall, taking Zoe with him.

"You take your hands off him," he warned in a loud voice. "If anyone can get us out of this mess, it's the doctor. I know that. He'll find the key sure enough in time."

"The key, the key, I *know* where it is," cried the struggling Dr. Who. "When I was standing against the door——"

A shrill scream from Zoe cut across his words and they all stood as though paralysed. What new terror was upon them now?

Jamie saw it next, the thing that had wrung such terror from the girl's lips. The vast black face outside the porthole glared in at them. It must have been about ten feet in diameter, with vast saucer eyes and with a huge gaping mouth armed with multiple fangs, dripping water and seaweed.

"The dreaded Kraken!" bellowed the captain. "We are lost now, finally. The great Sea Serpent that men whispered about."

Only Dr. Who was not concerned with the giant sea-serpent. He had darted to the door of the *Tardis*.

Even as he ran, the gigantic coils of that monster sea-serpent were wrapping themselves round the great metal globe. They could hear the jarring and shattering of the metal as the coils tightened. The walls and ceilings buckled and green gas coiled in.

"Inside the *Tardis*, everybody!" the doctor bellowed.

Jamie and Zoe ran to him.

"I left the key in the lock," he gave a sound like a giggle. "First time for many years that I did that. Hey you, *Marie Celeste* men, inside here. Room for everybody and to spare."

But the seamen made no move. Even as the green gas began to choke them they held back. To them, Dr. Who and his companions were warlocks, or even worse, madmen. Never would they venture into that tiny blue box.

Inside, the doctor set the mechanism in operation and the familiar droning sound shuddered through the *Tardis*.

Jamie and Zoe, at the open door, pleaded frantically with the men to come inside. But no one made a move. Coughing, and with eyes streaming, they stared round them at the breaking walls, floor and ceiling of their prison.

"No use, children," called the doctor from the control panel. "We can't stay. When they see us disappear they'll be more certain than ever that we are wizards and even when they die they'll think it better to trust themselves to that than to magic. Hear that sucking noise. The Arcturian globe is being pulled down by that titanic sea-serpent. To think it was true, after all, that sea-serpents really existed."

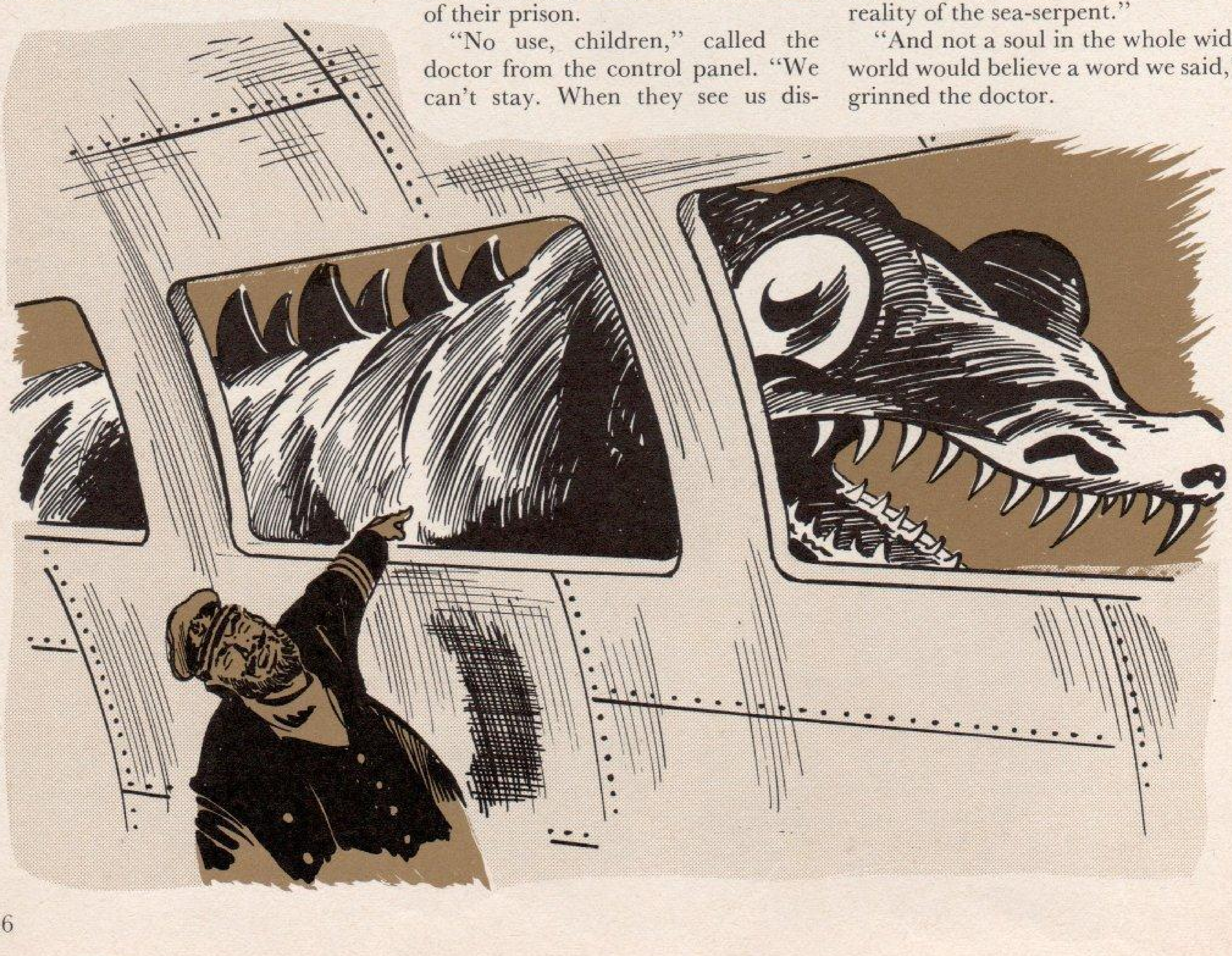
There was a great roar as the metal globe went under in the coils of the sea-devil. The wreckage would be dragged down, down, to the very bottom, where the monster had its lair.

There was regret in all their hearts as, in the sight-screens, they saw the figures of the marooned seamen of the *Marie Celeste* rolling about in agony as they were overcome by the green gas.

Then the horrible vision faded and the *Tardis* floated free of Time and Space and prepared to launch itself across the gulfs.

"To think we've solved two mysteries, Doctor," said Jamie. "The mystery of the *Marie Celeste* and the reality of the sea-serpent."

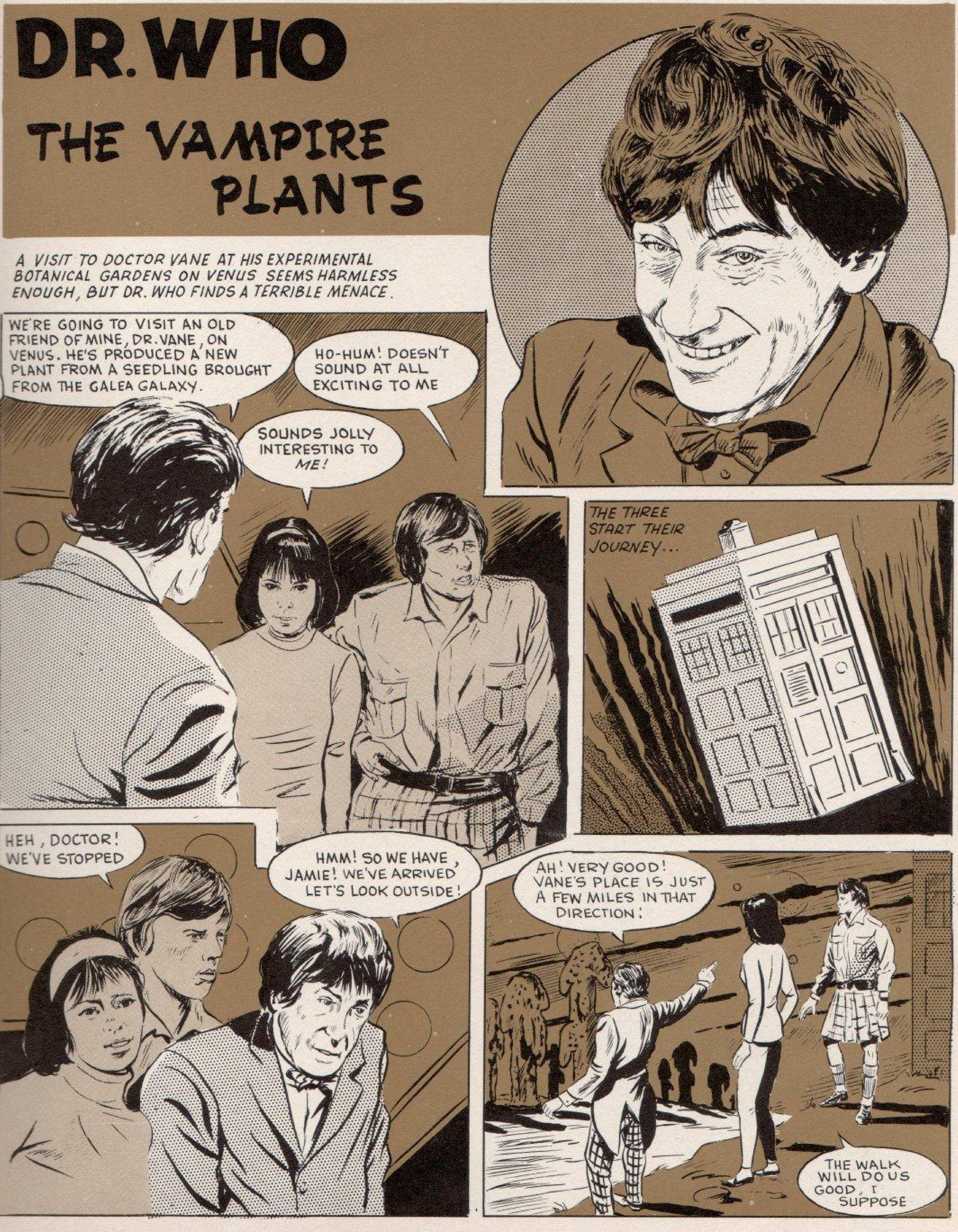
"And not a soul in the whole wide world would believe a word we said," grinned the doctor.

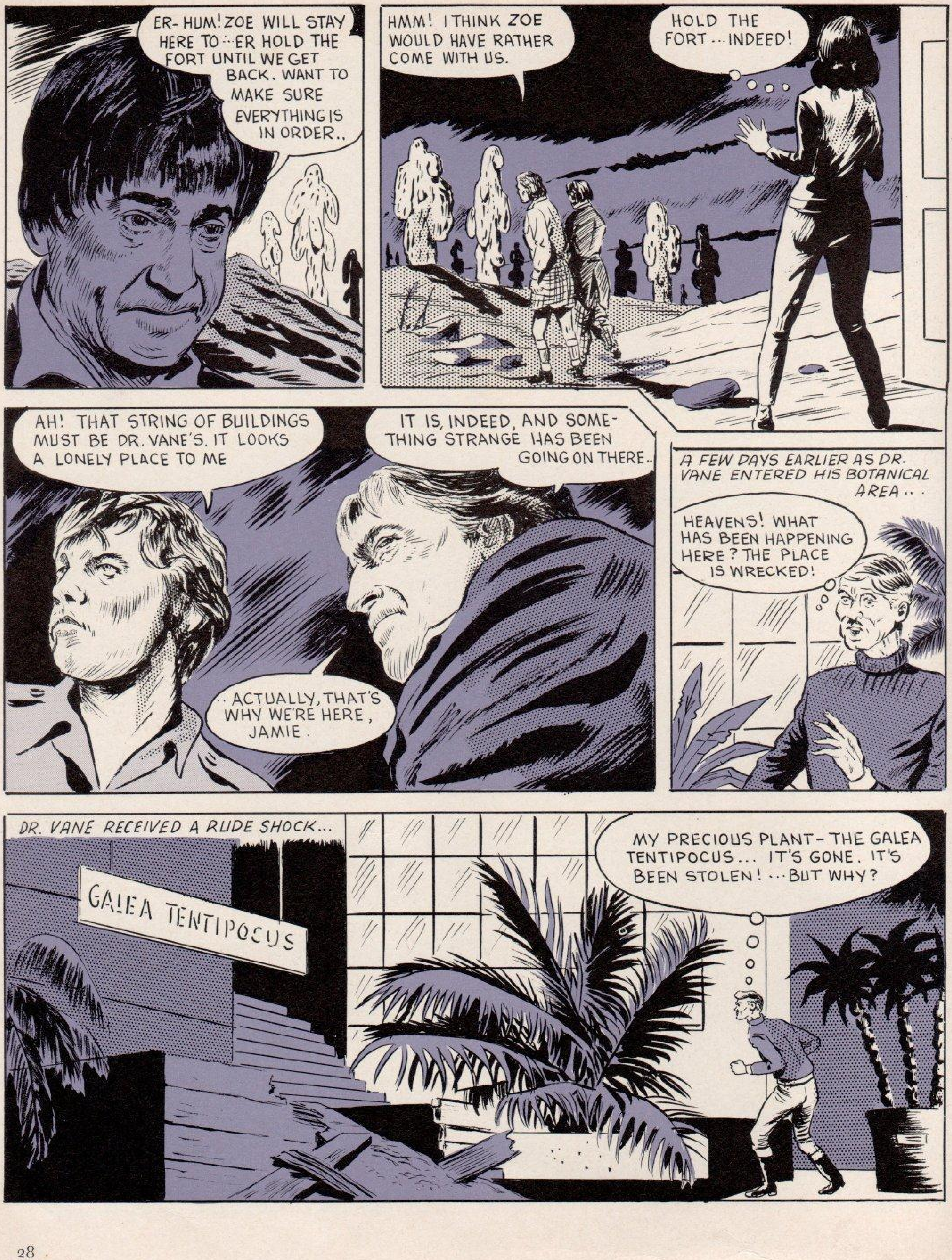


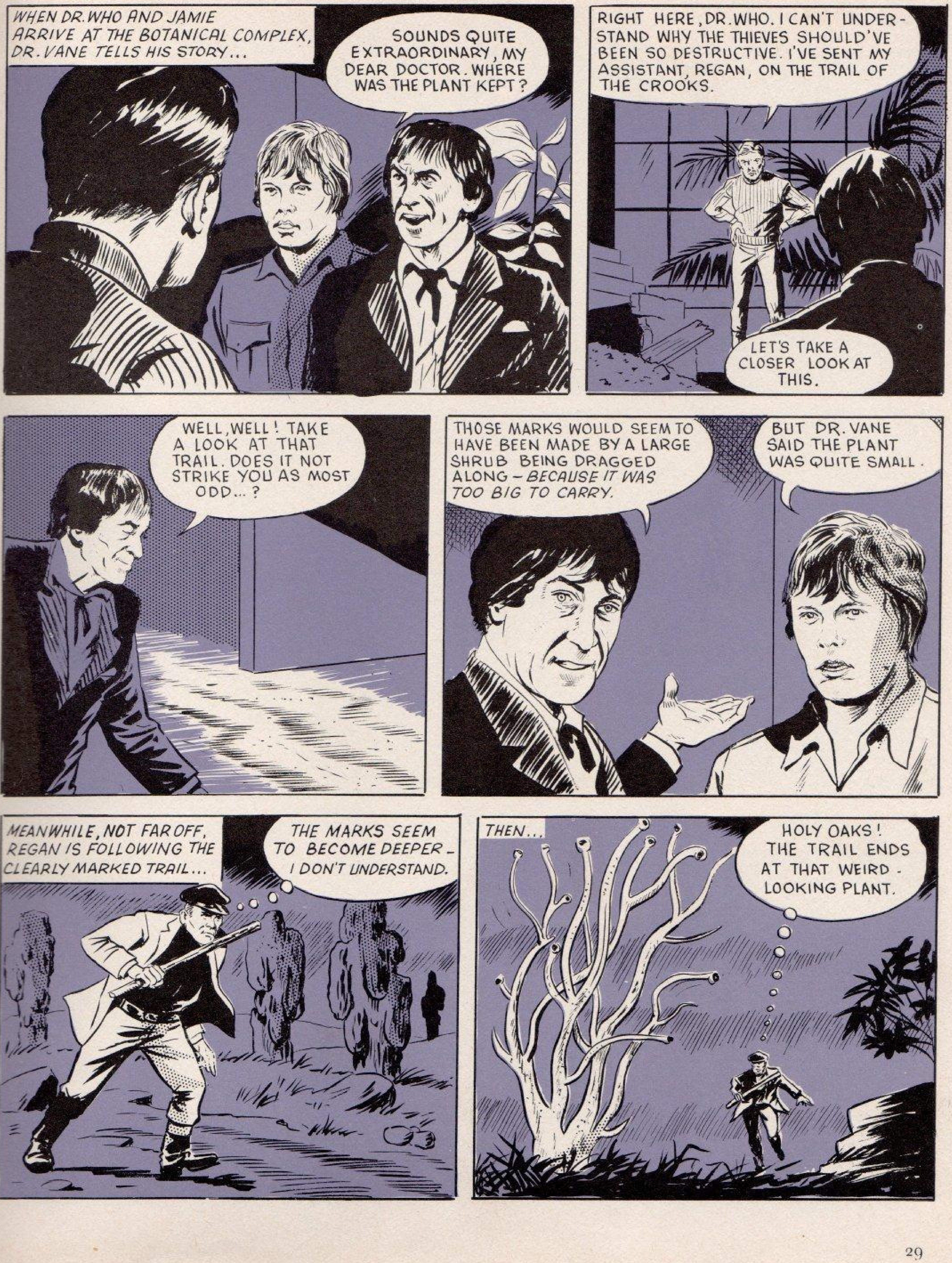
DR. WHO

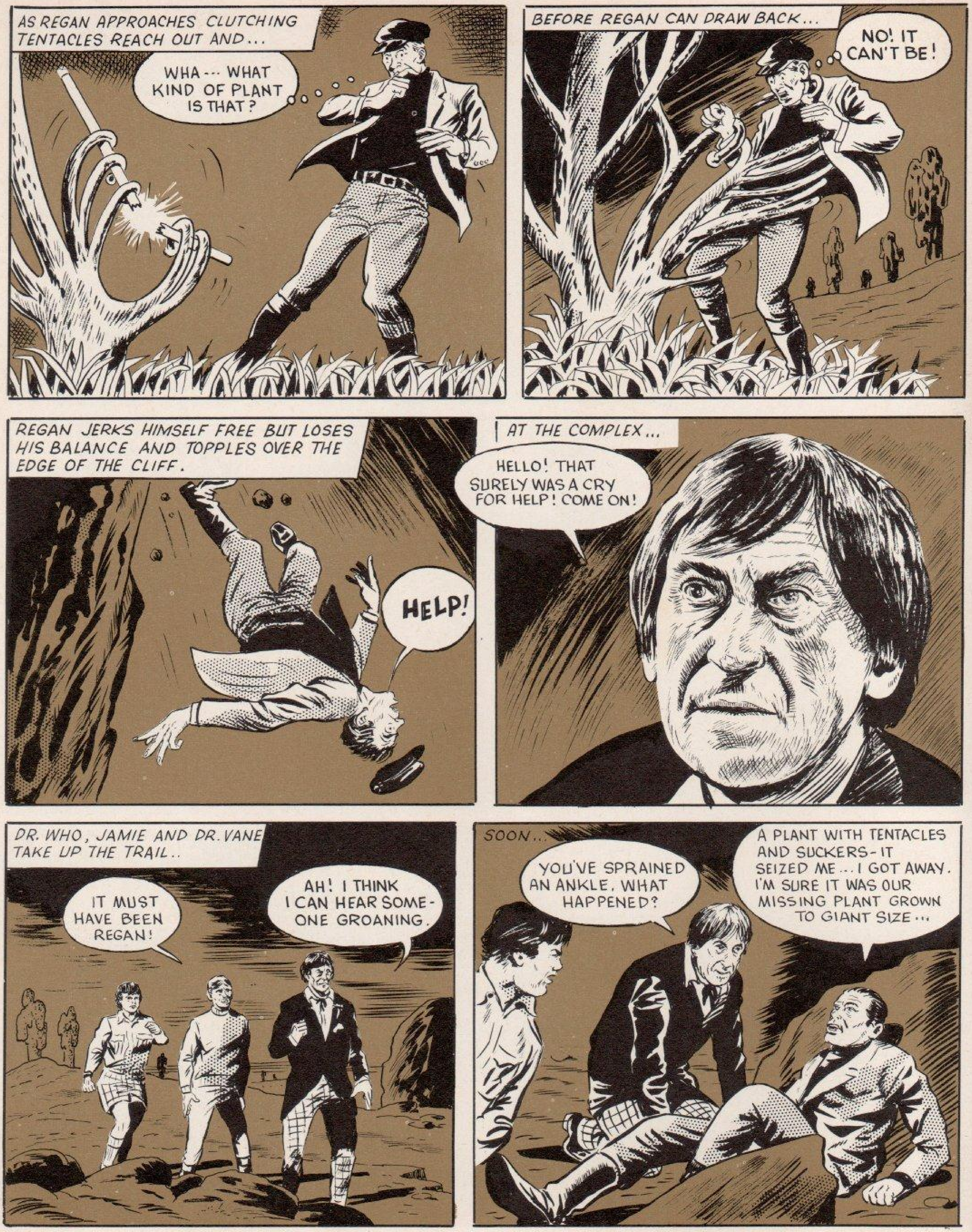
THE VAMPIRE PLANTS

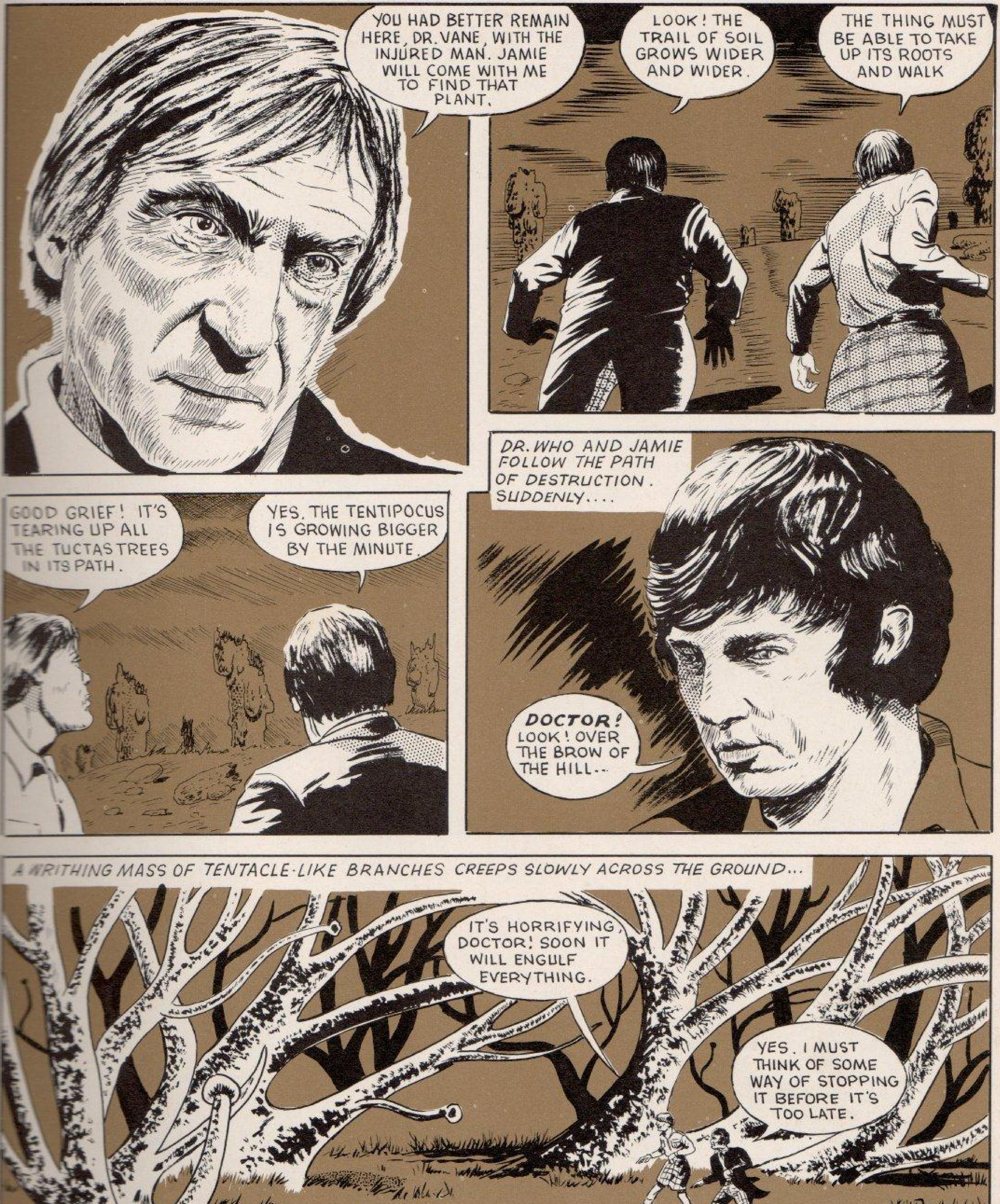
A VISIT TO DOCTOR VANE AT HIS EXPERIMENTAL BOTANICAL GARDENS ON VENUS SEEMS HARMLESS ENOUGH, BUT DR. WHO FINDS A TERRIBLE MENACE.

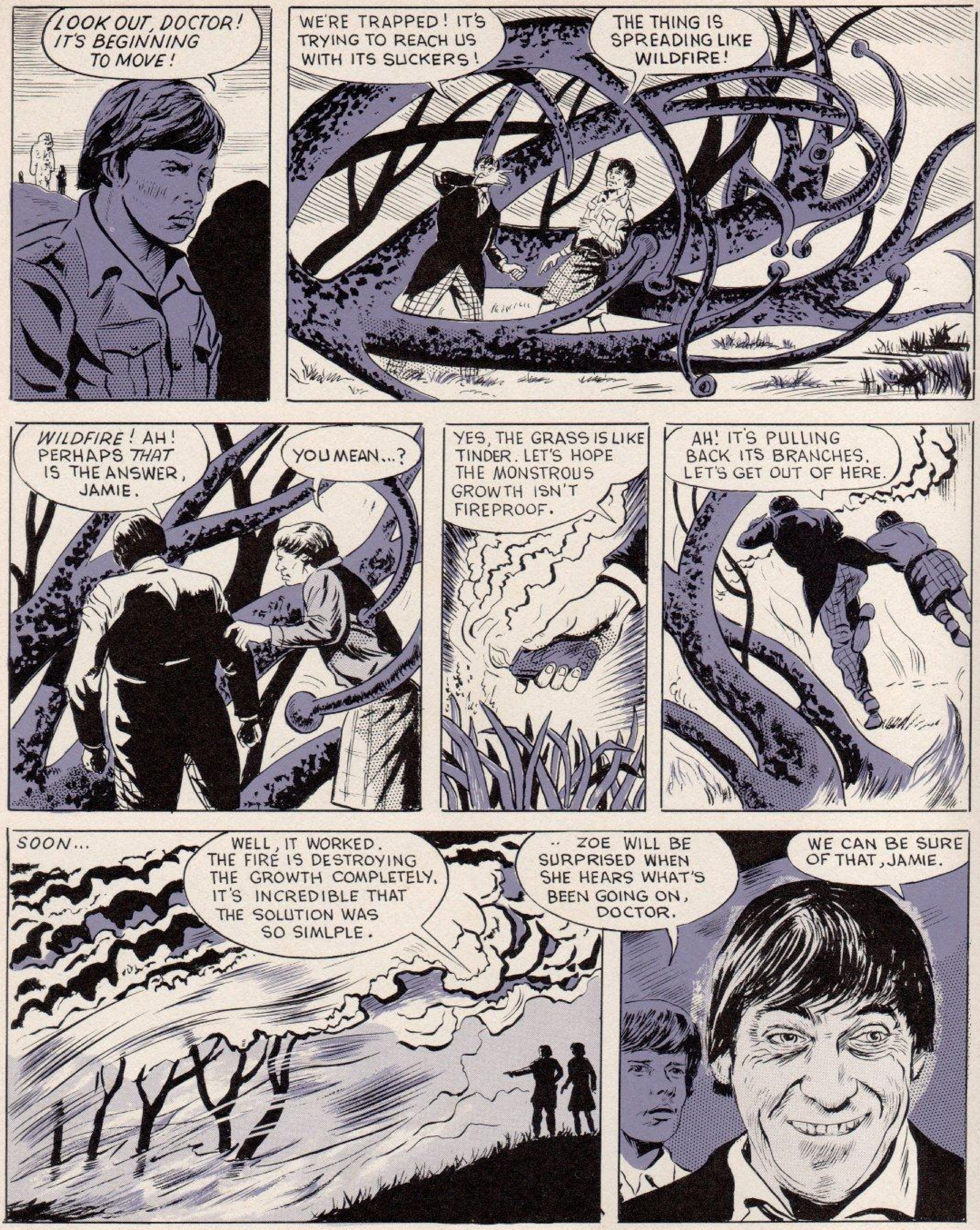

WE'RE GOING TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, DR. VANE, ON VENUS. HE'S PRODUCED A NEW PLANT FROM A SEEDLING BROUGHT FROM THE GALEA GALAXY.
HO-HUM! DOESN'T SOUND AT ALL EXCITING TO ME
SOUNDS JOLLY INTERESTING TO *ME!*
THE THREE START THEIR JOURNEY...
HEH, DOCTOR! WE'VE STOPPED
HMM! SO WE HAVE, JAMIE! WE'VE ARRIVED' LET'S LOOK OUTSIDE!
AH! VERY GOOD! VANE'S PLACE IS JUST A FEW MILES IN THAT DIRECTION!
THE WALK WILL DO US GOOD, I SUPPOSE


ER-HUM! ZOE WILL STAY HERE TO···ER HOLD THE FORT UNTIL WE GET BACK. WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER..
HMM! I THINK ZOE WOULD HAVE RATHER COME WITH US.
HOLD THE FORT ... INDEED!
AH! THAT STRING OF BUILDINGS MUST BE DR. VANE'S. IT LOOKS A LONELY PLACE TO ME
IT IS, INDEED, AND SOMETHING STRANGE HAS BEEN GOING ON THERE..
..ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE, JAMIE.
A FEW DAYS EARLIER AS DR. VANE ENTERED HIS BOTANICAL AREA . .
HEAVENS! WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING HERE? THE PLACE IS WRECKED!
DR. VANE RECEIVED A RUDE SHOCK...
GALEA TENTIPOCUS
MY PRECIOUS PLANT - THE GALEA TENTIPOCUS ... IT'S GONE. IT'S BEEN STOLEN! ··· BUT WHY?

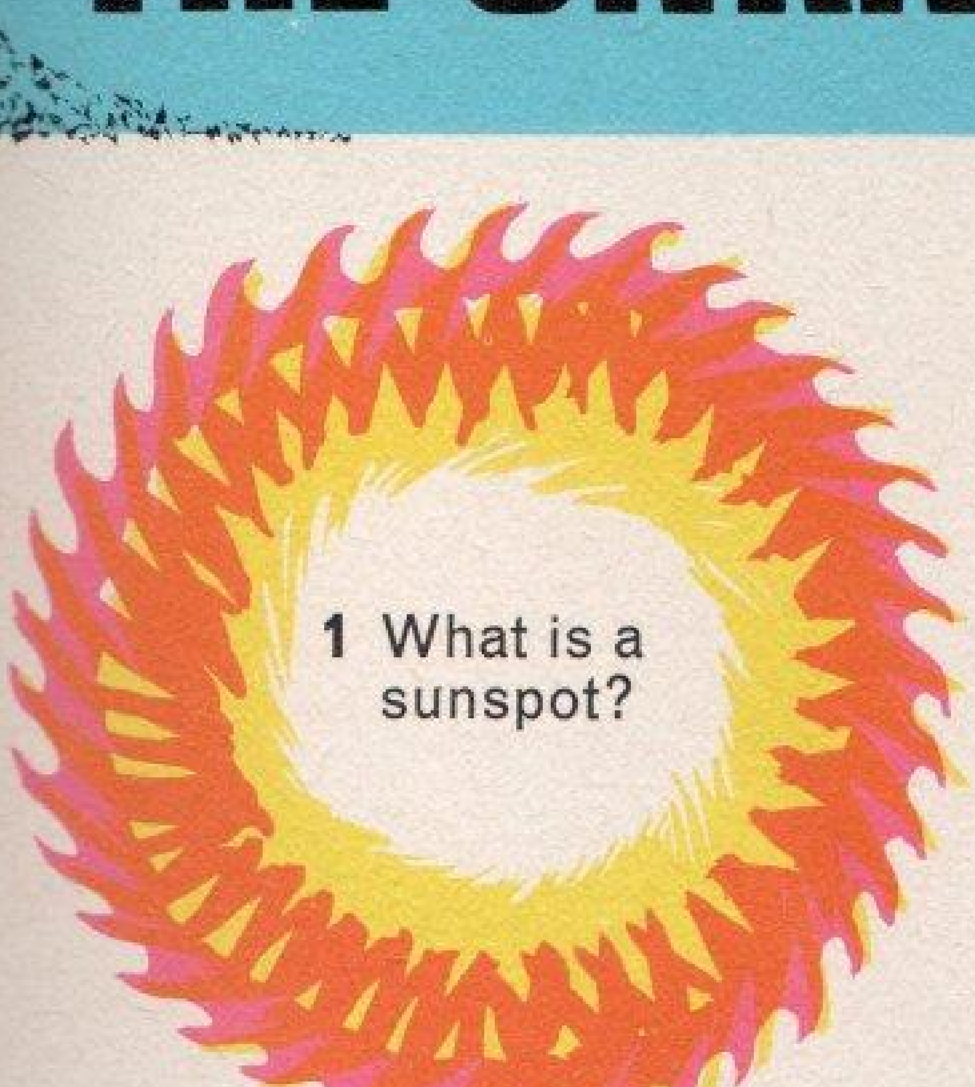

WHEN DR.WHO AND JAMIE ARRIVE AT THE BOTANICAL COMPLEX, DR. VANE TELLS HIS STORY...
SOUNDS QUITE EXTRAORDINARY, MY DEAR DOCTOR. WHERE WAS THE PLANT KEPT?
RIGHT HERE, DR. WHO. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE THIEVES SHOULD'VE BEEN SO DESTRUCTIVE. I'VE SENT MY ASSISTANT, REGAN, ON THE TRAIL OF THE CROOKS.
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS.
WELL, WELL! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT TRAIL. DOES IT NOT STRIKE YOU AS MOST ODD...?
THOSE MARKS WOULD SEEM TO HAVE BEEN MADE BY A LARGE SHRUB BEING DRAGGED ALONG – BECAUSE IT WAS TOO BIG TO CARRY.
BUT DR. VANE SAID THE PLANT WAS QUITE SMALL.
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR OFF, REGAN IS FOLLOWING THE CLEARLY MARKED TRAIL...
THE MARKS SEEM TO BECOME DEEPER – I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THEN...
HOLY OAKS! THE TRAIL ENDS AT THAT WEIRD-LOOKING PLANT.


AS REGAN APPROACHES CLUTCHING TENTACLES REACH OUT AND...
WHA--- WHAT KIND OF PLANT IS THAT?
BEFORE REGAN CAN DRAW BACK...
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
REGAN JERKS HIMSELF FREE BUT LOSES HIS BALANCE AND TOPPLES OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.
HELP!
AT THE COMPLEX...
HELLO! THAT SURELY WAS A CRY FOR HELP! COME ON!
DR. WHO, JAMIE AND DR. VANE TAKE UP THE TRAIL..
IT MUST HAVE BEEN REGAN!
AH! I THINK I CAN HEAR SOMEONE GROANING.
SOON...
YOU'VE SPRAINED AN ANKLE. WHAT HAPPENED?
A PLANT WITH TENTACLES AND SUCKERS- IT SEIZED ME... I GOT AWAY. I'M SURE IT WAS OUR MISSING PLANT GROWN TO GIANT SIZE...

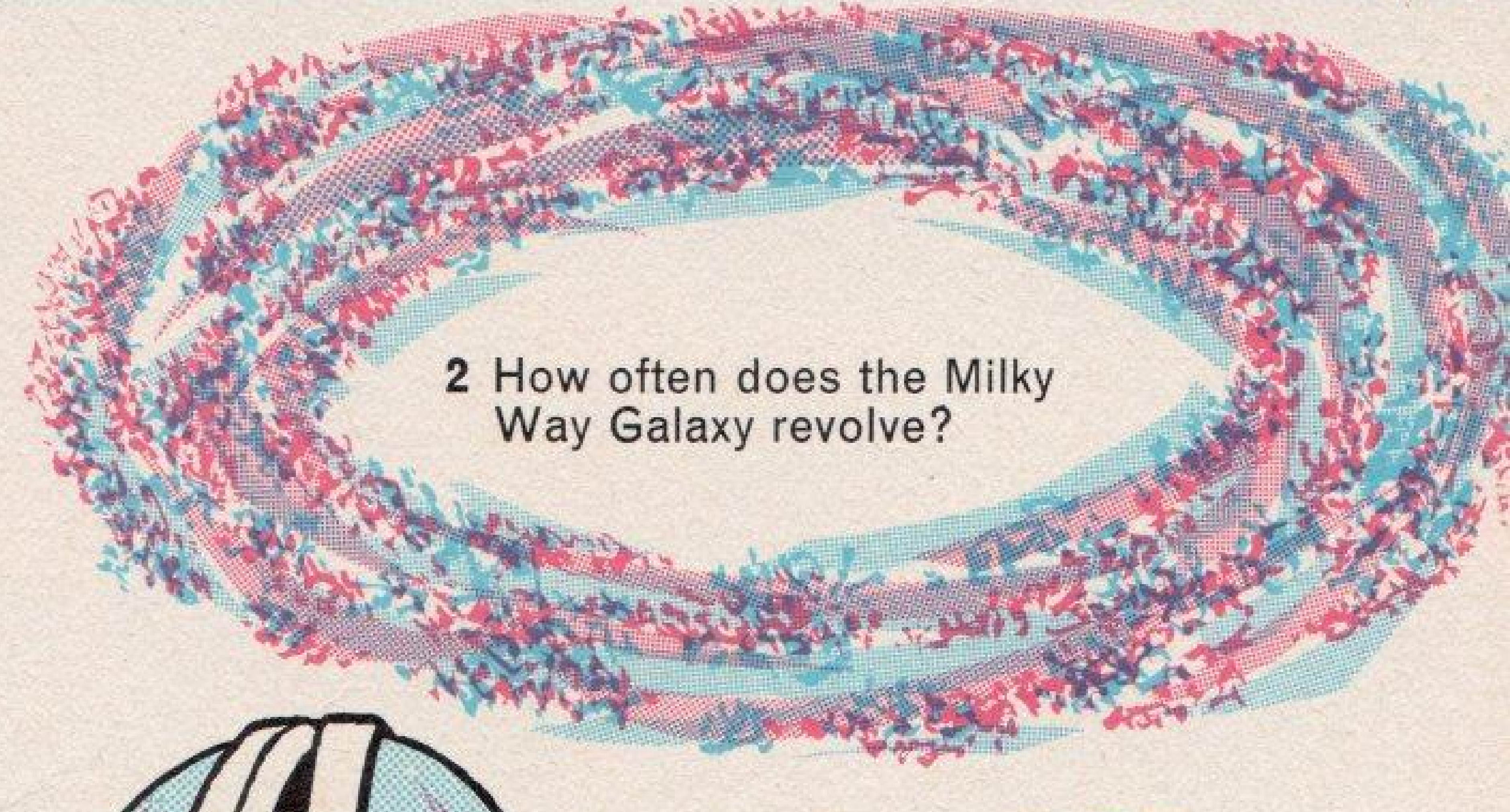

YOU HAD BETTER REMAIN HERE, DR. VANE, WITH THE INJURED MAN. JAMIE WILL COME WITH ME TO FIND THAT PLANT.
LOOK! THE TRAIL OF SOIL GROWS WIDER AND WIDER.
THE THING MUST BE ABLE TO TAKE UP ITS ROOTS AND WALK
DR. WHO AND JAMIE FOLLOW THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION. SUDDENLY....
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S TEARING UP ALL THE TUCTAS TREES IN ITS PATH.
YES. THE TENTIPOCUS IS GROWING BIGGER BY THE MINUTE.
DOCTOR! LOOK! OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL...
A WRITHING MASS OF TENTACLE-LIKE BRANCHES CREEPS SLOWLY ACROSS THE GROUND...
IT'S HORRIFYING, DOCTOR! SOON IT WILL ENGULF EVERYTHING.
YES. I MUST THINK OF SOME WAY OF STOPPING IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.


LOOK OUT, DOCTOR! IT'S BEGINNING TO MOVE!
WE'RE TRAPPED! IT'S TRYING TO REACH US WITH ITS SUCKERS!
THE THING IS SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE!
WILDFIRE! AH! PERHAPS THAT IS THE ANSWER, JAMIE.
YOU MEAN...?
YES, THE GRASS IS LIKE TINDER. LET'S HOPE THE MONSTROUS GROWTH ISN'T FIREPROOF.
AH! IT'S PULLING BACK ITS BRANCHES. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
SOON...
WELL, IT WORKED. THE FIRE IS DESTROYING THE GROWTH COMPLETELY. IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE SOLUTION WAS SO SIMLPLE.
.. ZOE WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE HEARS WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON, DOCTOR.
WE CAN BE SURE OF THAT, JAMIE.

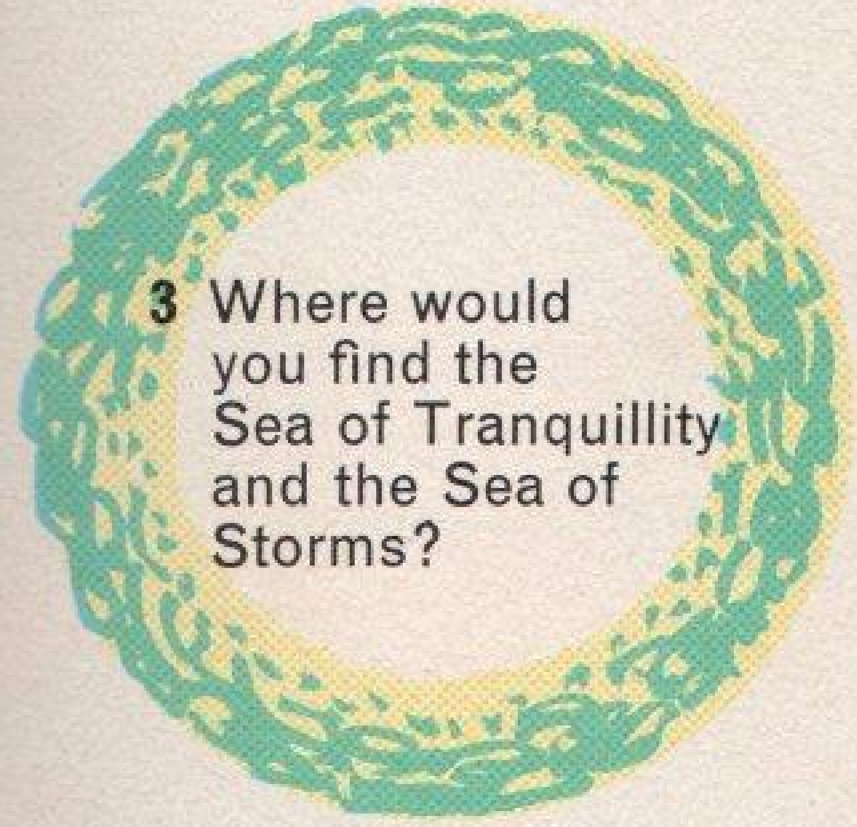
THE UNKNOWN UNIVERSE



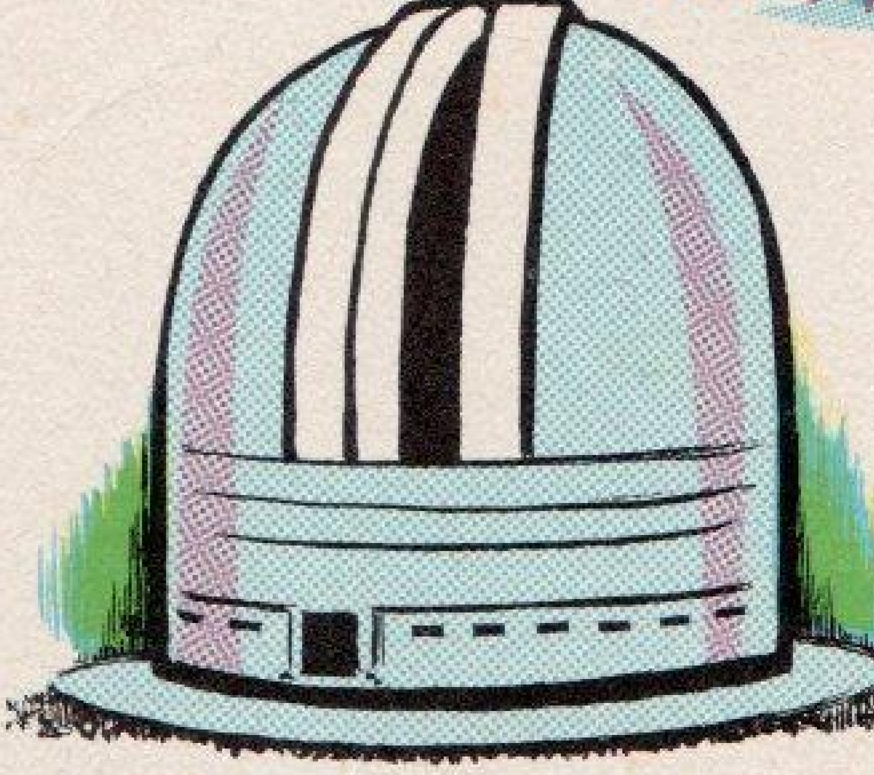
1 What is a sunspot?



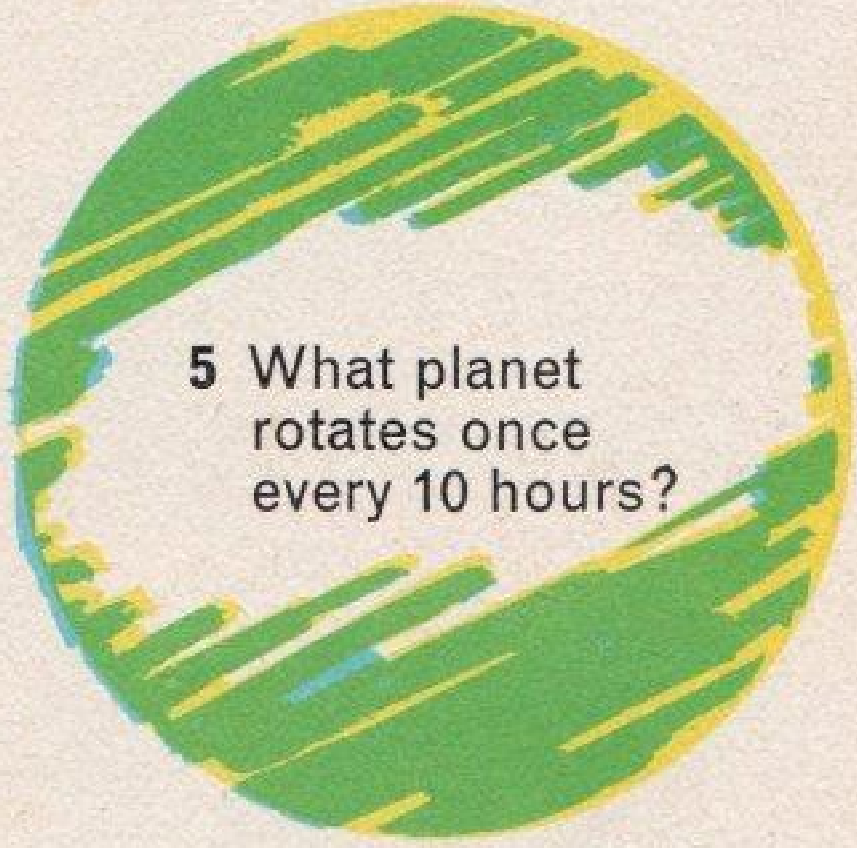
2 How often does the Milky Way Galaxy revolve?



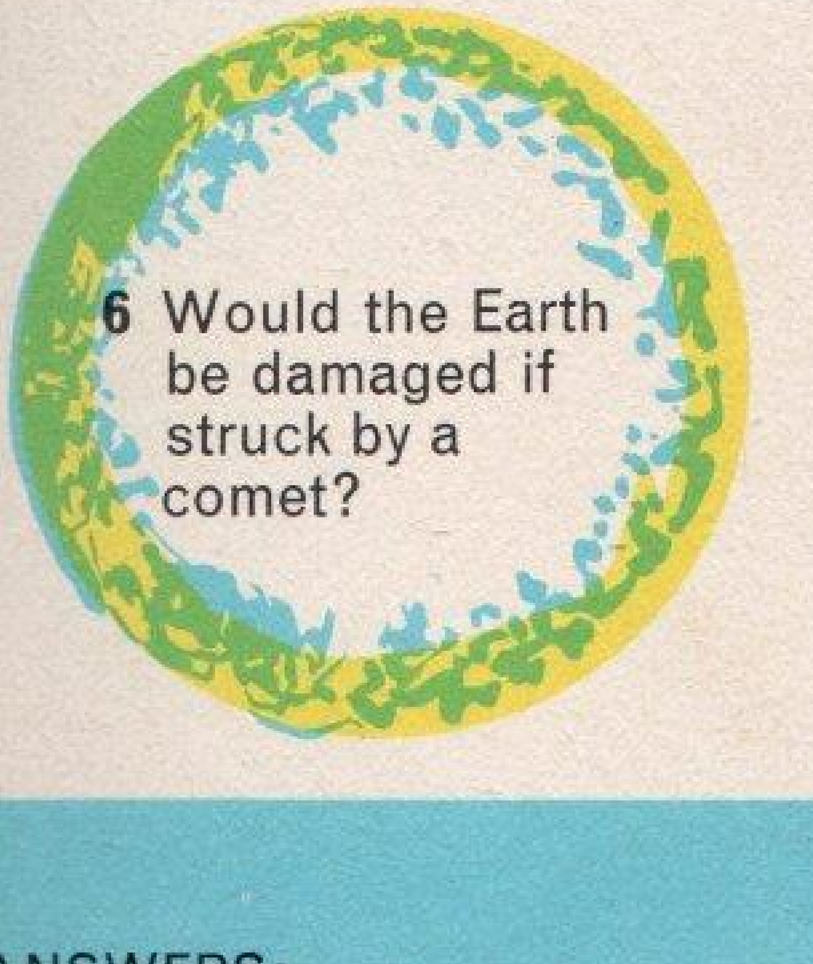
3 Where would you find the Sea of Tranquillity and the Sea of Storms?



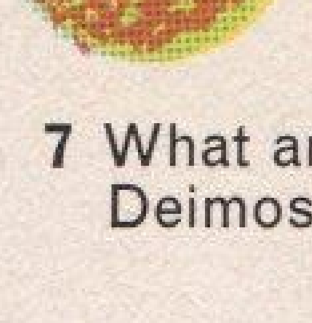
4 Which is the largest telescope in the world?

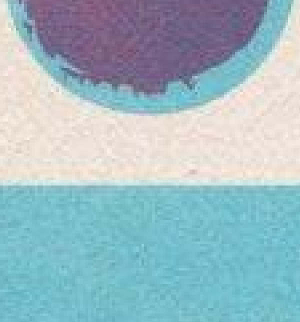


5 What planet rotates once every 10 hours?

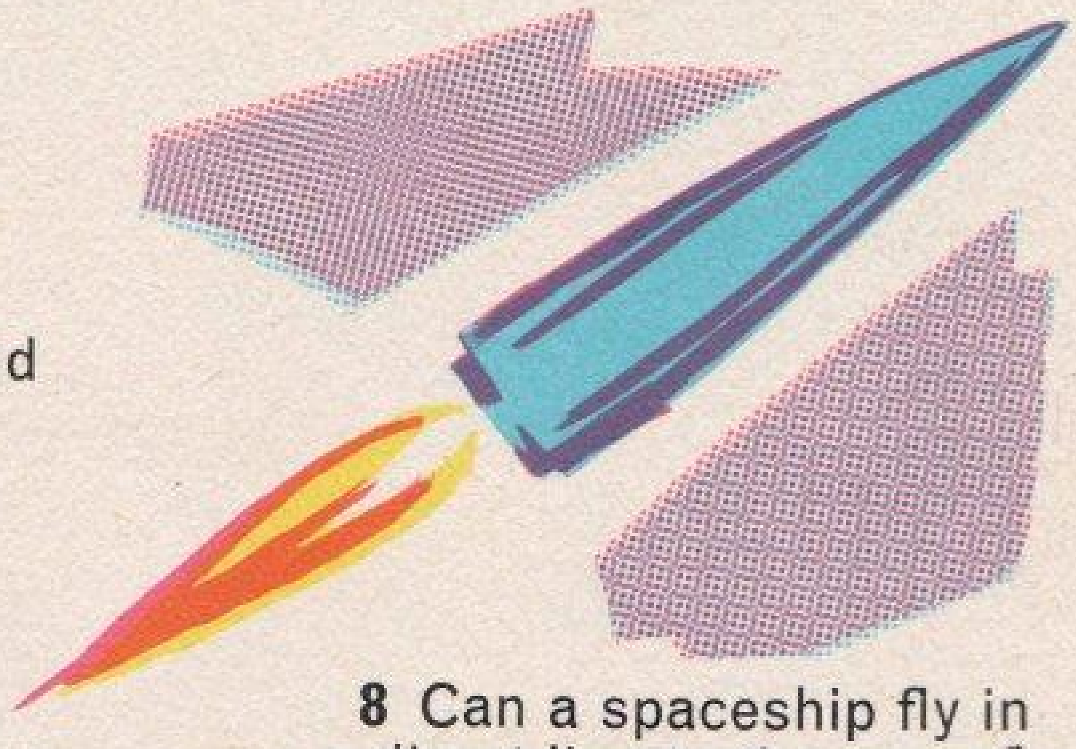


6 Would the Earth be damaged if struck by a comet?





7 What are Phobos and Deimos?

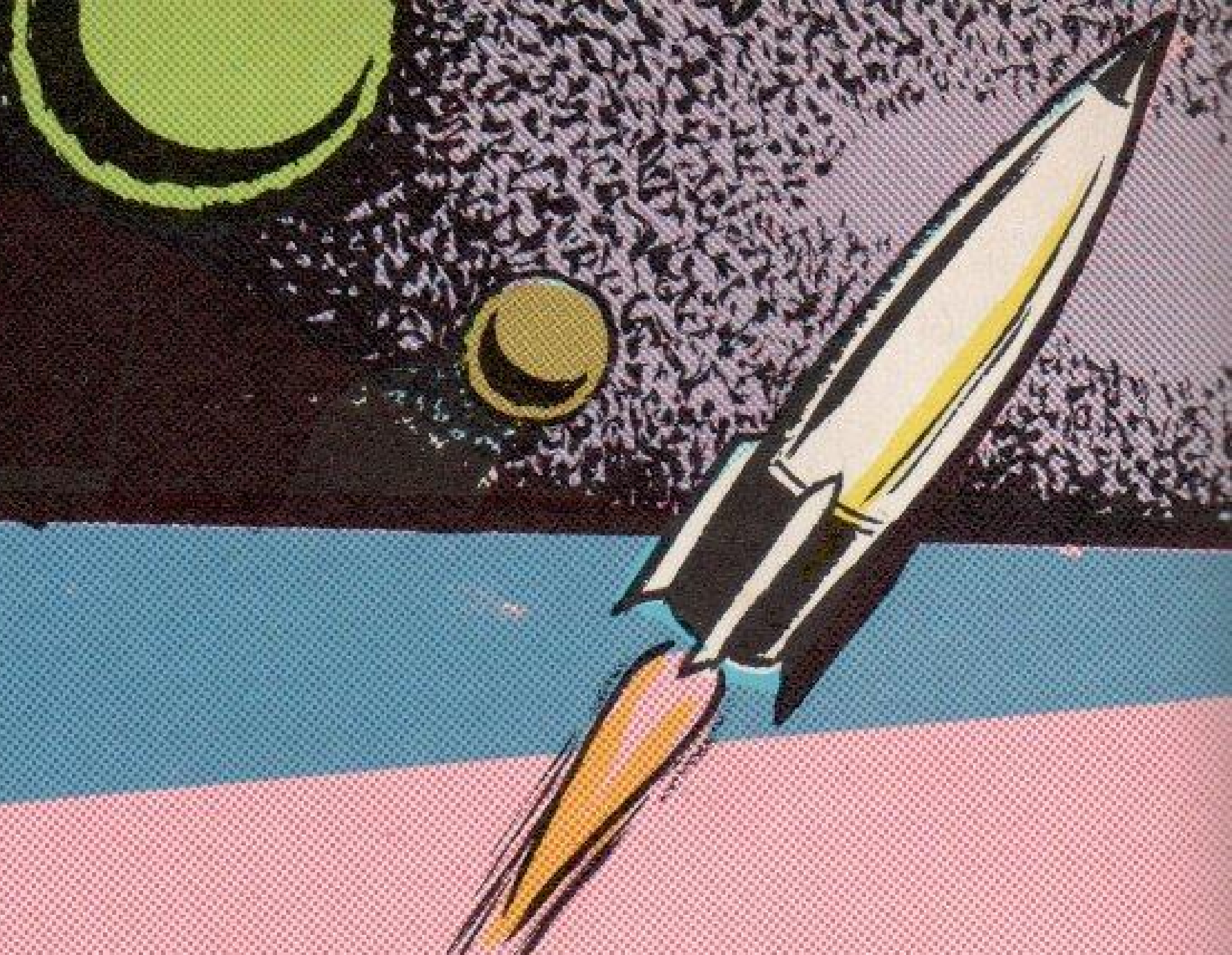


8 Can a spaceship fly in a direct line to the moon?

ANSWERS:

1 A sunspot is a huge dark patch on the surface of the Sun which emits particles of electrical energy.
2 The stars on the outer rim of our galaxy require about 300 million years to make one revolution.
3 They are flat areas on the Moon.
4 The Mount Palomar Telescope, California.
5 Jupiter.
6 The head of a comet is probably made up of meteor fragments held closely together, dragging behind a tail which is many millions of miles long. Earth has passed through the tail of one comet with no harm, but if a comet were to hit us head-on it would probably be a different matter.
7 They are the two small moons of Mars.
8 No. Because of the motion of the Moon through the heavens, a spaceship would have to follow a curved path.

SPACE QUIZ



1 Is a spaceship driven by jet engines?

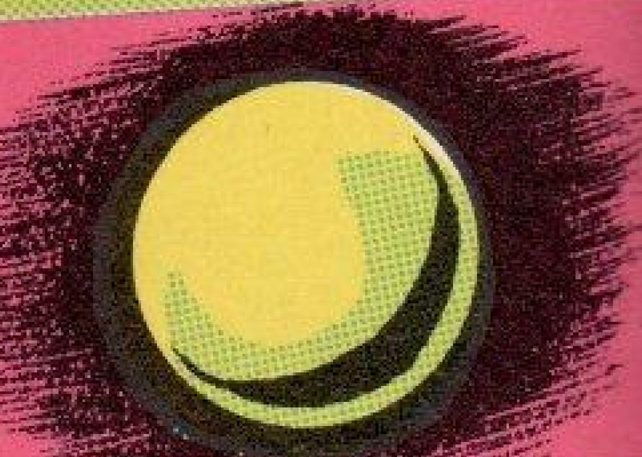
2 What does the word perigee mean in connection with the orbit of a satellite?

3 What is a multi-stage rocket?

4 How often does Halley's Comet appear?

5 How old is the Solar System?

6 At what speed does the Earth circle the sun?



7 Which is the smallest planet in the Solar System?

8 Can the sun go on for ever?

ANSWERS:

1 No. Jet engines only work in the atmosphere, where they can draw in air.

2 The point in its orbit where it is nearest to the Earth.

3 A rocket which is really in a number of parts. The first stage blasts the whole rocket off the ground and then this burns out and falls away. The next stage ignites and pushes the rocket higher, and the procedure is repeated until the final stage or capsule is in orbit.

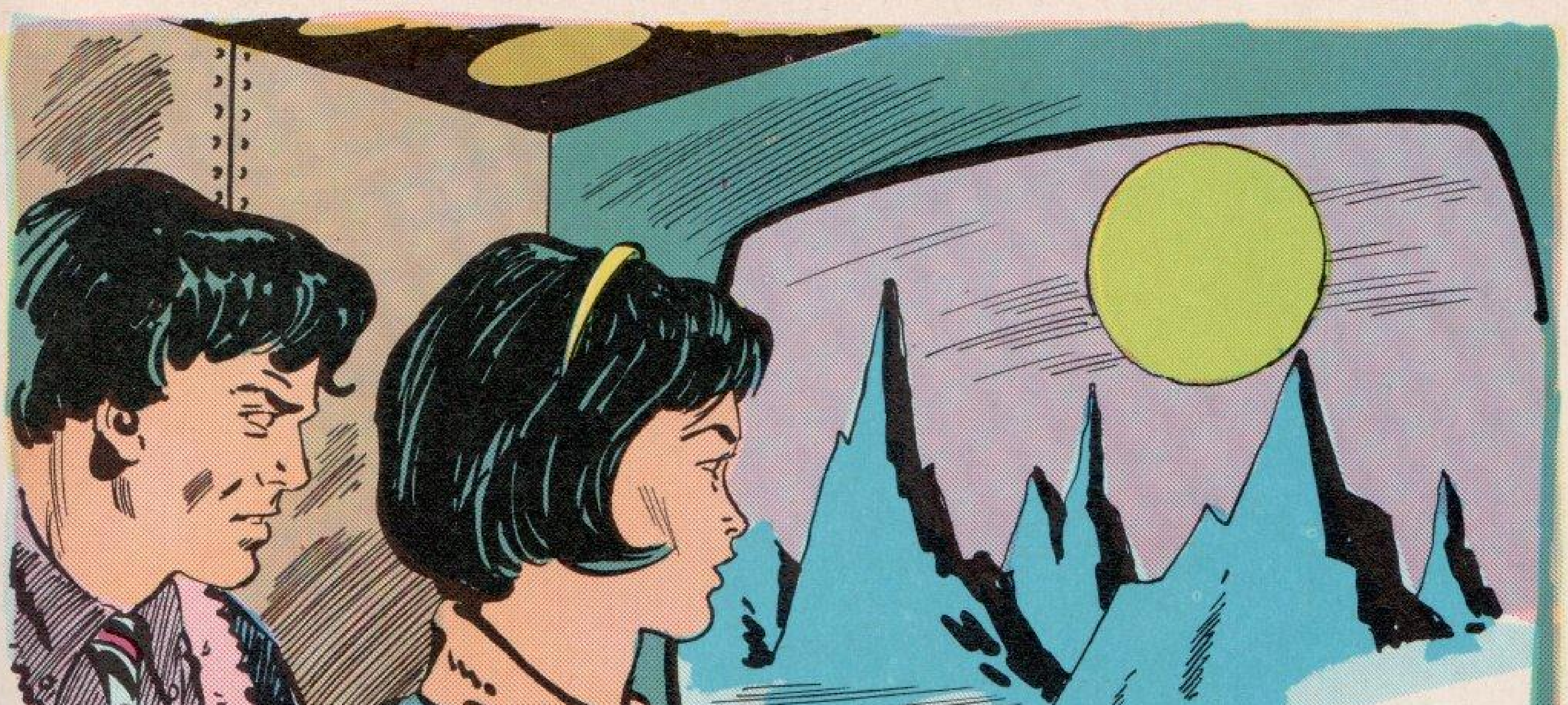
4 Every 75 years.

5 It began perhaps 5 billion years ago. But, of course, nobody knows exactly.

6 Exactly 18½ miles per second.

7 Mercury.

8 Some day the sun will swell enormously and swallow up the inner planets, including Earth. This may be yet 10 billion years from now so there is no immediate cause for alarm. Afterwards, it may shrink and become a dwarf star, burnt out.



GRIP OF ICE

Zoe watched with concern as Dr. Who wearily drove home the last switch, and the *Tardis* smoothly materialised into a new environment.

He wipe his brow, picked up a tool and said: "Well, now to repair the damage."

The escape from the ravaging robots on the nightmare planet of Korad had been so abrupt that he had found later, when attempting to plot a course through space-time, that the space-time locator mechanism had suffered damage.

"Will it take long to repair?" asked Jamie, who was standing impatiently beside one of the scanner-screens.

The scientist shrugged. "I can hardly tell until I have taken the locator to pieces," he pointed out.

Zoe touched his arm sympathetically: "But you are already so tired," she said. "Could you not rest first?"

He flashed her a grateful smile. "I would not rest very well, knowing that the *Tardis* was not in perfect working order," he said. "But why don't you two occupy yourselves in finding out what kind of planet we have landed on?"

Jamie brightened. "Good idea!" he said, throwing the switch on the scanner-screen.

The screen glowed with whorls of light. Then a vista of dazzling white and ice-blue swam into focus.

Zoe exclaimed: "It's a world of snow and ice, Doctor!"

Dr. Who raised his head from a tangle of wires to inspect the screen. "Hm!" he mused. "Lovely to look at, perhaps, but definitely unwelcome to venture into."

The *Tardis* had materialised on a snow field that skirted a slope, dipping to where a gaunt and glittering expanse of ice marked a mighty glacier. Fantastic ice sculptures soared around them, fretting the deep blue sky. Here were boulders buried by the advancing ice sheet a million years before and finally thrust to the surface by centuries of melting and movement.

"The planet seems to have a single moon," observed Jamie.

Zoe sighed. "Yes, and how beautiful it looks!" she added.

The moon hung brilliantly white above them. It seemed to float above the needle-sharp peaks of the snowy summits.

Jamie was checking the controls that made the tests of atmospheric conditions outside the ship. He eyed the flickering needles and reported: "Gravity only seven-eighths Terrain Standard. The air is thin, but good. Temperature sub-zero."

"You will need to put on Atmospheric Density jackets if you venture outside," commented Dr. Who, bending over his work again.

Zoe looked surprised. "You mean you don't mind us exploring by ourselves?" she asked.

There was no reply. The space-time scientist was already absorbed too deeply to hear her.

Jamie nudged his companion. He arched his eyebrows and lifted his hands, palms upward, in a gesture that said: "No use talking to him now! Let's go!"

A few minutes later they stepped outside the *Tardis*. In spite of the Atmospheric Density Jackets they wore, they both shivered in that awful, cutting cold.

"No wonder there's no sign of life," remarked Jamie, staring around at the barren landscape. "Let's take a brisk walk as far as the glacier, then back for a hot drink in the *Tardis*, huh?"

Zoe was already striding ahead. he hurried after her. At the edge of the glacier they both stopped to marvel. "Why, it must be twenty miles long at least," said Zoe.

Jamie pointed to the right, where a jagged dark streak zig-zagged across the unrelieved whiteness of the snow plain.

"We seem to be cut off from the rest of the planet by a huge crevasse," he said.

Zoe nodded. "Let's take a closer look," she said crisply, moving away.

Jamie was about to protest, but he saw it was no use. His adventurous companion was obviously determined, as always, to satisfy her curiosity without counting the dangers.

The crunch of their feet on the crisp snow surface was the only sound to break the frozen silence. Jamie tried to whistle a Scottish reel, but found his lips too numb. He glanced back a little apprehensively, to make sure that the blue telephone box was still lodged there amid the snow.

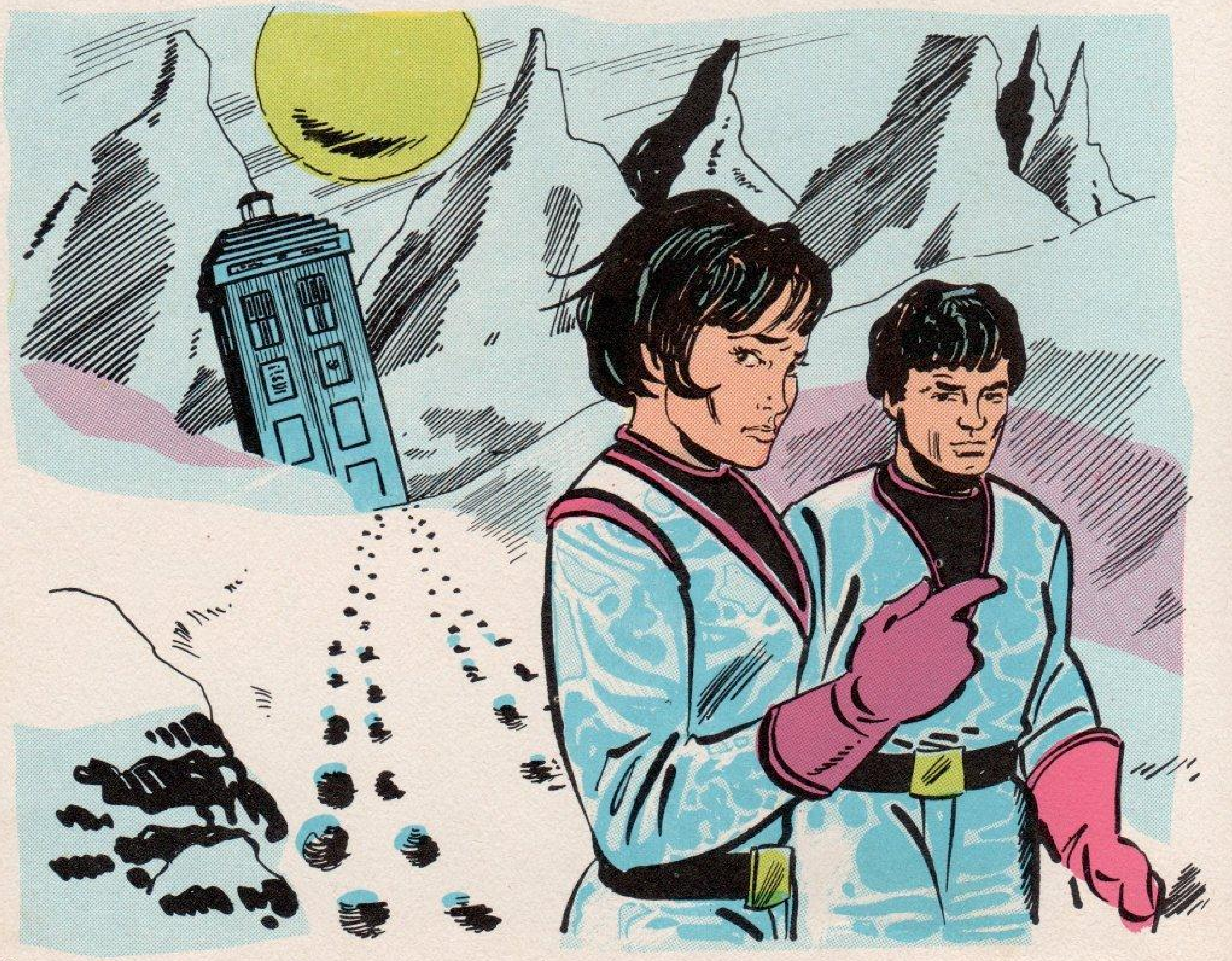
As they drew near the crevasse they saw that it yawned blackly, with walls that plunged sheer down to unknown depths.

Zoe stopped. She was turning one cheek towards the sky. Jamie came up and asked: "Something wrong?"

"There's a breeze springing up," she frowned.

Jamie felt the first whisper of air, and nodded: "So what?"

Zoe gave him an exasperated glance. "Doesn't it strike you as unnatural . . . a breeze in these



conditions? I don't like it!" She turned on her heel.

Jamie cheered up: "I don't like it either. Let's go and get that hot drink," he said.

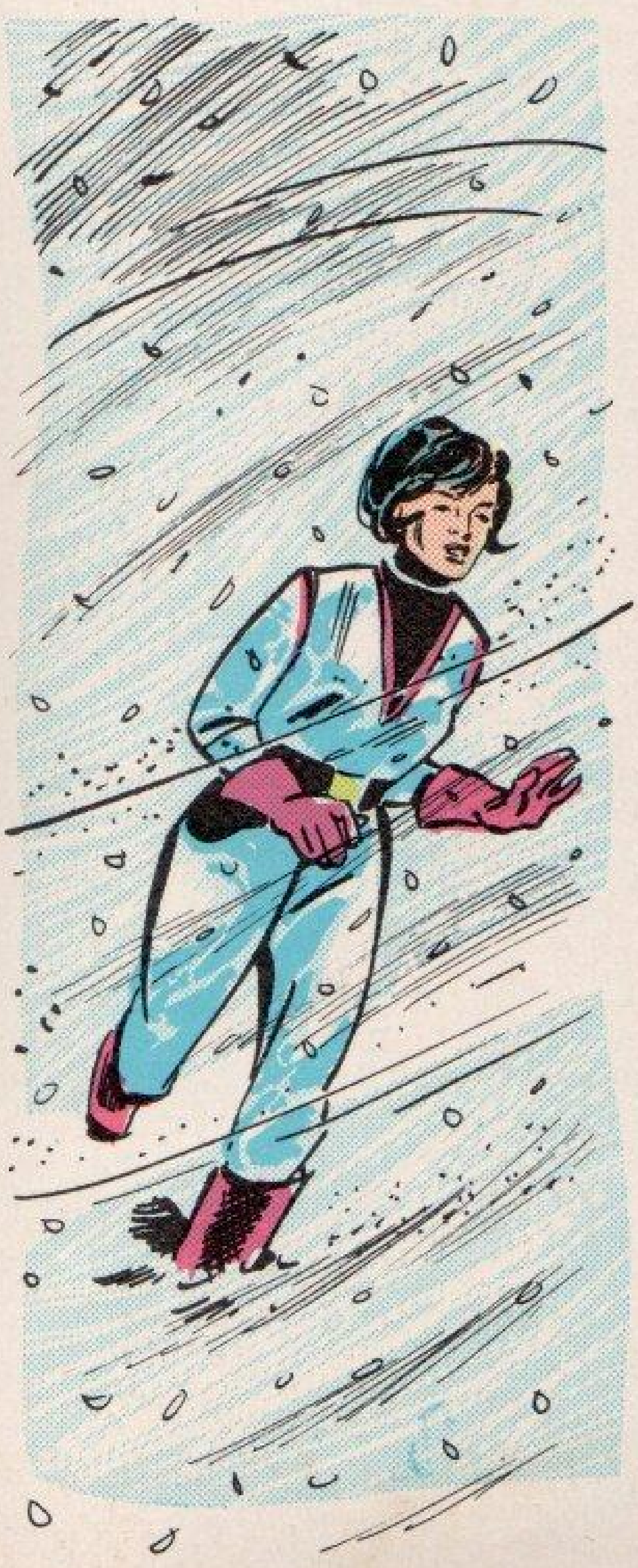
But, as he turned to go back, his mood changed. "Hey! That's torn it!" he exclaimed. "This breeze is whipping up a snowstorm. I can't see the *Tardis*!"

Zoe had begun to run. "In this direction, I think!" she yelled urgently. "Quick!"

The breeze had now become a wind. It whipped up the powdered surface and hurled the blinding flakes in their faces. And now Jamie could sense what Zoe, with her superior intelligence, had already divined—that there was something purposeful and evil in this lightning phenomenon.

Zoe was forced to slow down, then stop, shielding her face from the fury of the blast.

"Down!" she yelled over her shoulder, and would have thrown herself flat had not the wind suddenly increased to a force that plucked her off her feet.



Her cry of despair reached Jamie as he, too, was snatched off his feet and hurled towards the crevasse. At the same moment the whirling flakes thickened: closing ranks about the helpless figures until they seemed to vanish beneath a winding sheet . . .

Dr. Who made the final adjustment to the space-time locator. He stepped back with a sigh of satisfaction. "There! Now *Tardis* is all complete again!" he said aloud.

Receiving no reply, he looked round. Then he remembered that his two young companions had ventured out to explore the frozen planet.

He moved to the scanner-screen. It showed no sign of Zoe or Jamie. Quickly strapping on an Atmospheric Density Jacket, the scientist moved towards the great doors of his wonderful ship and stepped out.

He frowned as he gazed around. "I'm sure that Jamie would not go too far in this snow and ice," he mused. "But Zoe is more adventurous . . ."

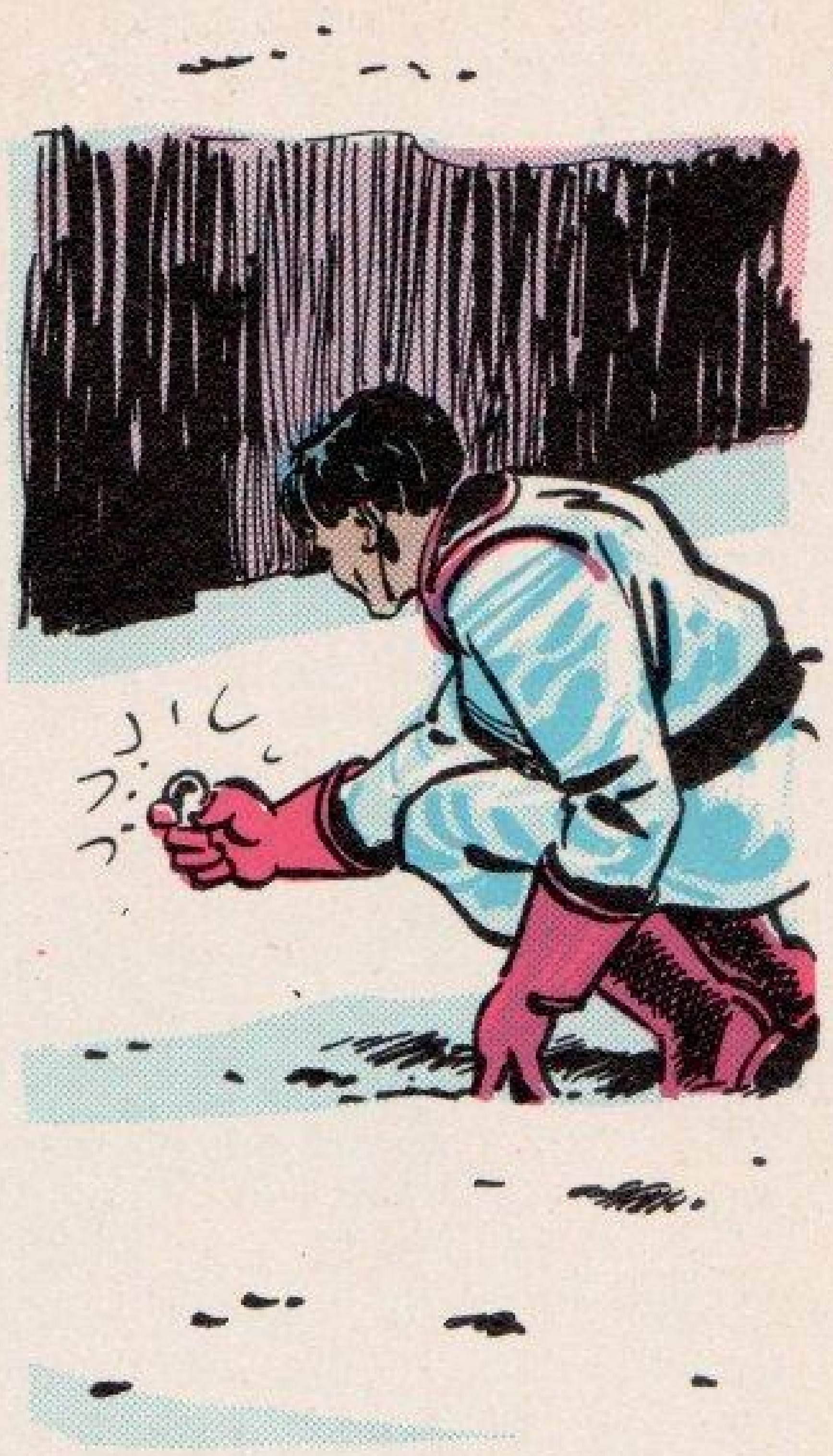
He moved away from the *Tardis* and began checking the ground for footprints. But the smooth white surface offered no clue. Amazement turned to fear. Dr. Who cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled their names: "Jamie! Zoe!"

His voice was lost in that eerie stillness. Then he spotted the dark shadow of the crevasse, and hurried towards it.

"There is one simple explanation why there are no footprints," he told himself. "There must have been a snowstorm. . . . Yes, that's it! Inside the *Tardis* I was so absorbed in the job that I would never have noticed."

The crevasse yawned before him, its walls fifty or sixty feet apart. Suddenly, something sparkled at his feet. He bent and picked up the object. It was a button of distinctive design, and its silvery facets caught the light of the moon now hanging low overhead.

"Zoe's button!" murmured Dr. Who, and apprehension grew inside him as he stepped closer to the lip of the crevasse.



He gazed down into the blackness, and would have shouted their names again had not another glitter attracted his attention. This time the object sparkled in the snow on the *far* side of the crevasse! And Dr. Who knew at once that it was another button from Zoe's silvery planetary uniform!

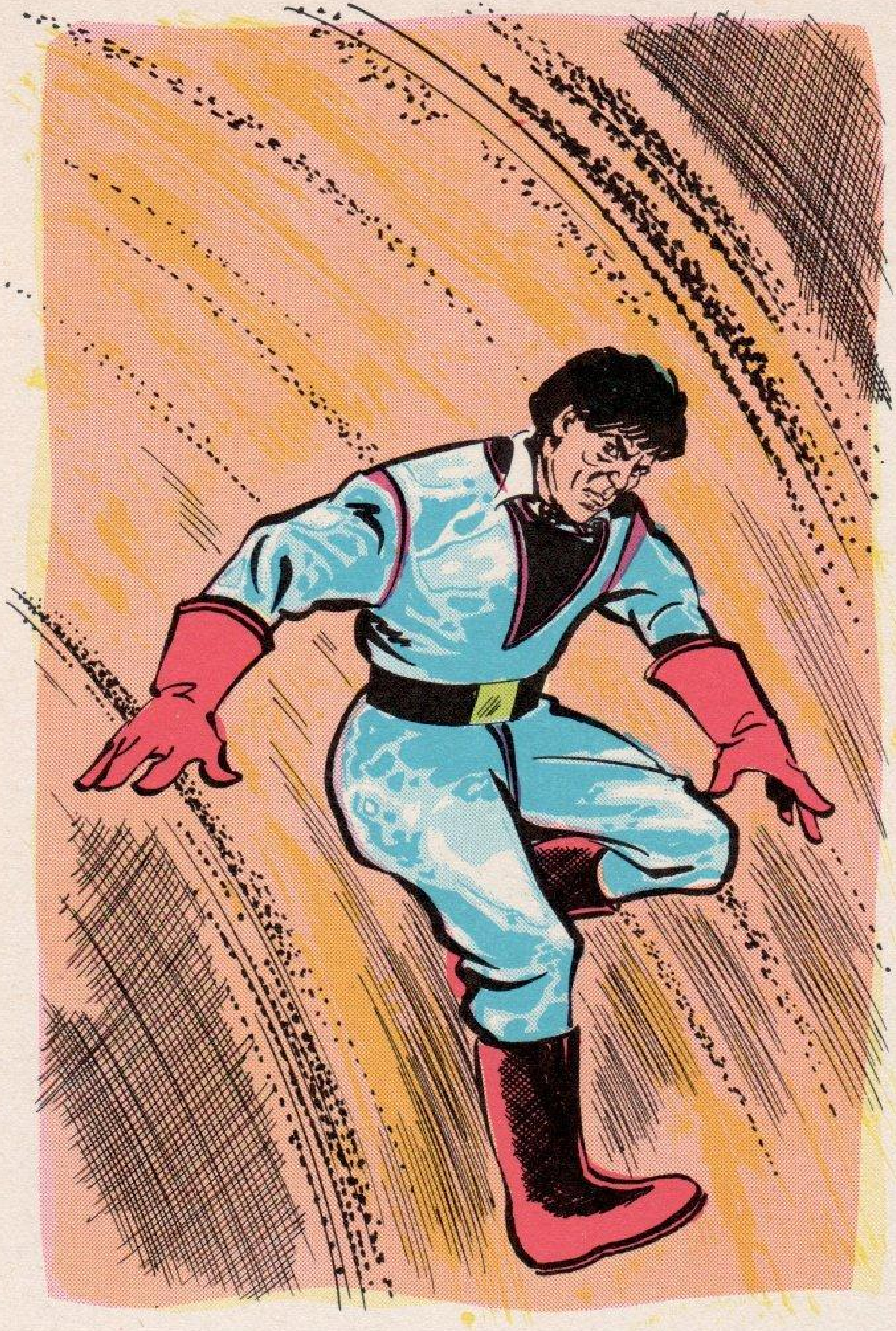
He frowned in astonishment. "How did they manage to cross over?" he wondered. "Perhaps they were carried! Perhaps Zoe dropped the buttons as a trail for me!"

He came to a quick decision. Moving fast, he began to follow the rim of the crevasse, hoping to find a part where it narrowed, and might be bridged—or jumped.

His pace quickened as he spotted something ahead. A slender white arch of windblown snow sprang thirty feet in the air to span the yawning crevasse.

Dr. Who hesitated at the brink. This bridge, he knew, was a freak affair—a frail span that might collapse at any moment.

On his hands and knees he began to inch across gingerly. He was almost at the other side when he felt the snow-structure crumbling behind him. Scrambling to his feet, he made a wild jump for safety.



Groo-oom! The bridge powdered with a hollow roar, leaving him in mid-air. But his grasping fingers found the edge of the cliff, and he held on. . .

Slowly he pulled himself over the edge. He rested on his knees, then drew himself shakily to his feet.

"How will I get back to the *Tardis* now? he wondered.

He moved along the rim until he found Zoe's button. Then he began to walk away from the crevasse. Suddenly the ground fell away into a huge hollow. And as he paused on the edge to look down, Dr. Who uttered an astonished cry: "Good heavens! A city!"

Compact in area, but breathtaking in design, the snow city spanned the whole hollow—a diameter of about a mile. It glistened in turreted grandeur . . . but it also lay silent and deserted.

Dr. Who sensed an air of grim tragedy over the hidden city. His fears for Jamie and Zoe began to deepen as he hurried down the slope to the nearest building.

He entered by double crystal doors that swung aside at his touch. He moved cautiously. On tiptoe he crossed the glistening block floor, and came to a rotunda from which six sets of moving staircases led away—three up and three down. But only one of the staircases was in action.

Dr. Who steeled his nerves. Boldly he stepped on to the staircase and, with a whisper of sound, was wafted down.

When he stepped from the moving stairs, he found himself in some sort of storehouse. Every wall was shelved from floor to ceiling, and what they contained sent a cold chill down his spine . . .

Cubes—millions of them. Ice cubes? Dr. Who could not be sure. But of one thing he was quite sure—every single cube pulsed with a weird inner light!

Then he became aware of something else—a faint buzzing sensation inside his skull. He had felt it before just as he was about to make telepathic communication with someone —or something . . .

He came close to the nearest shelf. The cubes on it seemed to pulse more rapidly. . . . Cautiously he put out a finger and touched the nearest cube.

The buzzing in his brain stopped. In its place came a whisper—a telepathic message which said: "We thought-cubes are all that remains of the Morrains. Are you friend or enemy?"

Dr. Who closed his eyes tight. Concentrating, he spoke a mental reply: "Friend . . . who were the Morrains? And who is your enemy?"

The thought-cube pulsed again: "We Morrains were a race who inhabited this planet . . . it was a happy planet, until our Sun exploded. Then the Ice came. We built this city of Glace to house those of us who survived the dreadful cold. But soon it was plain that we must all perish . . ."

Another thought-cube pulsed urgently on a nearby tray. Dr. Who raised his free hand, and touched the second cube. This time he knew the telepathic conversation had become three-way.

"I was Ulf, one of the Chief Counsellors," said the second cube. "We held a meeting, and Cosmos, one of our scientists, put forward a plan. He would transform us into thought-cubes, and store us here until the Ice Age loosened its grip on the planet. He, Cosmos, would be the guardian. He would live on merely to guard and renew the cubes . . ."

The first cube spoke again: "It seemed the only way the Race could survive. So we agreed. When we had all been transformed, we discovered the treachery that Cosmos had planned. He was building a spaceship in which to escape from the planet. And he was going to use our concentrated thought power to drive his ship . . ."

Dr. Who broke in. "You say he *was* going to do these things. Did he fail then?"

"He built his ship. But he failed to power his thought units high enough to lift off into space. You see, we resisted him—keeping our thought energy to the minimum," pulsed the second cube.

"But now he seems certain to succeed, despite our efforts," whispered the other. "He has captured two more intelligent beings with his snowstorm device. He has taken them to his laboratory to turn them into thought-cubes. With their power added to ours, he will surely escape in his spaceship."

Dr. Who caught his breath. "Those two beings are my friends," he thought urgently. "Tell me where Cosmos has taken them! Quickly!"

The thought-cube that had been Ulf answered: "In the centre of the city, Cosmos has his round tower—but I fear you will never enter it without being detected. He has surrounded himself with robots, alarms, and death-traps."

The first cube added: "Take one of our armed scout cars. Go to the loading bay above . . . press the third button. The controls are simple."

"Thank you!" thought Dr. Who, and before he drew his hands away from the thought-cubes, he received the message: "Good bye . . . and good luck!"

The scientist moved quickly in search of the loading bay. Luckily, he chanced upon the shallow steps almost at once. Running up them he found himself standing on the edge of a long, low ramp projecting into the deep blue sky.

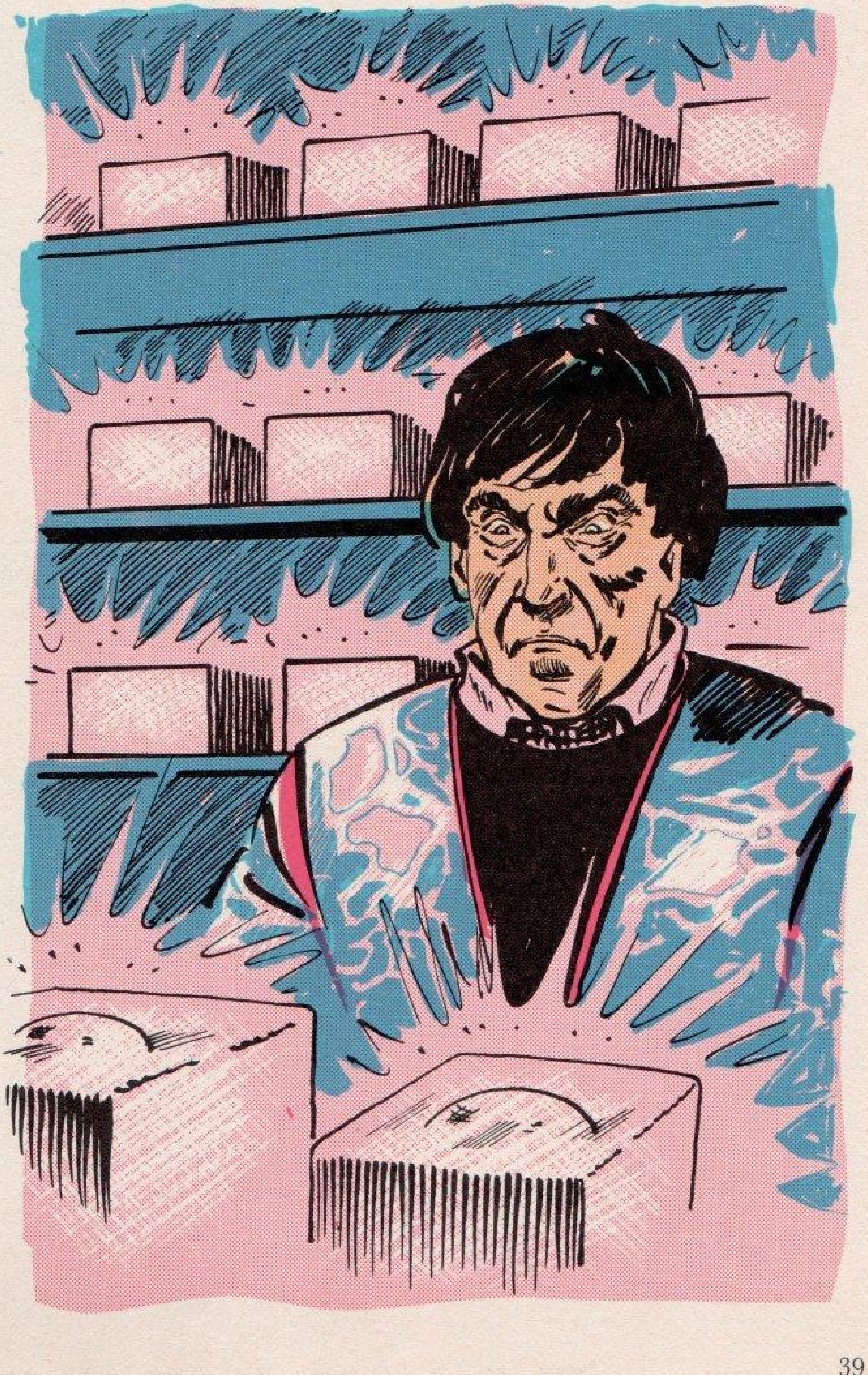
A row of buttons faced him against a central pillar. He stabbed the third one. There was a whining of hidden machinery, and a section of the floor slid aside. Out of the opening rose a platform on which stood the scout car, blunt-nosed and heavily armed.

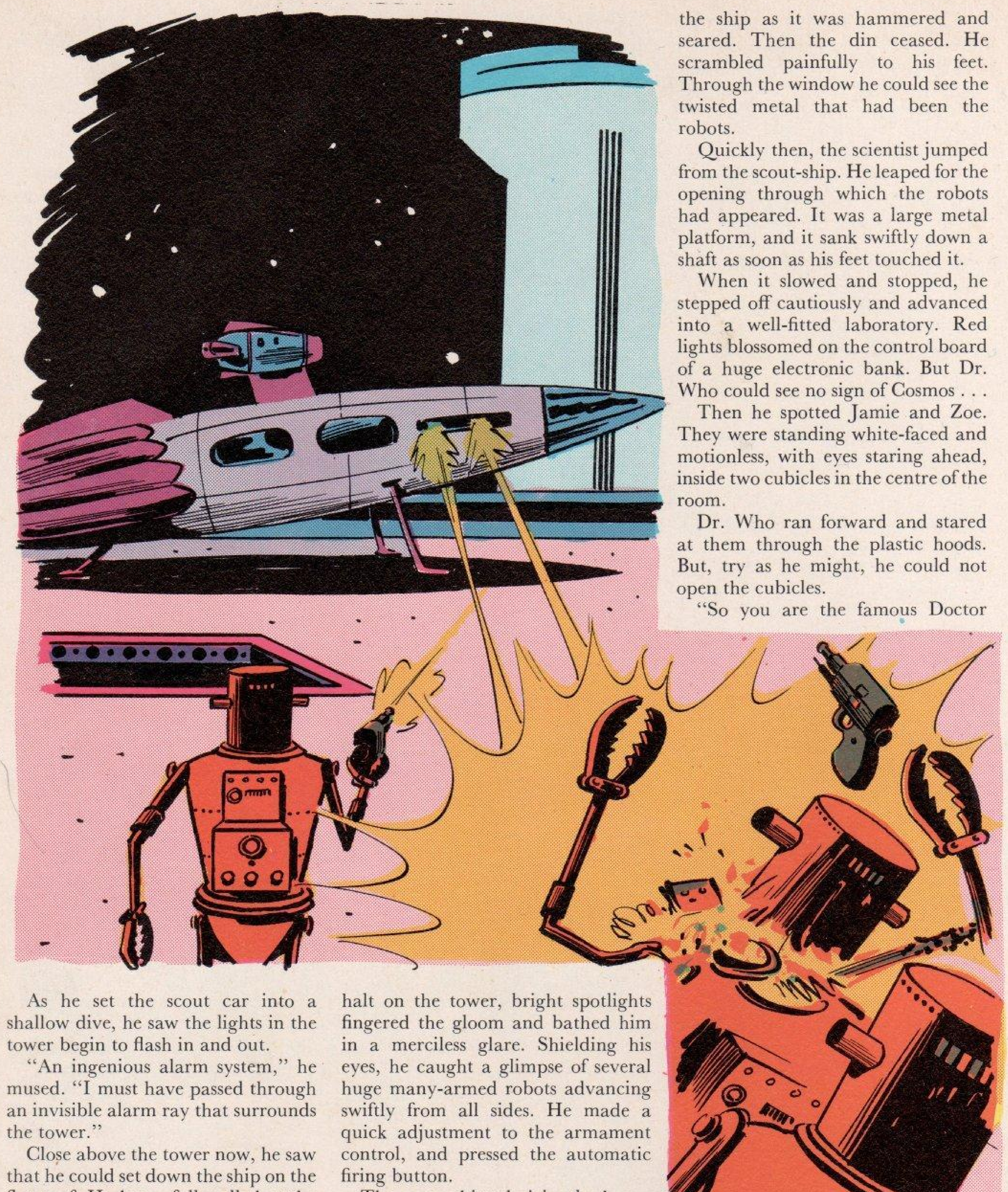
Dr. Who climbed aboard. He slid into the pilot's seat and fastened the belt. He ran an appraising eye over the controls, and nodded in satisfaction.

Then, gunning the power unit to full strength, he aimed his craft at the blue void above his head.

Whoosh! The scout car hurtled along the ramp and flashed into the freezing night air.

From the oval-shaped windows beside his seat, Dr. Who looked down upon the snow city. Seen from above it was laid out in the shape of a huge wheel. And the hub of it was a squat tower, pricked out by lighted windows—the only lights in that strange place of derelict hopes.





As he set the scout car into a shallow dive, he saw the lights in the tower begin to flash in and out.

"An ingenious alarm system," he mused. "I must have passed through an invisible alarm ray that surrounds the tower."

Close above the tower now, he saw that he could set down the ship on the flat roof. He knew full well that the spot might be booby-trapped, but he also knew that he must throw caution to the winds if he was to reach Jamie and Zoe in time . . .

As the scout-ship feathered to a halt on the tower, bright spotlights fingered the gloom and bathed him in a merciless glare. Shielding his eyes, he caught a glimpse of several huge many-armed robots advancing swiftly from all sides. He made a quick adjustment to the armament control, and pressed the automatic firing button.

The guns whirred viciously, hanging a curtain of fiery death rays about the craft. The robot guards opened fire at the same moment as they advanced.

Dr. Who was flung to the floor of the ship as it was hammered and seared. Then the din ceased. He scrambled painfully to his feet. Through the window he could see the twisted metal that had been the robots.

Quickly then, the scientist jumped from the scout-ship. He leaped for the opening through which the robots had appeared. It was a large metal platform, and it sank swiftly down a shaft as soon as his feet touched it.

When it slowed and stopped, he stepped off cautiously and advanced into a well-fitted laboratory. Red lights blossomed on the control board of a huge electronic bank. But Dr. Who could see no sign of Cosmos . . .

Then he spotted Jamie and Zoe. They were standing white-faced and motionless, with eyes staring ahead, inside two cubicles in the centre of the room.

Dr. Who ran forward and stared at them through the plastic hoods. But, try as he might, he could not open the cubicles.

"So you are the famous Doctor

Who that these two young people have been telling me about," came a crooning voice behind him.

Dr. Who turned. The figure who faced him could be none other than the Morrainic scientist, Cosmos.

He was an imposing figure, humanoid in some ways, but with several deviations which included three foreshortened arms, and a swelling brain-pod on top of an otherwise bald head. He wore an ice-blue uniform with an up-sweeping gold collar. In his three hands he held a squat ray-gun.

"I am their friend," nodded Dr. Who. "And if you are Cosmos then I ask you to let my two companions go free. . . . They must not be turned into thought-cubes."

Cosmos narrowed his slant eyes, and thrust his bald head forward. "You know about the cubes, eh? . . . You have been in communication with them, no doubt. Well, then, you must know how important it is that I obtain the extra thought power of your two friends. The girl especially—her brain will lift me well clear of this doomed planet. Let me show you how it is done!"

Cosmos reached out a hand towards the control board.

But Dr. Who stepped quickly to block his way. "No!" he exclaimed. "Cosmos, I have a proposition for you. A sporting proposition."

The three-armed scientist frowned. "What is it?" he asked.

"Set these two free. Let them go to the scout-car on the roof, and I promise to take their place in one of your cubicles. My thought-power will give you more energy than you dreamed of."

Cosmos considered this, his brain pod twitching. "Yes . . . you speak the truth!" he cried at last. "Your brain, put into cube-form, can take me to unknown galaxies where I can be a power again. Come, then! I shall awaken your companions from the hypnosis under which I have placed them."

He busied himself at the control board. Dr. Who watched anxiously as the hoods lifted from his two friends, then uttered an exclamation of relief as they blinked their eyes and staggered from the cubicles.

"Oh—Doctor Who!" exclaimed Zoe. "We—we were swept away . . . a snowstorm."

Cosmos gave a grating laugh. "*My* snowstorm! But, thanks to your friend, you are both going free. He will stay in your place."

Jamie glanced dazedly back at the cubicle from which he had just escaped. "Oh, no!" he blurted. "Don't let him put you in there, Doctor!"

The young man swung on Cosmos and aimed a blow. "He's a fiend! He was turning us into thought cubes!" he raged.

Dr. Who put a restraining arm around Jamie. As he swung the boy away, he whispered: "Go to the scout car on the roof . . . wait five minutes for me . . . then return to the *Tardis.*"

Jamie quietened down. Sullenly he led the protesting Zoe away towards the moving platform. A moment later it wafted upwards out of sight.

Cosmos had his ray-gun pointing at Dr. Who. "Get into one of the cubicles!" he rapped.

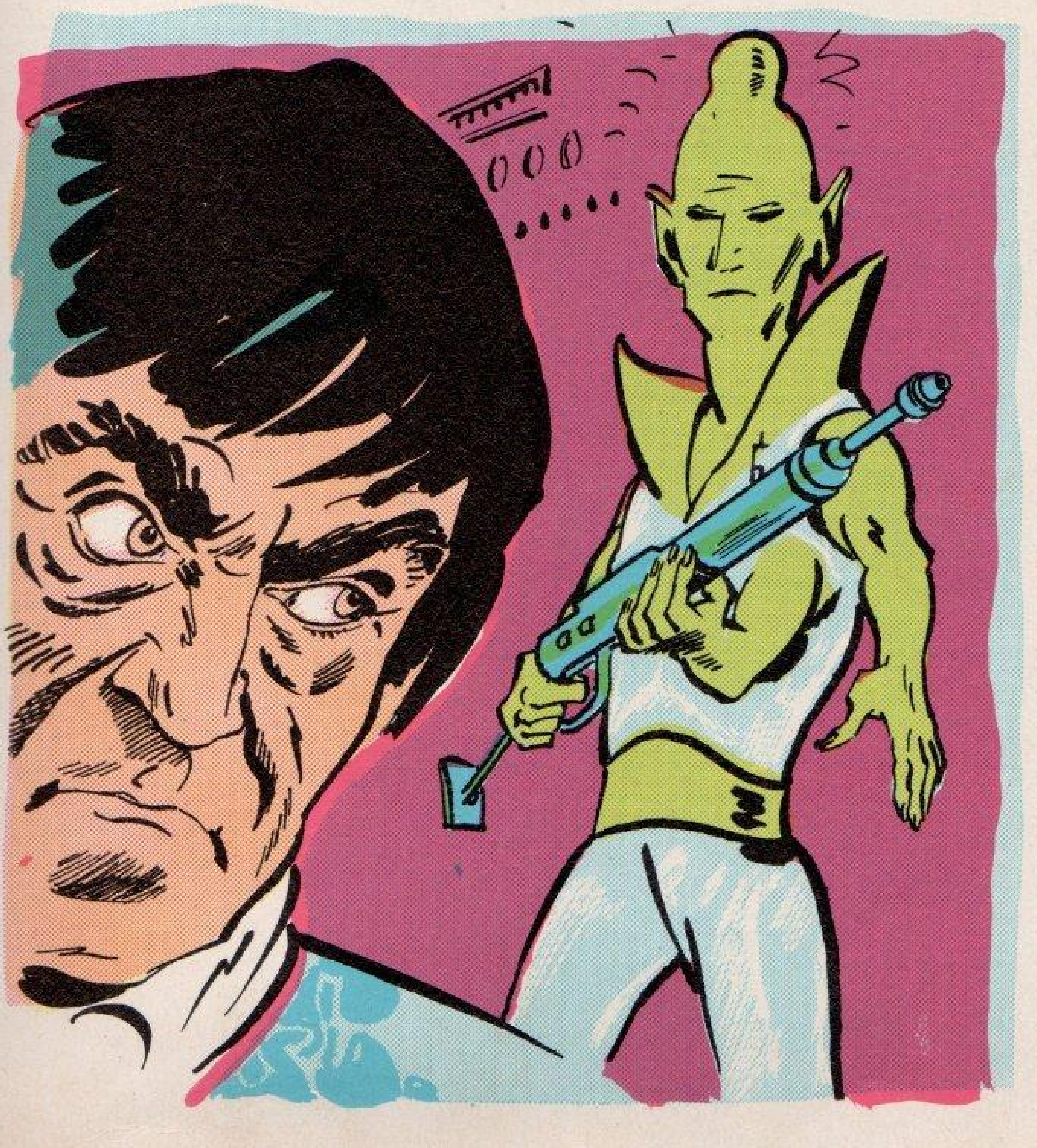
Dr. Who took a deep breath and, bracing his shoulders, he stepped into the nearest cubicle. The plastic hood sank down around him. He saw Cosmos hurry to the control board and adjust the dials . . .

At once he felt his senses whirling. But, even as he fought the dark fate closing around him, he heard Cosmos gloating: "What a brain! What thought-power! This will make my ship the most powerful in the whole universe . . ."

Jamie and Zoe reached the roof and shivered once more in the biting cold. They hesitated by the open door of the scout-ship.

"We can't leave the Doctor at the mercy of that mad creature!" stormed Zoe, pulling away.

"Steady on!" warned Jamie, grabbing her arm. "Listen to me a minute, Zoe . . . I know the Doctor better than you. I know by the way he spoke to me that he has a plan to outwit Cosmos. Now, he said to give him five



minutes—and we've got to be patient."

Leaving her to fume outside the ship, Jamie scrambled into the cabin to examine the controls.

A moment later he put his head outside and said: "The controls are okay. I'll be ready to fly this crate back to the *Tardis* as soon as the Doctor appears!"

Zoe waved impatiently. "He should be here by now! I'm going back to rescue him——" she began.

But her words were cut off by a sudden rumbling explosion in the tower below.

Jamie leaped out of the scout-ship. He ran after Zoe as she raced towards the moving platform. They found that it had sunk from sight. But a few seconds later it hummed upwards again, carrying a weary figure barely able to stand on his feet.

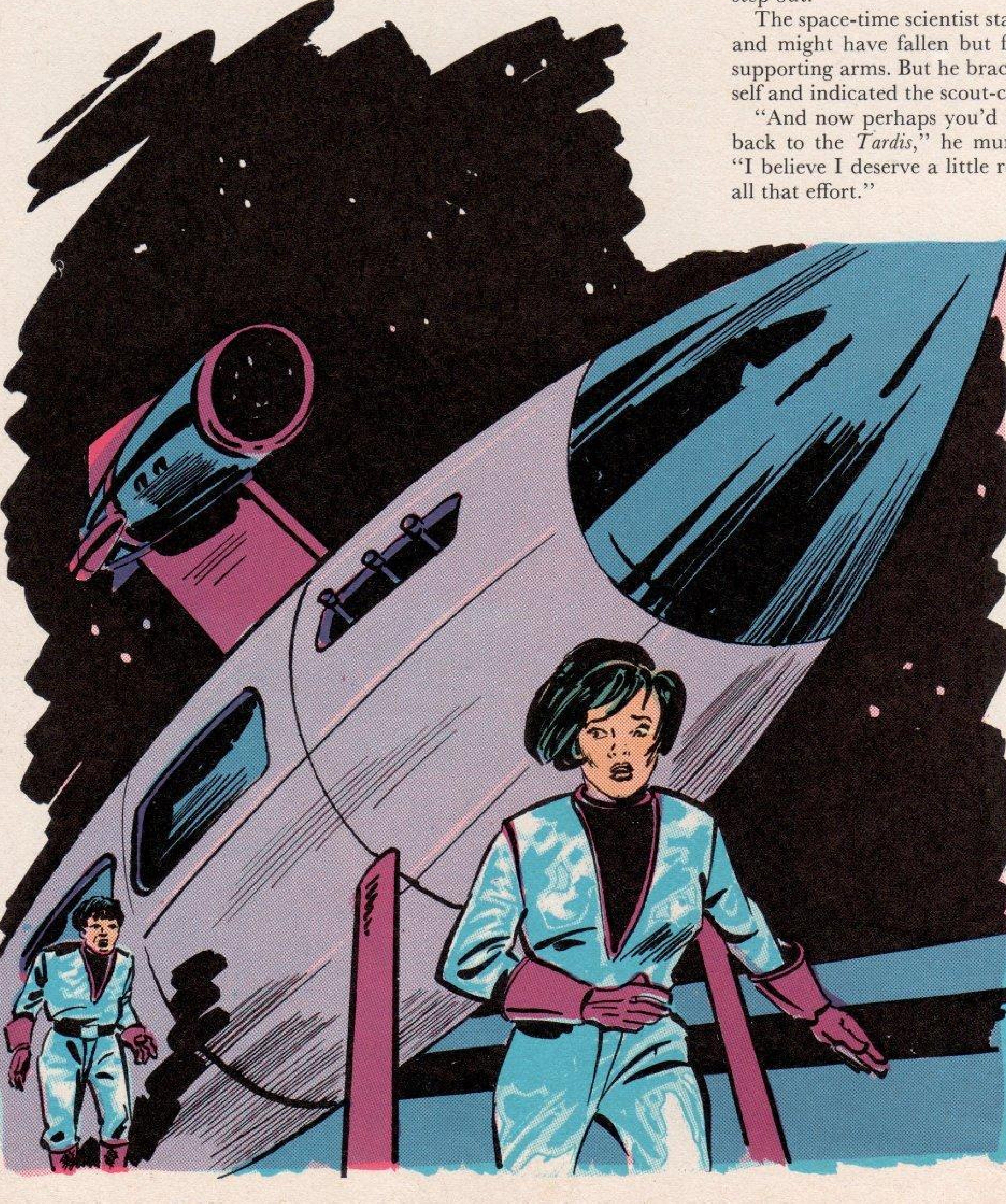
"Doctor!" yelled Jamie, reaching out to help him from the platform.

"Oh, what has that monster done to you?" stormed Zoe.

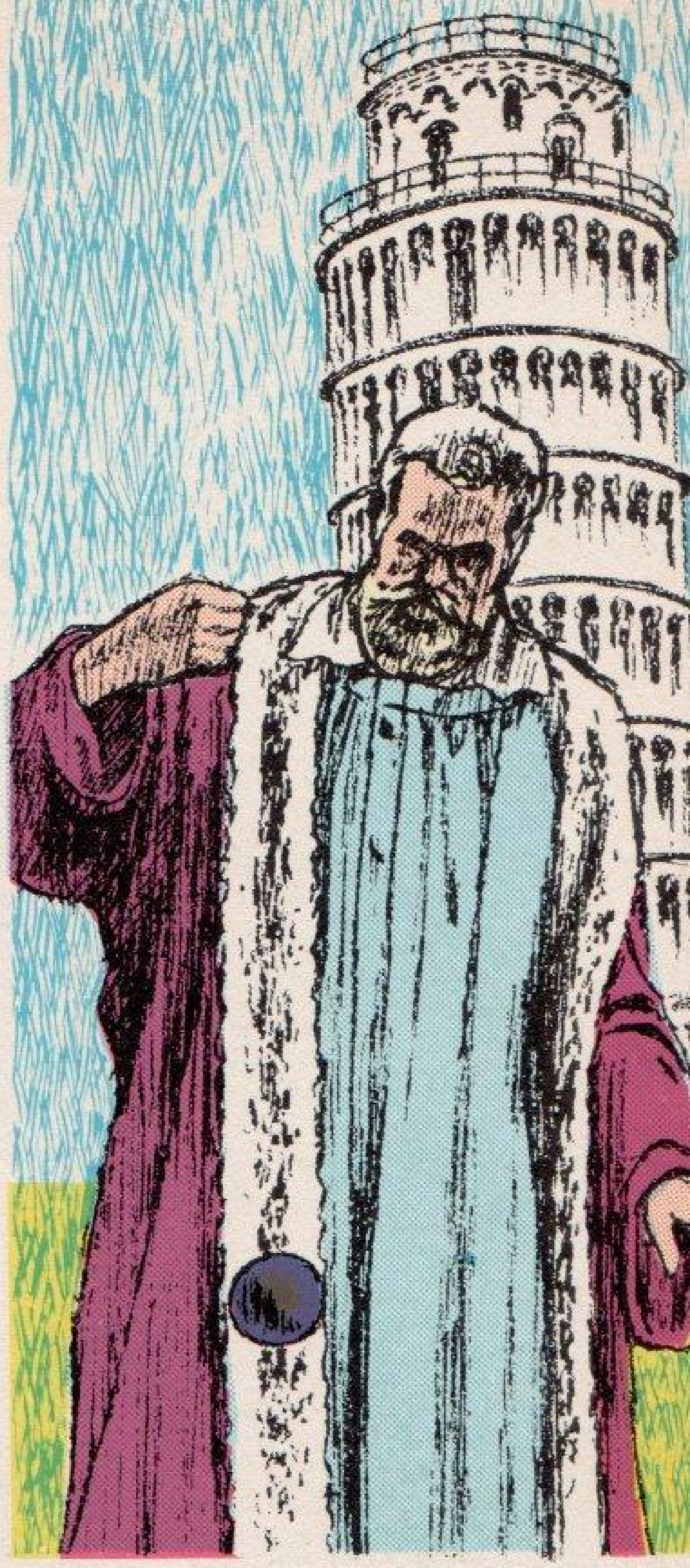
Dr. Who raised his head, and summoned a tired smile. "I'll be all right," he assured them. "You see, I won my little gamble. I guessed that if I *reversed* my thought-power inside that cubicle, it might mess up his electronic tapping device. Well, my plan worked better than I thought! The whole nightmare device blew apart, destroying Cosmos, and shattering my cubicle so that I could step out."

The space-time scientist staggered, and might have fallen but for their supporting arms. But he braced himself and indicated the scout-car.

"And now perhaps you'd take me back to the *Tardis*," he murmured. "I believe I deserve a little rest after all that effort."



A MATTER OF GRAVITY



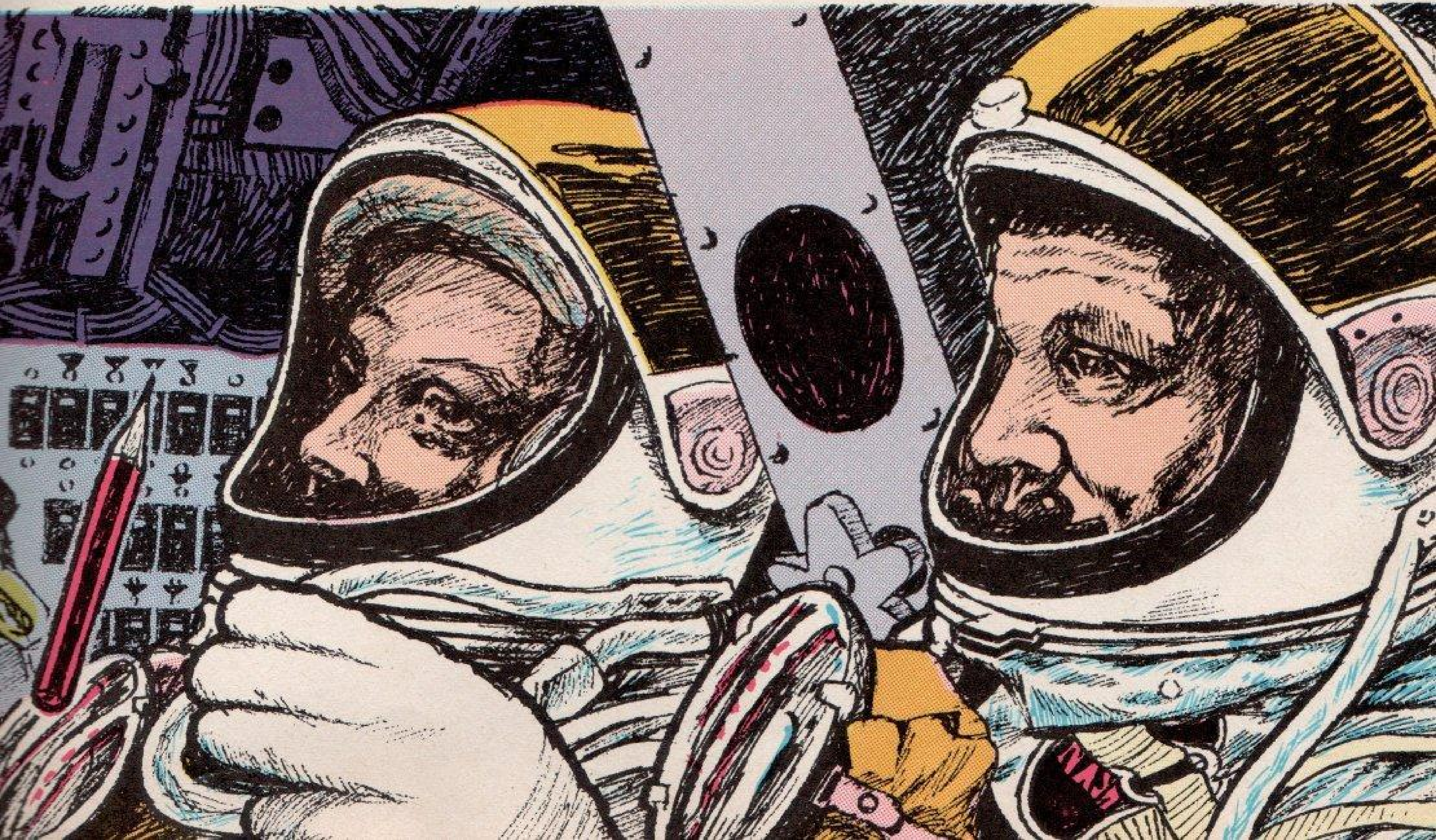
We are all aware of the existence of gravity. Every time we pour a cup of tea or bounce a rubber ball, we see gravity at work. Every time we slip and fall it is gravity that we must thank for our bruises. But what is gravity? Although we are able to measure with extreme accuracy the force of gravity, we are unable to say exactly what gravity is. Astronauts are accustomed to anti-gravity chambers and to an absence of gravity in space, but we still cannot utilise the force of gravity in the same way that we can harness electrical and nuclear energy.

When an object is dropped from a height it falls, accelerating at the rate of 32 feet per second, regardless of the weight of the object. Galileo discovered this after conducting a number of experiments from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He noted that two objects of different weight, dropped at the same time from the top of the building, hit the ground simultaneously.

Galileo carried out his experiments in 1589. Since then we have learnt to measure the increase in gravity that occurs as an object comes closer to the centre of the Earth. Scientists have developed highly sensitive 'gravimeters' that can record the difference in the force of gravity between the different floors of a building. The instrument used by Dr. Kuo in his experiments in the Empire State Building is accurate to one thousand millionth of an ounce.

On a recent space flight American astronauts Wally Schirra, Walt Cunningham and Don Eisel showed us how a lack of gravity affects objects. In one of the visual broadcasts shown on television they allowed a pencil to float across the inside of the capsule whilst they were talking.

If we were able to control the Earth's gravity we would be able to adopt an entirely new attitude towards transportation. Weight would become unimportant and space travel would be greatly simplified. Maybe then we could join Dr. Who and turn our efforts to time travel.



UNCONQUERABLE SPACE

Can space ever be conquered? With all the talk of space travel in the past few years it seems incredible that one fact remains unchanged—unless some totally new method of propulsion is discovered Man will be at home only in the Solar System. The millions of other galaxies in the universe could remain forever out of reach.

When nuclear energy is harnessed for space travel the furthest planet may be no more than a week's travel from the Earth, and Mars just hours away. Perhaps there would be little difficulty in establishing colonies on Mars or Venus once we get there, yet there would still be a major problem—communication!

Messages to some planets would take hours to get there and, of course, the reply would take the same time to reach Earth. It would hardly be possible to hold a normal conversation, and in any emergency the colonists would be left very much on their own. The psychological effect alone could be damaging, once they realise that technology cannot completely overcome space. . . .

LIGHT-YEARS

Light travels at 186,000 miles per second. As far as we know this is the ultimate speed limit. Inside the Solar System this would be sufficient, but outside, in the utter vastness of deep space, the distances are literally millions of times greater. Imagine one of our planets as an object only feet away and the nearest star 1,000 miles further on . . . with nothing in between.

Many scientists admit that the problem seems insurmountable but, as science has demonstrated over the last sixty years, nothing is impossible. Would people have dreamt of nuclear bombs or television a century ago?

If Man is ever able to travel at near the speed of light then the other galaxies will be open to him. But the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is five light-years away; a spacecraft travelling close to this speed would take five years to reach it. Eleven light-years would elapse before 61 Cygni is in reach, the first star suspected of having a planet. It is a long time but not impossible.

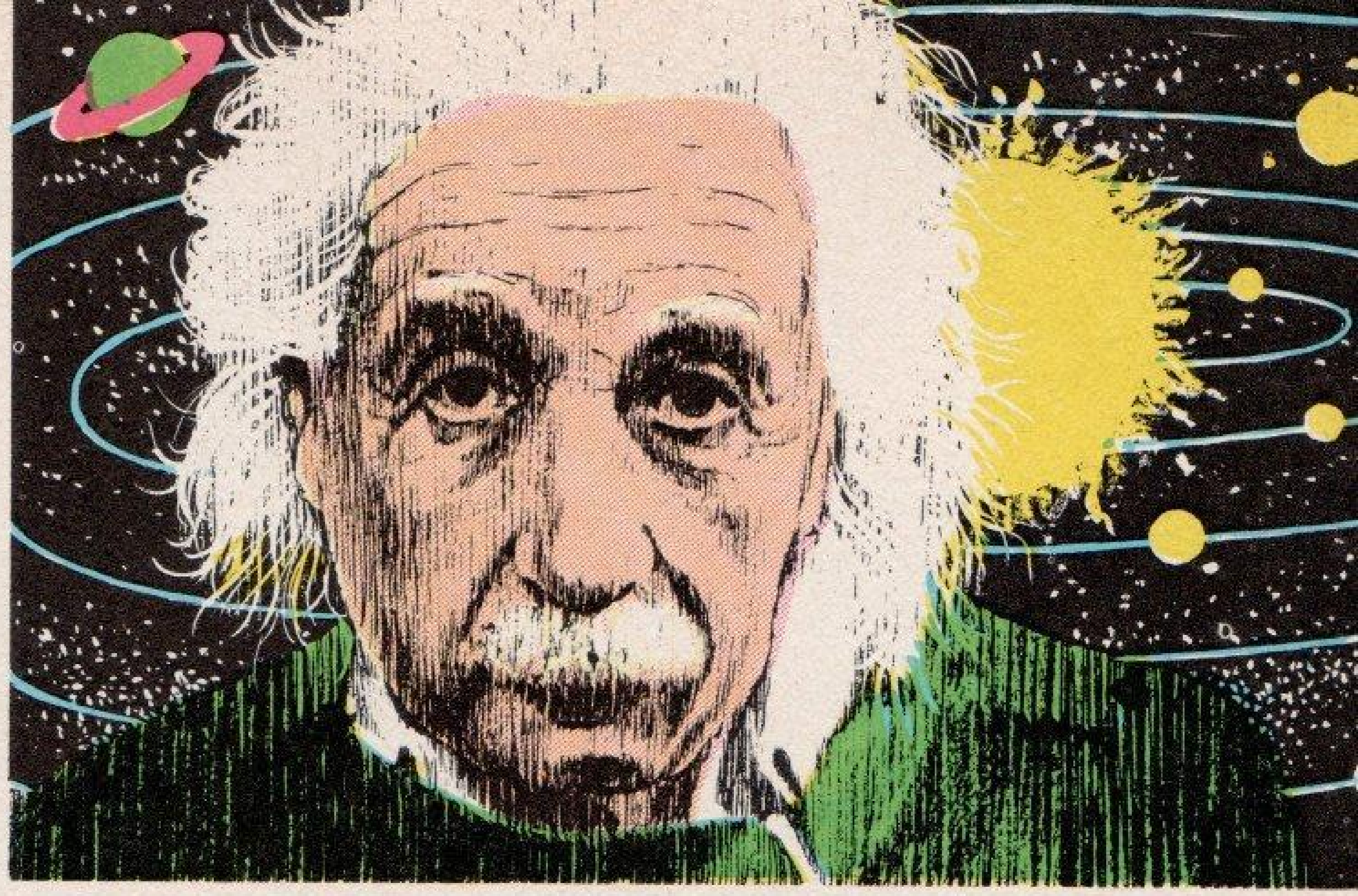
Once, however, we are established outside the Solar System then we must stay there and create new civilisations without running to Mother Earth for help. With the gap in time it would be like asking advice on the Battle of Waterloo and receiving it just as the Second World War begins.

For the distant galaxies, voyages of centuries may be attempted, the crews being kept alive by suspended animation until their destination is reached. Or perhaps the answer would be to send forth craft which are self-contained mini-worlds, successive generations living within the craft as they speed on their unlimited journey.

TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN

Time would also limit the return to Earth of space travellers. That brilliant scientist, Einstein, completely revolutionised our conception of time as being invariable. His Theory of Relativity explained that the rate at which time flows in any system—such as inside a spaceship—depends upon the speed at which the system is moving, and the gravitational fields it is experiencing.

Basically, the faster you travel the slower time would pass. You might be away what seemed like a few years but, in fact, ten times as many years might have elapsed on Earth. A family bidding farewell to a son travelling to a distant galaxy would know they were saying goodbye forever, because by the time he returned they would be dead. Such would be the price of space exploration.

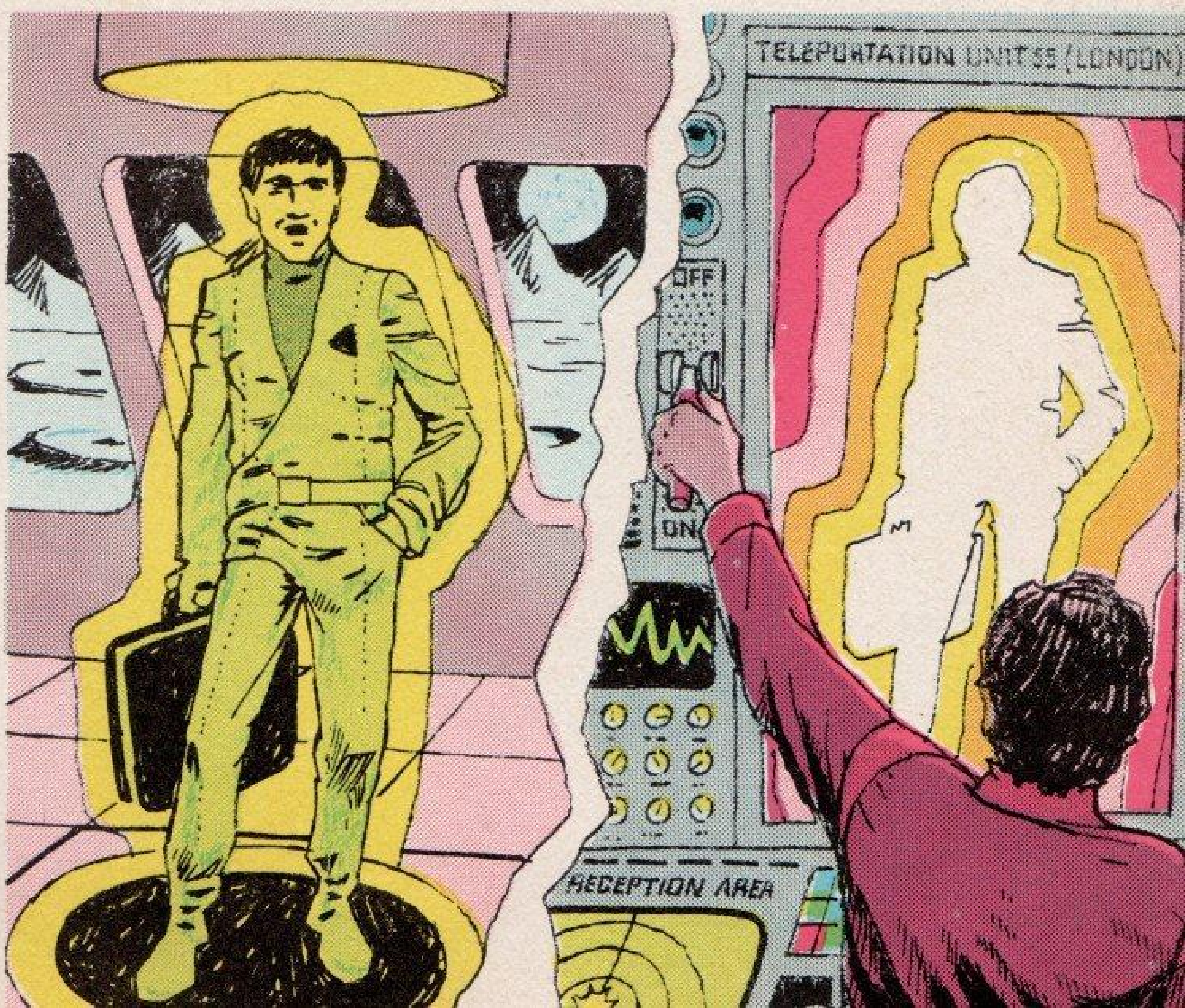


The Theory of Relativity would have been dismissed as rubbish fifty years ago. But now it is accepted by science, and if time can be distorted in one way then perhaps in future years we will learn how to distort it another, so avoiding having to travel light-years.

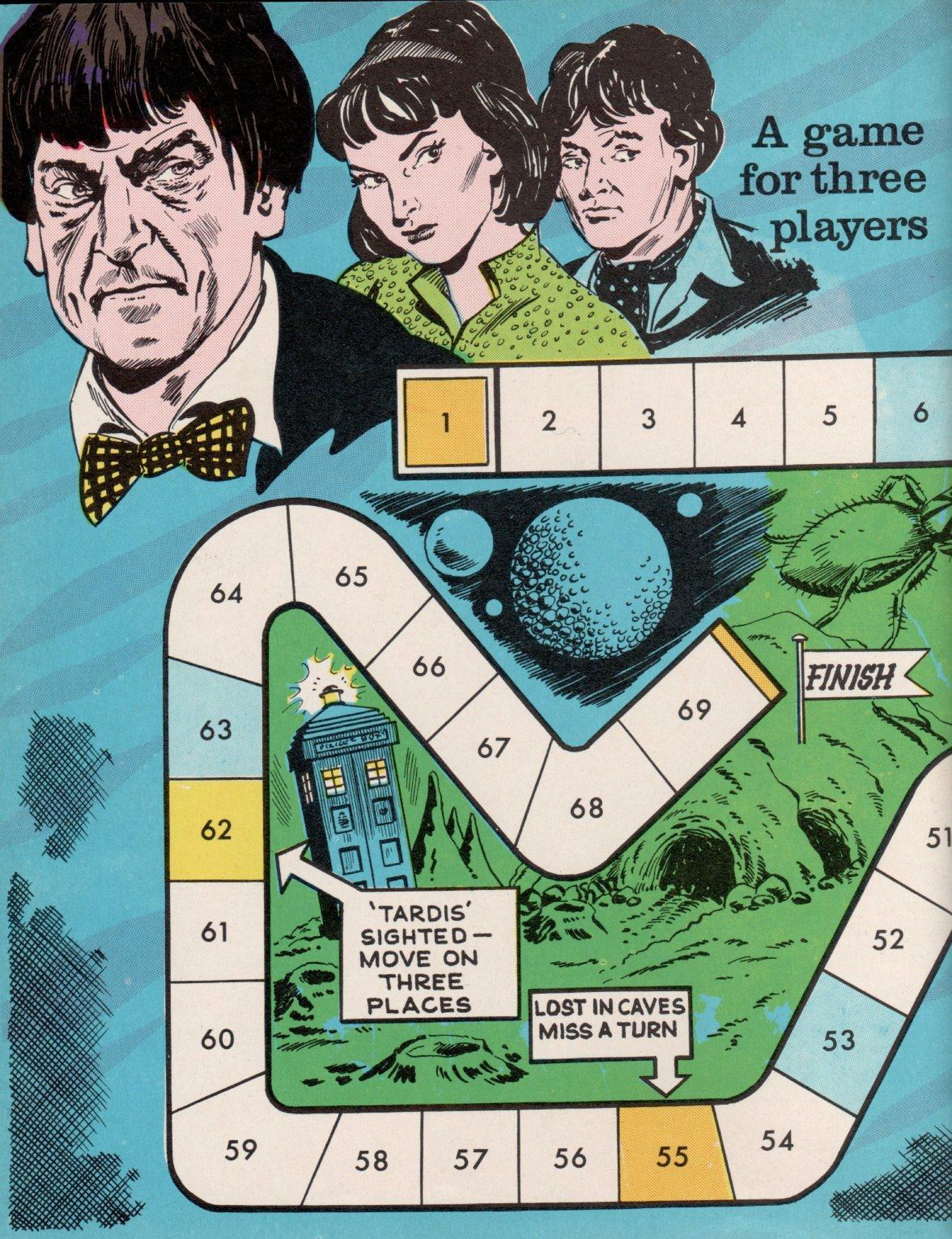
THE LONELINESS OF MAN

Perhaps thousands of years from now technology may have made instant transport possible—a flick of a switch and we might be transported anywhere. The universe would then be reduced to insignificance. But we would still not have conquered it, because how would we keep in touch with our own kind, scattered through the galaxies like grains of sand on a beach? In the struggle to exist, communication with home may become of secondary importance, and historians might even be defeated by the task of keeping record of the countless civilisations. The bonds of kinship might weaken as rumours and belated information drifted back to Earth, until the time lapse made them loose all intimate contact.

The stars beckon to Man and he knows that his destiny is to be fulfilled amongst them. Yet, for all his courage and daring, he may never learn the half of what the universe contains.



A game for three players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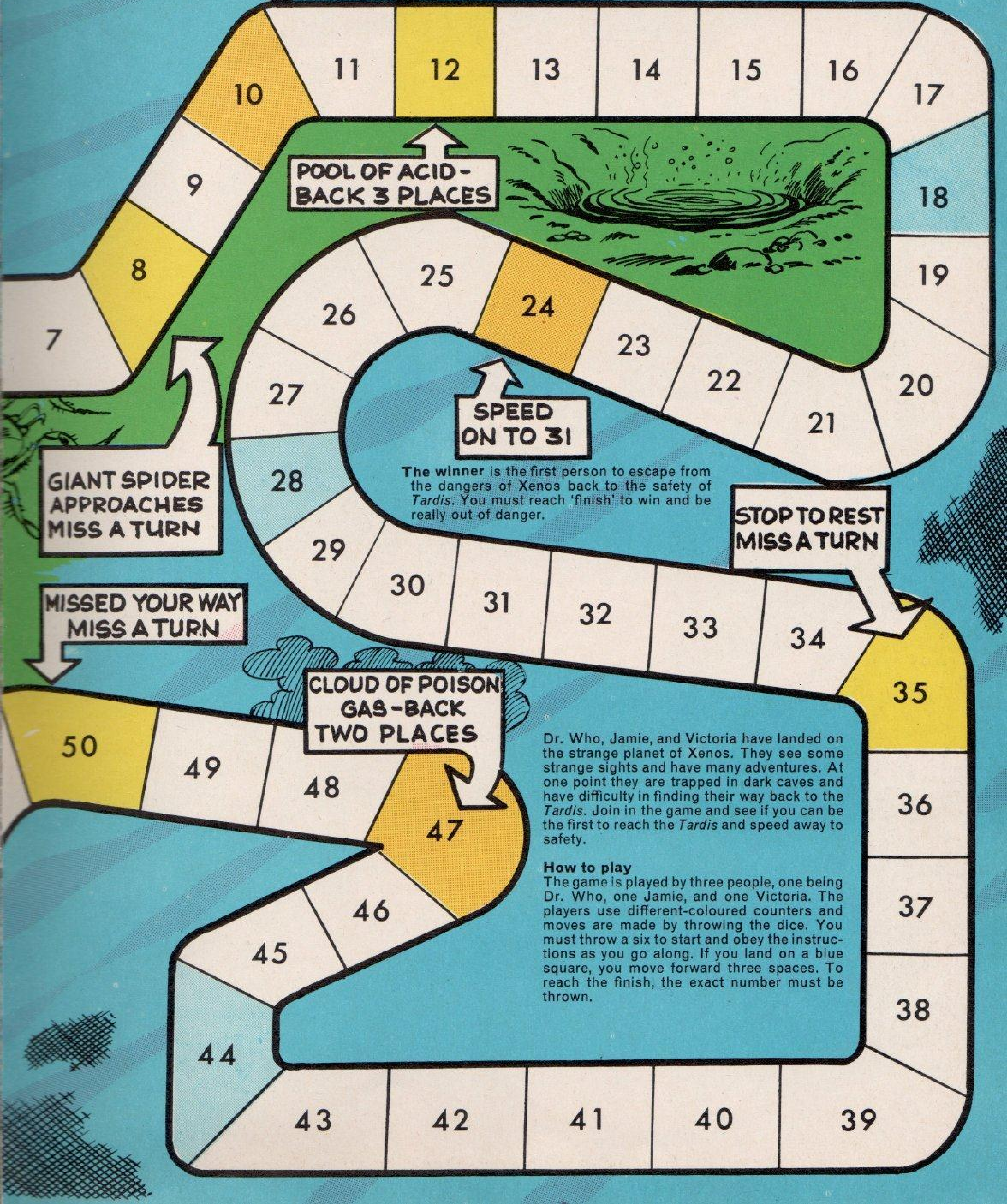
FINISH

'TARDIS' SIGHTED — MOVE ON THREE PLACES

LOST IN CAVES MISS A TURN

Escape from Xenos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POOL OF ACID-
BACK 3 PLACES
SPEED
ON TO 31
GIANT SPIDER
APPROACHES
MISS A TURN
STOP TO REST
MISS A TURN
MISSED YOUR WAY
MISS A TURN
CLOUD OF POISON
GAS-BACK
TWO PLACES

The winner is the first person to escape from the dangers of Xenos back to the safety of *Tardis*. You must reach 'finish' to win and be really out of danger.

Dr. Who, Jamie, and Victoria have landed on the strange planet of Xenos. They see some strange sights and have many adventures. At one point they are trapped in dark caves and have difficulty in finding their way back to the *Tardis*. Join in the game and see if you can be the first to reach the *Tardis* and speed away to safety.

How to play

The game is played by three people, one being Dr. Who, one Jamie, and one Victoria. The players use different-coloured counters and moves are made by throwing the dice. You must throw a six to start and obey the instructions as you go along. If you land on a blue square, you move forward three spaces. To reach the finish, the exact number must be thrown.

STAR FACTS

A man weighing 12 stone on the earth would weigh, owing to the varying pulls of gravity, a mere 2 stone on the Moon, 14 stone on Saturn and, if it were possible to land there, 2 tons on the Sun.

It is the Earth's atmosphere which makes the sky appear blue and the Sun yellow to humans. On the Moon, where there is no atmosphere, the Sun would appear a dazzling blue emitting shafts of flame and shedding a brutally fierce light.

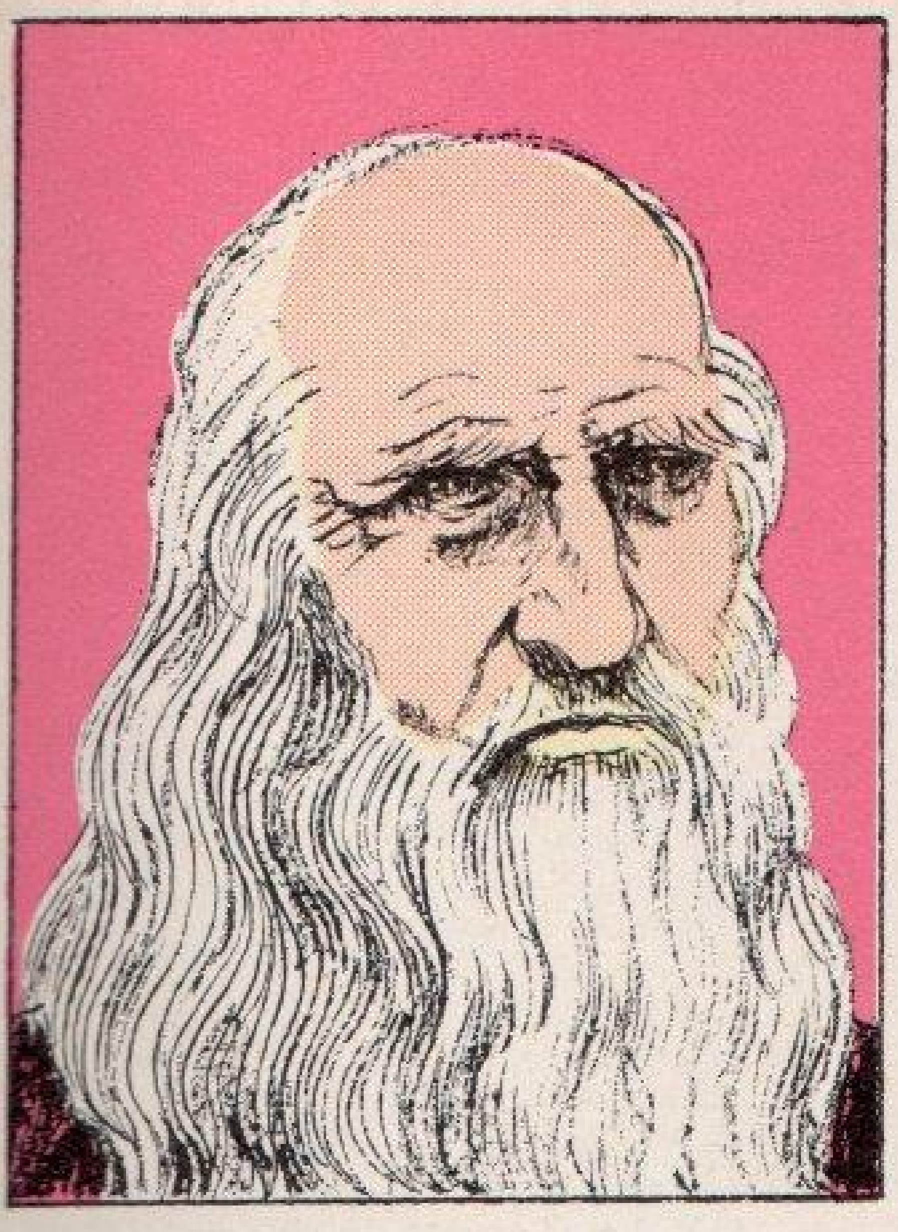
Owing to the fantastic distances which separate the Earth from the stars, although some of them may have been extinct for many years, their light is still reaching us.

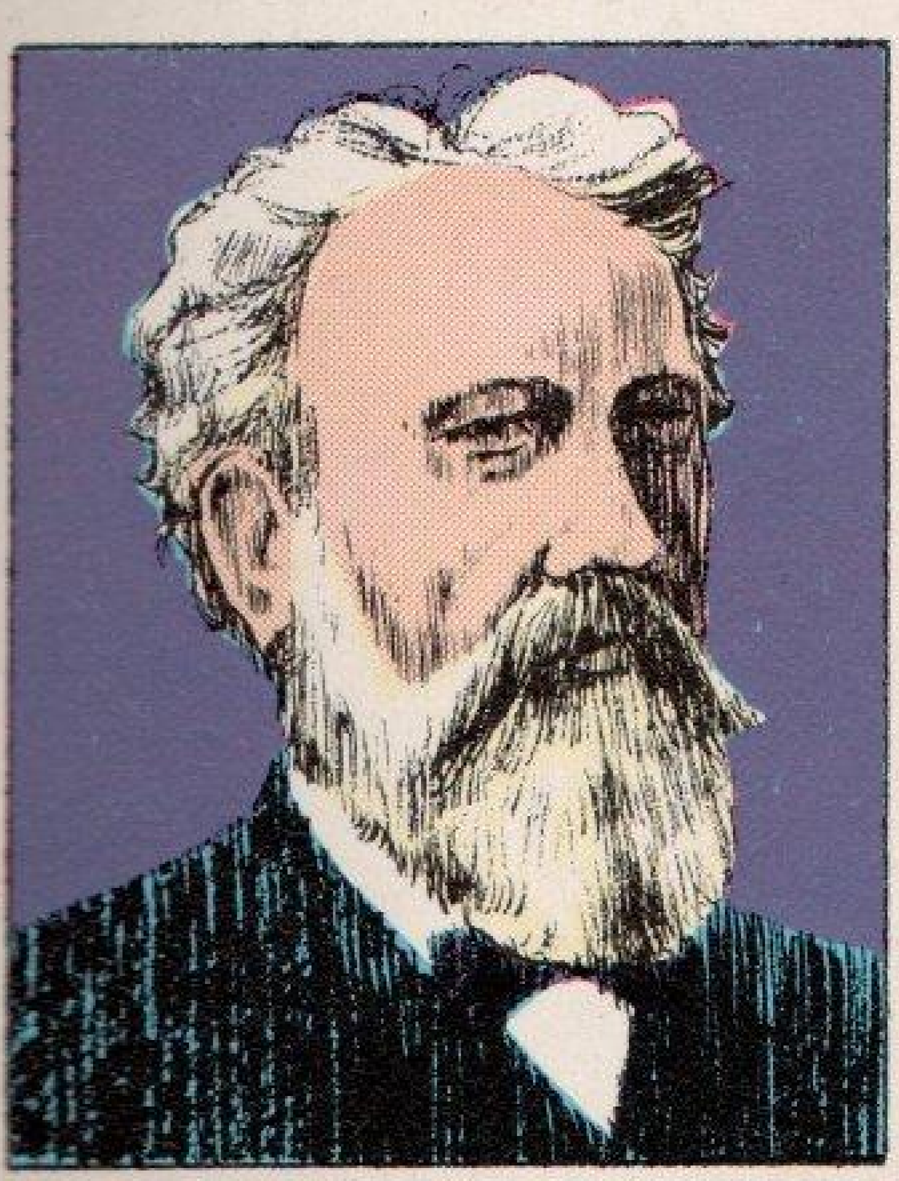
The Sun, centre of the Solar System, is composed of a vast mass of gases. The temperature at the centre of this mass is 20 million degrees C; its surface temperature is 6,000 degrees C.

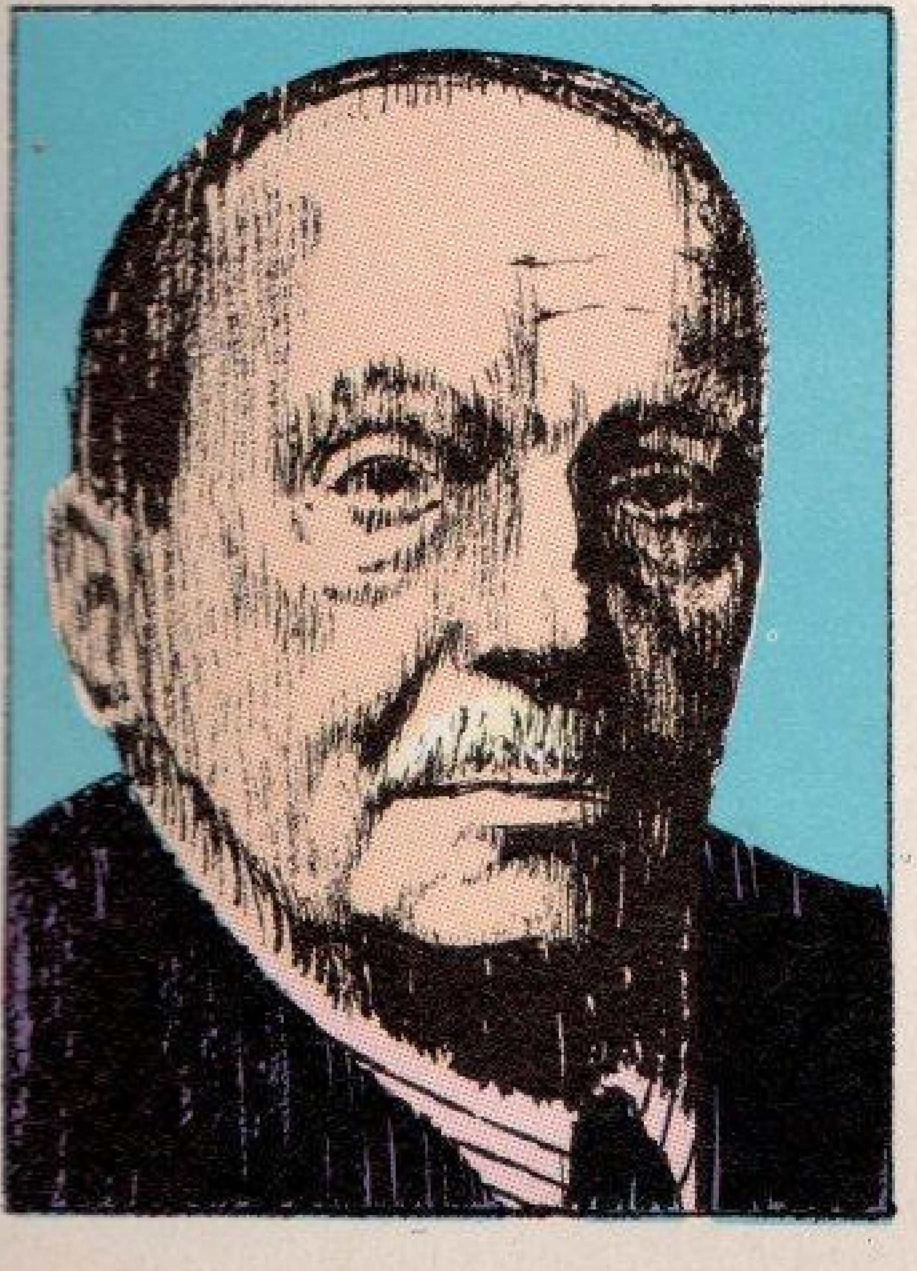
A jet airliner capable of travelling at 500 m.p.h. over land and sea would take more than 22 years to reach the sun.

It is calculated that in 5 milliard years the earth will have stopped rotating on its own axis. Although still revolving round the Sun it will always present the same surface to the Sun's rays. The Earth will then be a dead planet.

The tails of comets are made up of fine particles. Halley's Comet, which passed close to the earth in 1910, had a tail over 70 million miles long. This comet takes 76 years to revolve round the Sun and it should reappear in 1986.







PROPHETS OF THE SPACE AGE

We are now in the dawn of a new era—the space age. Yesterday's science fiction is today's fact, but what of today's fiction? Are we only one step away from time-machines and extra-terrestrial raiders? Many of today's magazines would have it so, and although there is little concrete evidence to support many of the theories put forward, there was little more than imagination to guide the predictions of Leonardo, Verne and Wells that are now being vindicated by fact.

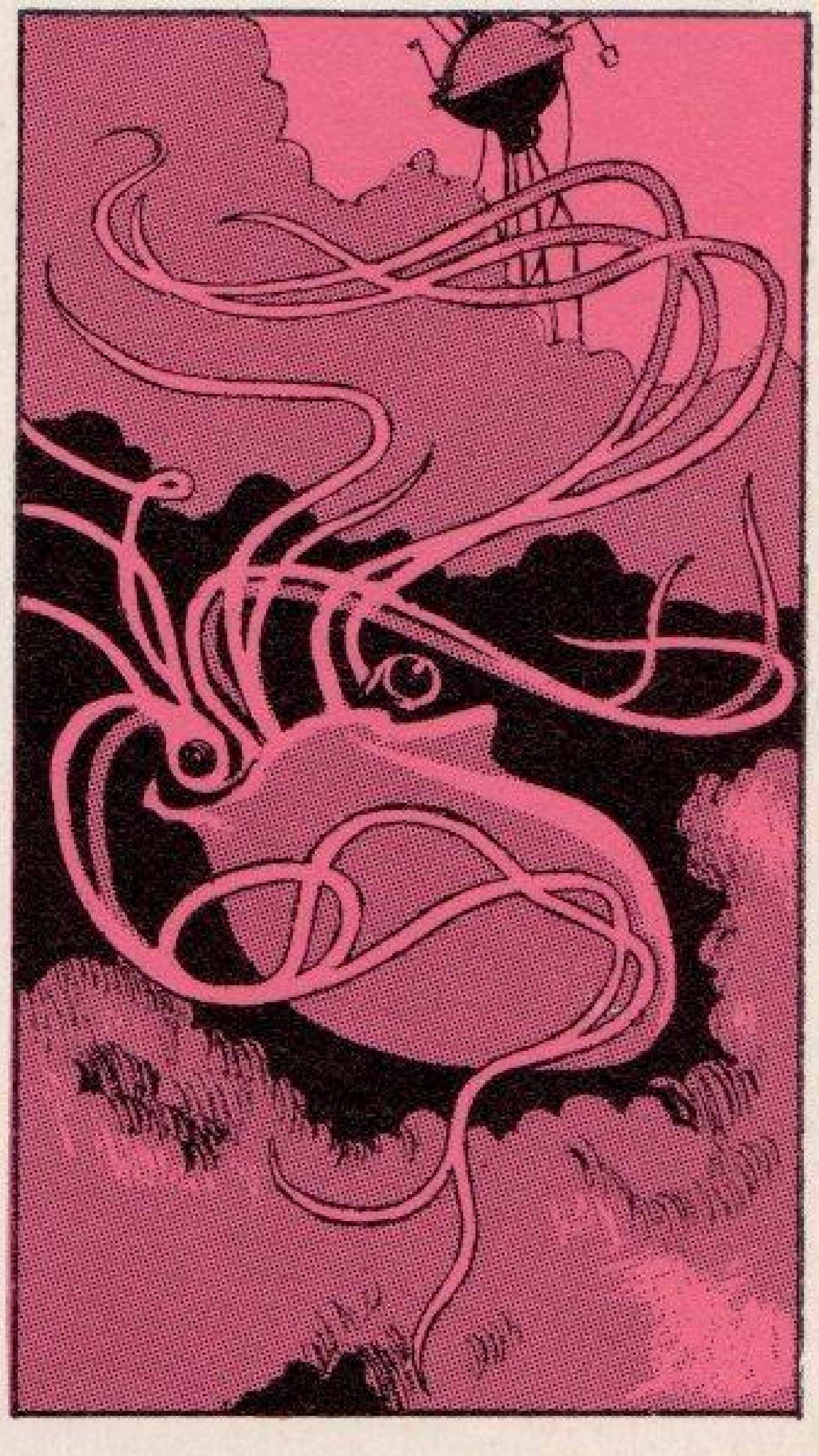
Leonardo da Vinci was undoubtedly one of the greatest men that ever lived. Painter, scientist, architect, sculptor and engineer, he was successful wherever he employed his massive intellect, and as early as the fifteenth century he made plans for a 'flying machine'. His notebooks contain sketches of an aerial screw, that has much in common with today's helicopter, a type of machine-gun, a parachute, and even a form of jet-propulsion.

Leonardo's famous 'flying machine' was an attempt to understand the methods with which birds fly and to adopt them in a man-powered machine. His knowledge of aviation was well ahead of his own time and his inventions maintained an originality long after his death.

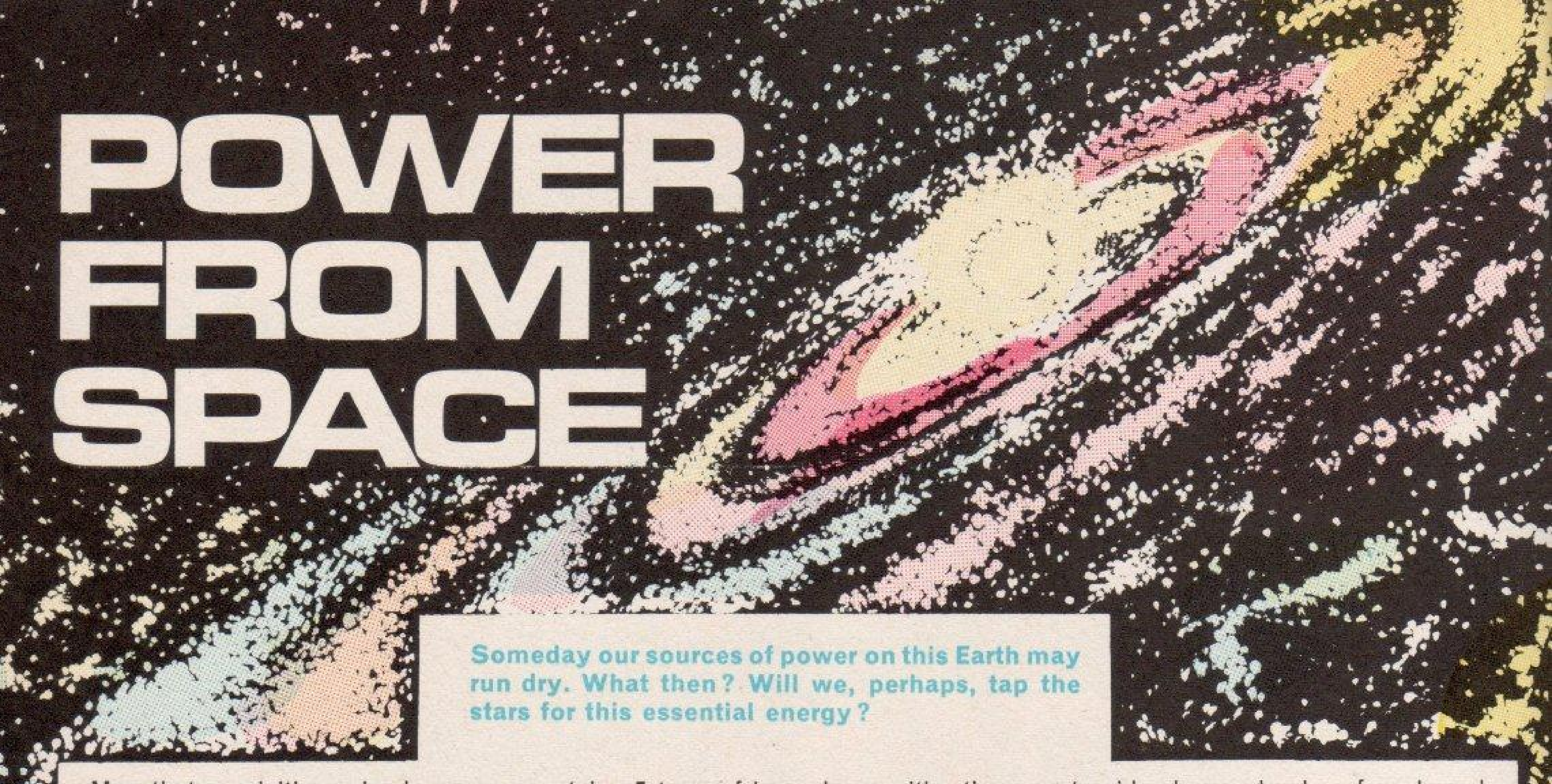
Jules Verne is often referred to as the inspiration of modern science fiction. Born in 1828, he was educated at Nantes and then studied law in Paris. After ten years of business and the theatre, he turned his hand to writing, and began to utilise his vast knowledge of both science and geography in writing highly imaginative adventure novels. His novel *From the Earth to the Moon*, written in 1865, showed an accurate anticipation of the space age, whilst *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, and *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* showed his realisation of the potential of mechanisation. His novels enjoyed a great popularity in his lifetime and are still read all over the world today. Jules Verne combined an amazing perception with a fine feeling for adventure, and many plays and feature films have been made of his works.

The other great forerunner of modern science fiction was Herbert George Wells, the British author. Born in Kent in 1866, he began his career as a novelist at the age of twenty-seven. His writing developed from what was then fantasy to the more socially conscious novels he wrote after the turn of the century. Of his earlier works perhaps the most famous are *The War of the Worlds* and *The Time Machine*, both highly imaginative works that retained a moral and social responsibility. Like Verne, Wells never adopted a patronising attitude towards his readers and in *The War of the Worlds* he reminds us how the most difficult problems often have the simplest answers.

Science fiction has become a part of our lives. We read it in magazines and see it on the television and in the cinema. But when does the fiction become fact? Who are the prophets of tomorrow?



POWER FROM SPACE



Someday our sources of power on this Earth may run dry. What then? Will we, perhaps, tap the stars for this essential energy?

Man, that acquisitive animal, may soon have taken out of the Earth a fair proportion of the materials immediately available to him for power. It is possible that coal and oil may last only a few more centuries. What then? Will we freeze to death, our factories grind to a halt for lack of power and raw materials?

One answer to any shortage of materials is to use nuclear power. The warheads held by the great Powers are equivalent to millions of tons of coal and oil, but it is too much to hope that they would be used for anything but warlike purposes. Perhaps scientists may play the alchemist and transmute base metals into other substances—by nuclear reactions. Since the first reactors started, large amounts of plutonium have been manufactured, with by-products of other elements in great quantities. With the expansion of nuclear engineering we will surely be able to synthesise the elements, much as we manufacture drugs and plastics today. The heat and pressure required for nuclear syntheses are excessive but with the aid of something called 'catalysts', which speed up or alter a reaction, we could eliminate most of these undesirable effects. Or perhaps totally new methods of nuclear reaction will be discovered, as unthinkable now as was the uranium reactor forty years ago.

ENERGY UNDER OUR FEET

We must not forget in the search for new fuels that the answer may lie at our very feet. For example, it has been estimated that 100 tons of granite contains 5 tons of iron alone, with other metals like copper and tungsten in abundance. The extraction of them would require improved chemical techniques, but if necessity called we would surely find a way. The rock, after first being crushed, would contain enough energy in the form of uranium and thorium to provide the necessary heat for the process.

If not the rocks on the surface, then perhaps the rocks deep in the earth. Talk of raw materials running out may seem absurd when we consider that within five miles of us, underground, lies all the materials we are likely to need. The deepest mines on our planet are only 7,000 feet deep, mere indentations in the Earth's crust. Human mining may not be possible below that depth but machines can operate in temperatures of hundreds of degrees and pressures of dozens of atmospheres, and with these mechanical moles burrowing beneath our feet the day of the human miner would come to an end.

THE MOON AND THE STARS

Not only this planet could be a source of raw materials. We know nothing of the mineral resources of the Moon, but they must be tremendous, and because the satellite has no atmosphere and little gravity it would be relatively simple to transport material to Earth. Electrically powered launchers could propel the freighters 'down' to Earth, landing at arranged landing strips after losing their 25,000 m.p.h. re-entry speed in the atmosphere.

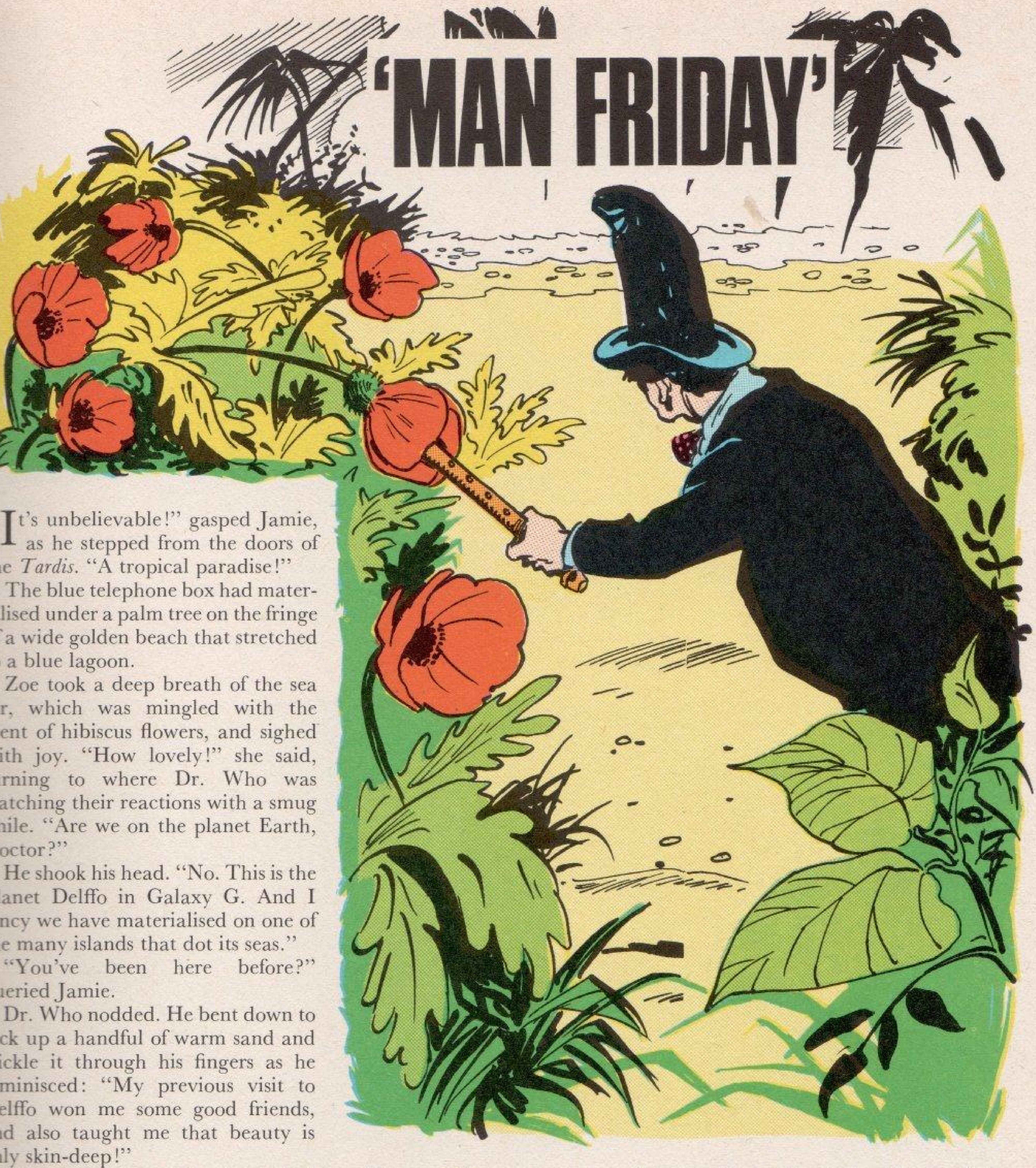
Further afield than the moon are the asteroids, huge chunks of rock and metal floating through space. The largest one seen to date is Ceres, 450 miles in diameter, but the smaller ones could be nudged into orbit round the Earth, ready for transporting down to the factories. Pure fantasy, perhaps, but it may come true.

Energy sources direct from space itself may be available in future centuries. The output from the sun, for example, is billions of horse power at the source, but by the time it reaches Earth it is much weakened. At sea-level the energy of sunlight is roughly 1 h.p. per square yard, and therefore it would not be practicable to tap it here on our planet. Close to the sun itself, however, huge sun traps could orbit the star and beam the energy back to Earth. But one false calculation and the beam could become a death ray, scorching whole cities.

Other energy sources in space are thousands of times weaker than sunlight. Cosmic rays, always spoken of in hushed tones, can cause damage to human life, but as a source of energy they are as powerful as starlight.

But there is something out there we could use for power. There is evidence that a form of energy is sweeping through the universe known as neutrino radiation, which has defied attempts at observation. Other atomic particles are stopped by a few feet of material such as lead, but the neutrino can travel through a lead shield over 20 light-years thick, if such a thing were possible, with no hindrance. If we could tap this our problems of securing enough power would be solved.

'MAN FRIDAY'



"It's unbelievable!" gasped Jamie, as he stepped from the doors of the *Tardis*. "A tropical paradise!"

The blue telephone box had materialised under a palm tree on the fringe of a wide golden beach that stretched to a blue lagoon.

Zoe took a deep breath of the sea air, which was mingled with the scent of hibiscus flowers, and sighed with joy. "How lovely!" she said, turning to where Dr. Who was watching their reactions with a smug smile. "Are we on the planet Earth, Doctor?"

He shook his head. "No. This is the Planet Delffo in Galaxy G. And I fancy we have materialised on one of the many islands that dot its seas."

"You've been here before?" queried Jamie.

Dr. Who nodded. He bent down to pick up a handful of warm sand and trickle it through his fingers as he reminisced: "My previous visit to Delffo won me some good friends, and also taught me that beauty is only skin-deep!"

The two young people looked enquiringly at the scientist.

He smiled, enjoying their growing curiosity. He picked up his music pipe and strolled towards the luxuriant underbrush that hummed with insects. The riotous green was relieved by the blood red of huge poppies. Very carefully, Dr. Who held out his pipe so that it brushed the open petals of one flower.

At once the poppy seemed to lunge forward. Its petals snapped shut over the edge of the pipe, holding it in a tight grip. The scientist pulled hard, but only after a minute or so did he win the strange tug-of-war. The poppy released its grip of the pipe.

"Sizzling satellites! Does *everything* bite around here?" asked Jamie in awe.

Zoe said grimly: "I see what you mean about beauty being on the surface only," she said. "But you said you made some good friends on Delffo. Who are they?"

"A strange but good-hearted race of amphibians called the Creels," was the reply. "They were good to me. I promised their leader, Toofo, that I would return to visit them."

Zoe looked around. She pointed

towards the strange glittering mountains that rose inland and seemed to prick the azure blue sky with needle-like peaks. "But are we in the right place to find your Creels?" she asked. "This seems to be an island."

"I know," replied Dr. Who. "I had not bargained for this. I must go to the library in the *Tardis* and refresh my memory about the lay of the land."

They followed him back into the ship. The library held many shelves packed with the microfilm files of past adventures in time and space.

He pressed the button on the selector-band. A green lamp began to glow, and Dr. Who stepped across to the map table, which lit up from below as he stepped in front of it. Looking down he examined the map of Delffo which the Creels had helped him to draw. "Hmm!"

Three heads leaned close over the map table. Zoe pointed a slim finger. "Could this be the island we are on now?" she wondered. "It has high mountains, see?"

"Yes." The scientist straightened up, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "The Island of Devils, eh? Well, well! This is the one place that the Creels warned me to stay away from!"

Jamie groaned. "Just our luck!" he moaned. "And I was looking forward to sunbathing on the beach and bathing in the surf."

Dr. Who looked round at him, and a sardonic smile flickered across his whimsical face. "Sometimes I wonder why I ever chose you as a companion for my journeys," he said. "Here is a new world of scientific interest and discovery to be explored, and you talk of sunbathing and swimming!"

Jamie grew pink around the ears. "Well, I'm young!" he said hotly. "I spend half my life cooped up in your ship, don't I? What wrong with wanting a bit of relaxation?"

Dr. Who answered icily: "Then go out and have your relaxation! But don't blame me if you get bitten by these carnivorous plants! Or maybe the Devils will jump out and eat you!"

Jamie was a spirited lad. He could take only so much of taunts like this. "I'm going for a dip in the sea!" he stormed, and swung on his heels.

From the door of the *Tardis*, Zoe watched the young man striding down the beach, kicking up sand in his ill-temper. She went back to find Dr. Who with his coat off, working on the space selector.

"It is because you are two strong-willed men that you have silly quarrels!" she announced firmly.

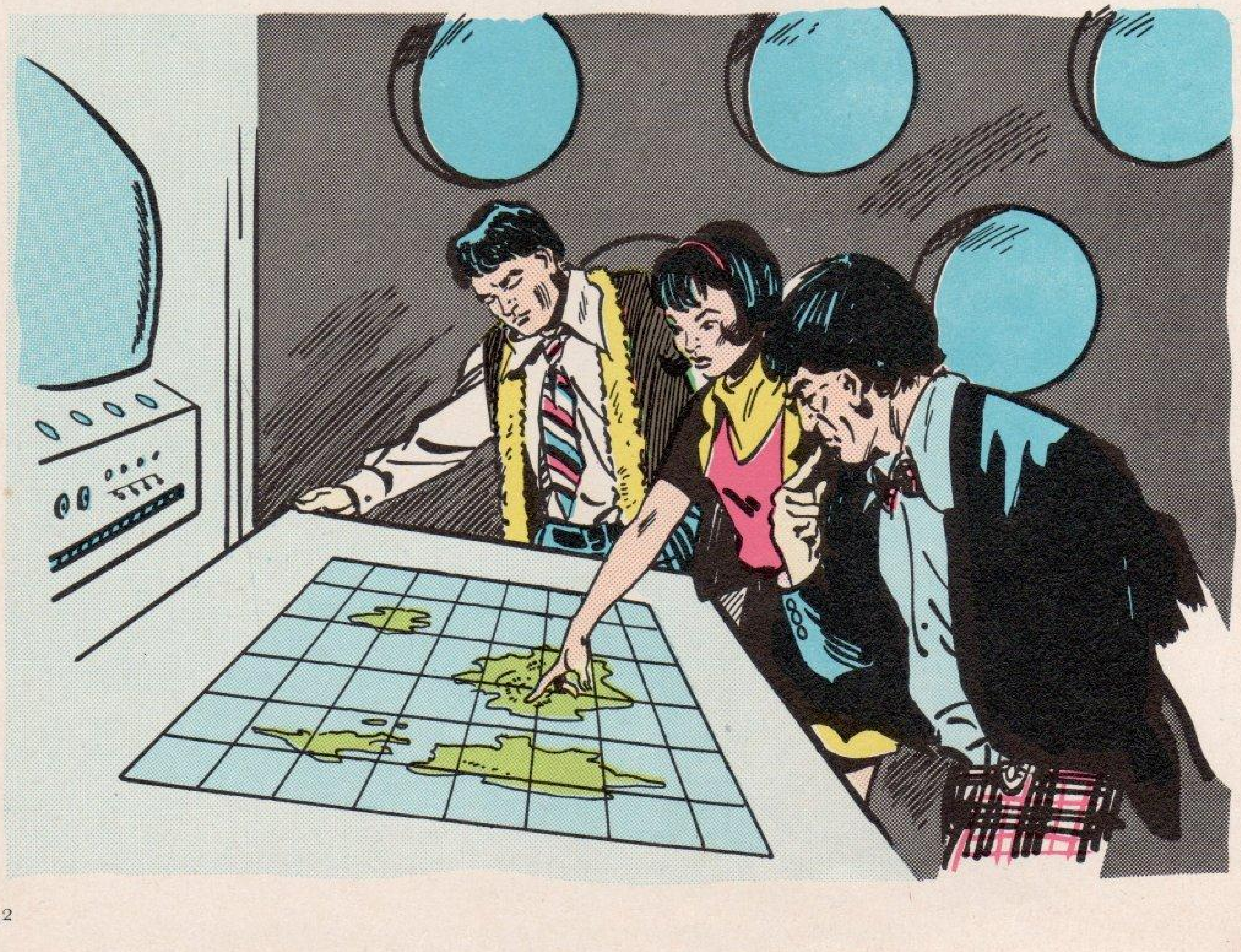
"Hm?" The time-space scientist has been absorbed in his task. Now he glanced up. "What's that, Zoe?"

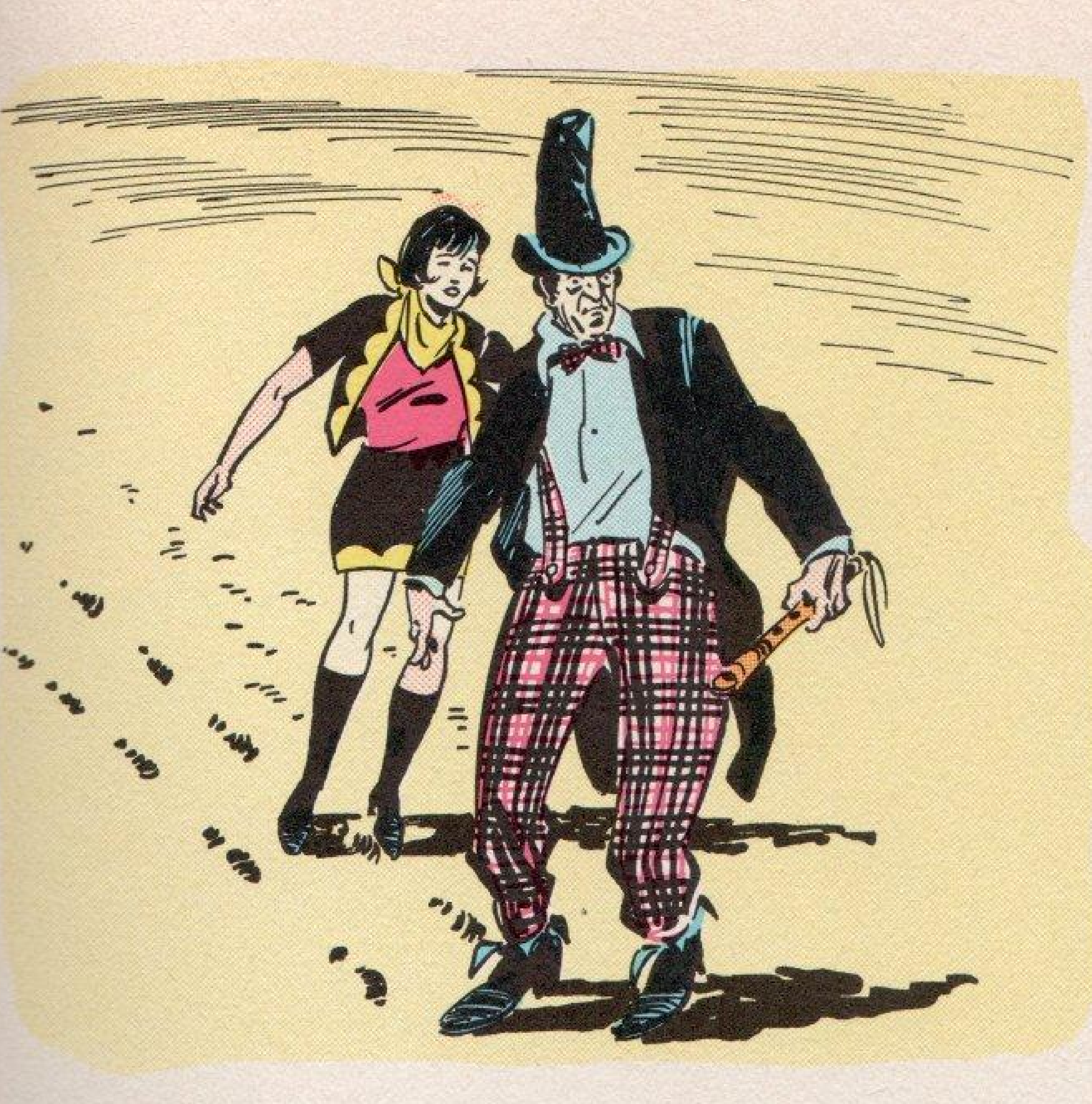
She could not hide a smile. "Oh, never mind," she said. "What are you doing, Doctor?"

"I'm making the necessary adjustment to the space selector so that the *Tardis* can be moved to the other side of the planet, but keeping the time control tuned to the present," he replied.

She looked anxious. "You will not go without Jamie?"

He gave her a whimsical look.





"Providing he is back here before I'm finished making the adjustment," he said. "Maybe you'd better go after Jamie and warn him."

She ran out into the sunshine. She shaded her eyes to gaze along the beach. To her surprise there was no sign of Jamie.

Zoe began to run. It was hard work in the soft sand, but the trail of footprints stretched clear in front of her. They led down towards the sea, and then about a hundred yards from where the breakers creamed invitingly on the golden shore, the footprints vanished.

Zoe stood bewildered. Suddenly she stiffened. "Doctor! Come here—quickly!" she cried.

Unwillingly the scientist came from the *Tardis*, his coat still off and his mind busy with the space selector. "What is it?" he asked irritably.

She waved him towards her. Then she pointed to a spot on the beach about ten feet from where Jamie's footprints ended. "Look!" she exclaimed.

They were looking at a huge single footprint. At least, it might have been a footprint or the impression left by a heavy piece of metal roughly the shape of a human foot. It was about twelve inches at the narrowest end, and it widened to three feet.

The scientist's interest quickened. "Strange!" he mused. "Just *one* print, and of a shape that I've never come across before."

"It must have something to do with Jamie's footprints vanishing!" exclaimed Zoe.

Dr. Who had moved away to examine something else in the sand. "It does!" he agreed over his shoulder. "Come and see this!"

Scrawled in the sand was a message: "GONE WITH MAN FRIDAY TO MEET DEVILS IN MOUNTAIN."

Zoe wrinkled her pretty brow. "What is Man Friday?" she wondered.

Dr. Who shrugged: "I recall that they have a sort of legend among the Earth people which tells of a man thrown up on a desert island who finds the footprint of a native in the sand. The native becomes his servant, and he calls him Man Friday."

Zoe looked anxiously at the sand-message. "Then this *must* have been written by Jamie!" she blurted.

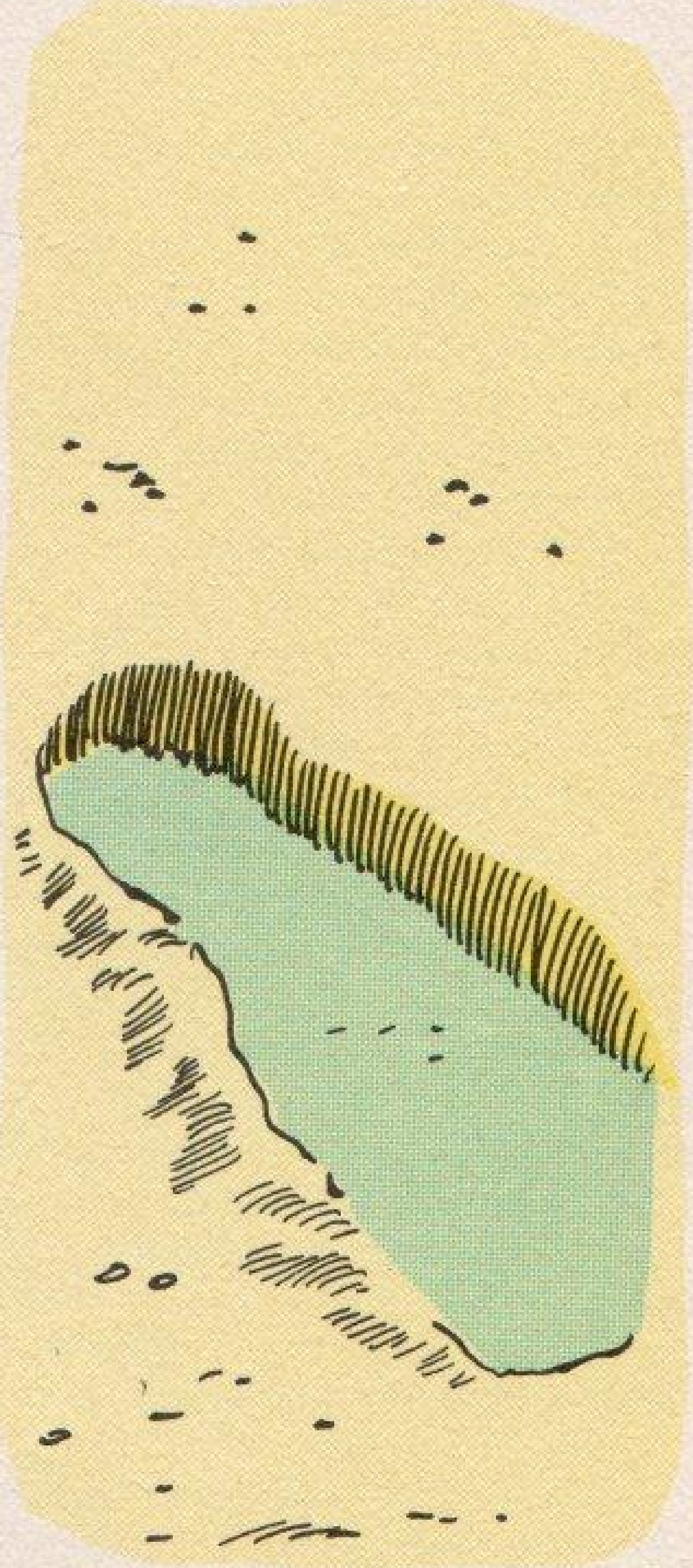
"Yes, but that was no ordinary native!" remarked Dr. Who, pointing to the huge print. "We must follow at once to see what has happened to him—though why I should bother, I really don't know. Jamie is headstrong and wilful. I warned him of the dangers."

Grumbling to himself, the Doctor trudged back to his ship for his coat and hat. Then, locking the great doors behind him with his electronic key, he waved to Zoe to follow him as he plunged into the wilderness of vegetation.

They were following an animal trail, but it was still hard going. All around them the carnivorous flower heads—some of them far bigger than the poppy that had seized the music stick—darted and swayed in search of the next meal.

Zoe shuddered, and began to think wistfully of her home planet. Dr. Who strode resolutely forward, making for the sharply etched mountains.

The slopes were already beginning to loom above them when they came into a clearing.



Dr. Who took off his tall hat and fanned himself. "We'd better rest, Zoe," he said. "Look—there's a river over to the right. We can get a drink. It seems to run down from the mountains, so it must be clear."

The water proved to be crystal clear. They lay flat on the bank and bathed their hot faces. Then they scooped up the icy water in their cupped hands and drank.

"Delicious!" declared Dr. Who. He glanced at his companion. "Why aren't you drinking?" he asked.

Zoe was staring fascinated into the water. "Look!" she whispered.

Dr. Who moved to her side. Below them, in the depth of the clear stream, a shimmering figure was staring up. An eel-like, scaly body, about three feet long, was topped by a near-human face, although the head was almost hidden under a close-fitting helmet.

Dr. Who gave a start of surprise as he spotted the web-like feet and the fin-like appendages. "It's one of the Creels!" he cried. "Now if only I can remember the sign of peace!"

He knelt up, then clenched both fists to the sides of his face and flung them away empty. The amphibian shot to the surface. "Is it really Dr. Who?" he cried, in a thin, high gurgle.

"Yes. I have returned as I promised," nodded the scientist. "But what are *you* doing here? I thought you Creels always shunned the island for fear of the Devils."

The Creel pulled himself on to the bank. "Yes, we shun the island. But Toofo, our leader, wishes to know the movement of the Devils. So every twelfth star an armed scout is sent to report their movements. I am Goruf, and I am on my way back to our city to report."

Zoe's eyes gleamed with interest. "You have seen these Devils then?"

"Less than twenty ripples ago!" replied the Creel.

"Did they have a captive? A man? Like the Doctor, only younger?" asked Zoe, unaware of her companion's sardonic smile.

Goruf nodded. "Yes. One of the Blikks returned carrying such a creature."

"A Blikk? What is that?" asked the girl.

"One of their one-legged robots," replied Goruf.

"Ah, Man Friday!" exclaimed Dr. Who.

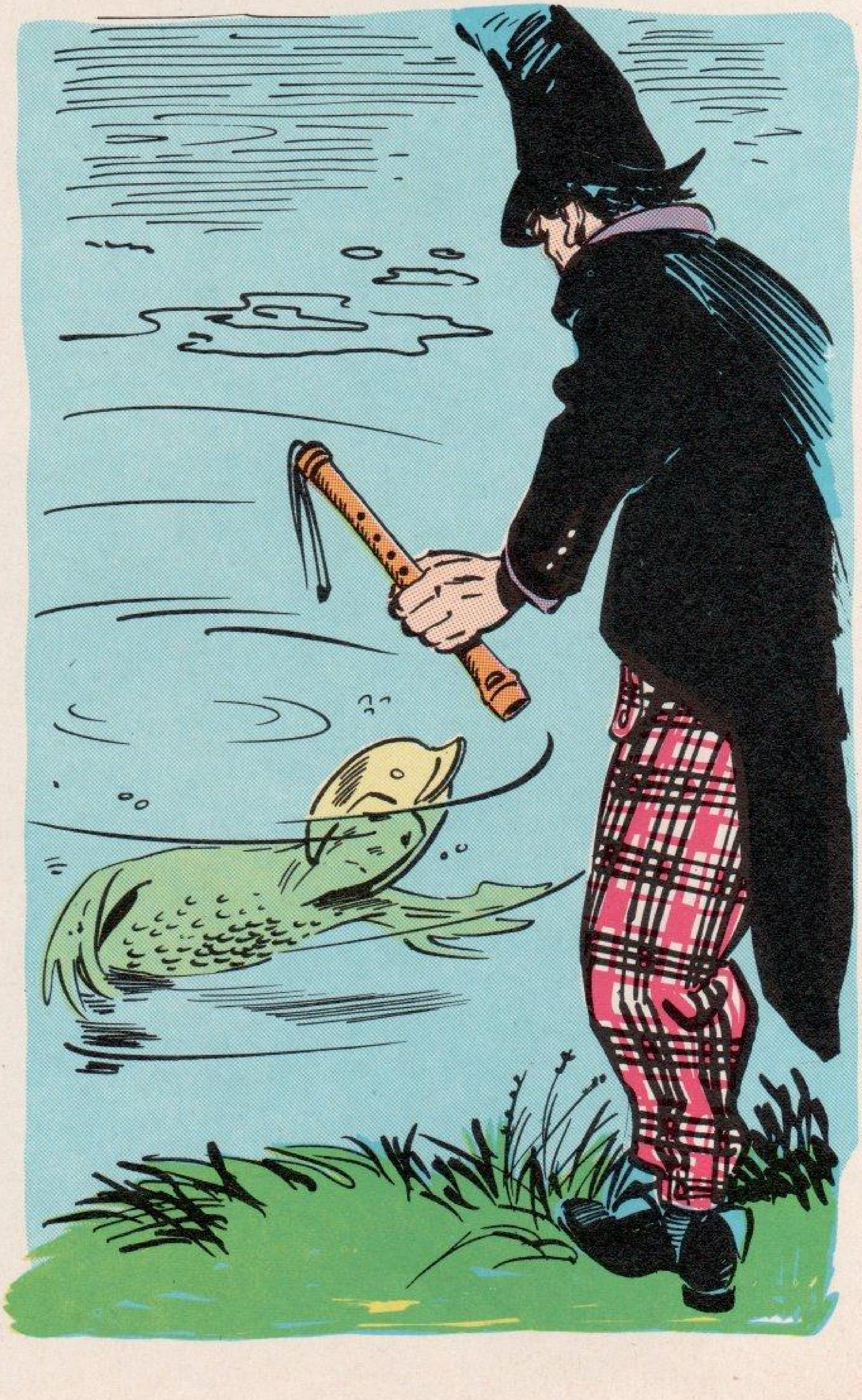
But Zoe was leaping to the next question. "Will you show us where they are keeping him?" she asked.

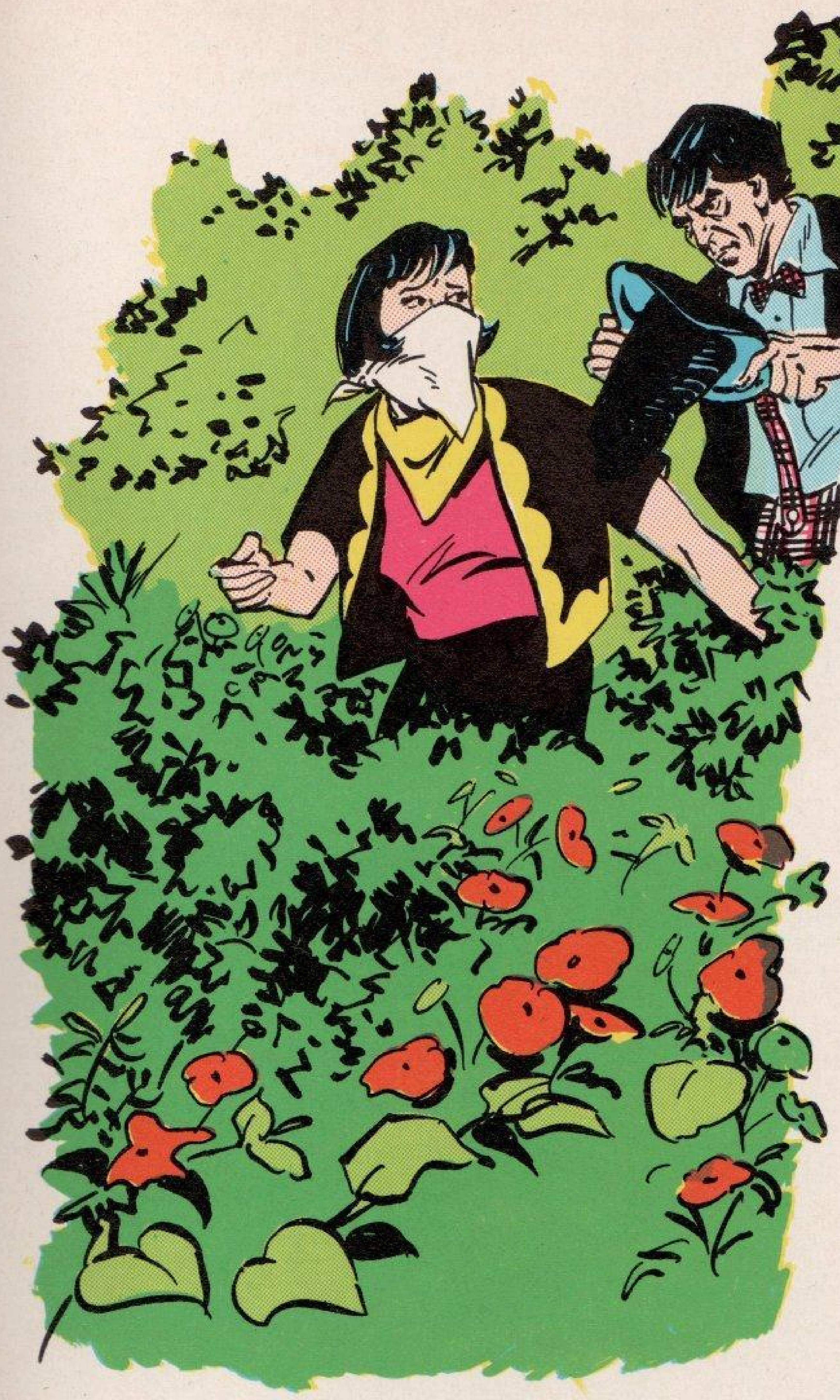
"Gladly!" said Goruf.

"No, Wait!" cried Dr. Who. "I have another plan. Tell us how to reach the Devils. Then go and tell Toofo that I may need his help to rescue my young friend."

The amphibian agreed. Then with the butt of his ray-gun, which he drew from his belt, he began to draw an outline in the bare earth.

"Follow the river and soon you will come to the great field of flowers —right here." He marked it with a cross. "You must cross that field to get to the entrance of the tunnel," he went on. "But I must warn you, the scent of the flowers will drug you. You must hurry across, hiding your faces. Do not go to sleep there, for it would





be fatal. Once you have crossed it, you will see two great rocks shaped thus . . ." Again he scratched the earth. "Between the rocks lies the tunnel. How it is guarded I do not know, for I penetrate the Hall by the underground stream. But I *do* know it will lead you to the Devils. How will you fight them, Doctor? Have you a weapon?"

The scientist shrugged a negative reply.

Goruf held out his ray-gun. "Take this!" he urged.

"Why? Are these Devils violent?" asked Dr. Who, making no move to take the gun.

Goruf lowered his weapon, looking surprised and puzzled. "Well—they are unnatural, ugly creatures who came from the bowels of the earth ——" he began.

"But have you seen them being violent or vicious?" pressed Dr. Who.

Goruf hesitated. "Well—I have not witnessed this myself, no!"

"Have *any* of the Creels witnessed violence?" asked the scientist.

The amphibian put the gun slowly back in his belt. He shook his head dumbly.

Zoe's eyes gleamed. "But you distrust them—why?"

The Creel twisted his eel-like body in discomfort. "Wait till you see them!" he protested. "They are—black . . . shapeless . . . they are Devils!"

Dr. Who stood up. "Thank you for your concern, and your help, Goruf," he said. "I think it will be better to face these creatures unarmed. That way we shall not endanger the life of my headstrong young friend. Goodbye! Carry my greetings to Toofo."

The amphibian raised a hand in salute. Then he was gone, with the merest ripple of the crystal waters.

Dr. Who and Zoe walked on with renewed vigour. The underbrush grew thin and then vanished altogether. As they strode across the open slopes they saw the riotous colours of the field of flowers. As they drew near it, the scientist drew out his pocket-handkerchief.

"Here, tie this around your face," he ordered.

Zoe obeyed. "What will *you* do?" she asked.

Dr. Who took off his hat. With a whimsical smile he said: "I'll breathe into this!"

Soon they were knee deep in the gorgeous blooms. The scent was so powerful that it penetrated the handkerchief and Zoe felt herself growing light-headed.

Dr. Who saw her stagger and put a strong arm round her. They stumbled on together.

Dr. Who needed all his tremendous will-power to overcome the stupefying effects of the scent. He jammed the hat closer around his face, and heard Zoe whispering: "I want to—sleep! I must sleep, Doctor!"

He shook her roughly. "No! You must not sleep!" he shouted.

He increased his pace, half carrying the girl, who was now dragging her feet. With a great effort he reached the other side of the flower field.

Away from the field they took off their masks and sank to the ground, panting. It was this state of near-exhaustion that robbed Dr. Who of his usual keen instinct for danger. The first indication he received was the large shadow that fell upon the spot on which he and Zoe were sitting.

Dr. Who looked up quickly then. A huge robot was descending from the sky. It landed beside them on its one thick leg, and its four-sided metal foot made a deep imprint like the one they had seen upon the sea shore.

"A Blikk!" gasped Zoe.

Dr. Who stood up and bowed. "Man Friday, I believe?" he said calmly.

There was a faint whirring sound, and a flat, electronic voice came from a grill in the broad metal chest of the Blikk. "Will you come with me? Jamie wishes it. No harm is intended. It is safe to fly in my arms."

The Blikk lowered its bulk, and crooked its jointed arms to make two seats.

Zoe looked at her companion with some apprehension, but the scientist shrugged and nodded. "We will go with you," he agreed.

With his two passengers comfortably seated, the robot rose into the air. The flight was smooth and noiseless. The mountain slopes rose to meet them.

Suddenly Zoe gasped with alarm. "We're diving straight for the rocks, Doctor!" she cried.

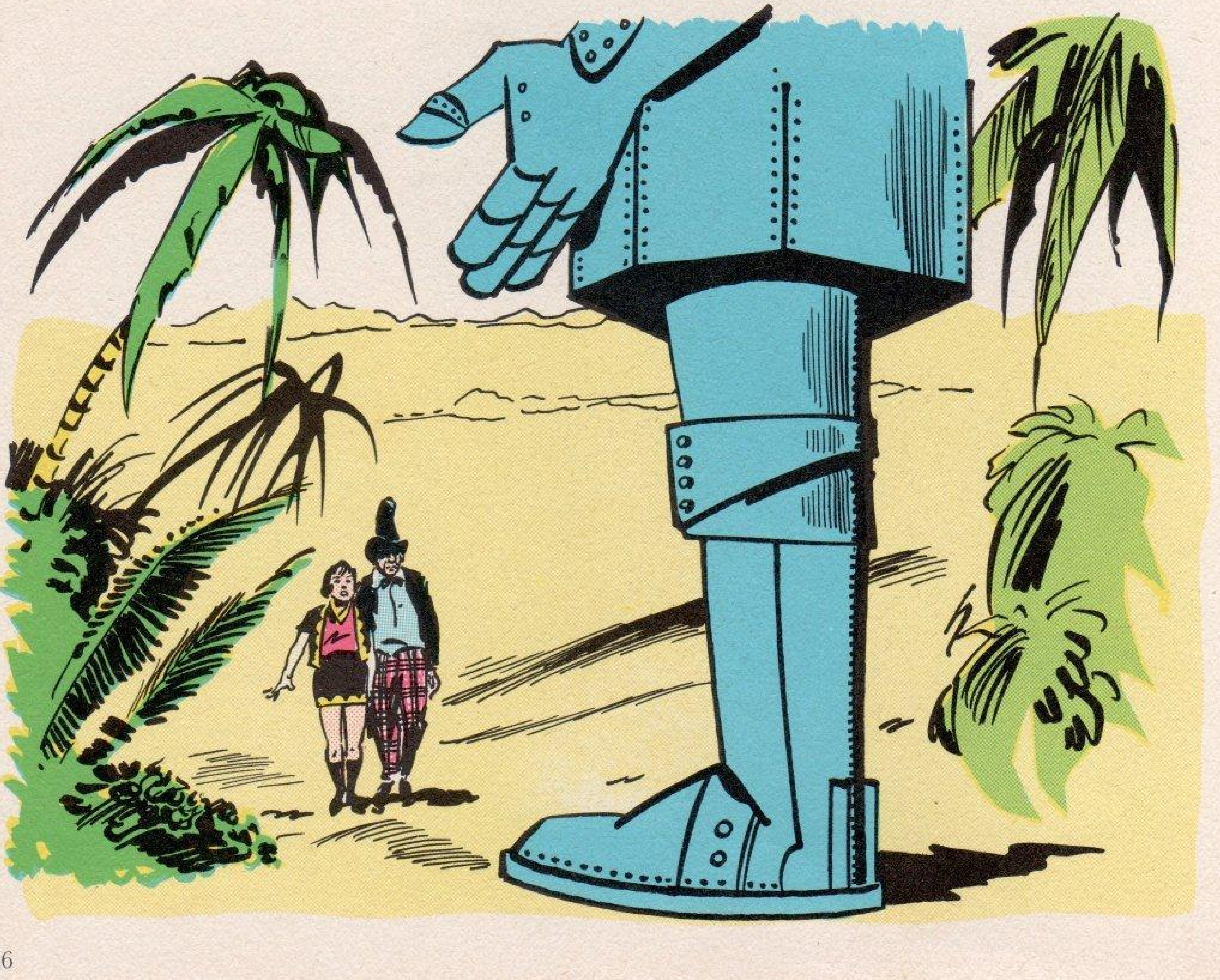
He gave her a reassuring nod. "Yes, but don't you see those two rocks that Goruf described? The Blikk is going to fly into the tunnel."

This proved correct. The entrance to the tunnel yawned before them. The next moment the robot slowed to a gentle glide, ghosting into a black void.

There were no lights anywhere. The sensation of being swallowed by the mountain was so real that Zoe gave a gasp of fear.

"Steady!" said Dr. Who. "There's a faint glow ahead. We seem to be coming into the Hall that Goruf spoke of. Now we shall see something."

The cavern in which they emerged was full of deep shadows. Some were



cast by the subdued light, which came from a hidden source. Other shadows proved to be figures grouped systematically around a horse-shoe conference table of polished jet.

The Blikk landed in the middle of the horse-shoe and gently set down its passengers. Zoe and Dr. Who stared around them at the conclave of Devils . . .

They were just as Goruf had described—ugly and misshapen and black, as would befit creatures from the bowels of the earth.

The leader's voice, when he spoke, was deep and dark-toned. "Zoe and Dr. Who, you are welcome to the Hall of Shadows!"

Dr. Who answered. "Thank you . . . but what of our friend? Is he safe?"

"Yes, I'm fine!" came Jamie's voice, and they turned to find him stepping across the rocky floor towards them.

The scientist frowned. "Good!" he said curtly. "I shall have more to say to you later, young man!"

But Jamie tossed him a careless shrug. "Before you start scolding, I think you'd better realise that I didn't come here of my own free will," he retorted. Turning to the shadowy figure who had spoken before, he went on: "Will you explain to them, Murko?"

"Willingly!" The dark figure leaned across the jet table, and now they could see his high, slanting eyes of dull amber.

"Once this was a volcanic mountain," went on Murko. "And we, the Lava People, lived deep below it. Then the fires died. The volcano became extinct. And, robbed of our source of power, we were forced to migrate closer to a new source of life-giving heat—the Sun. We planned to venture out, to make friends, to live in peace. But we found our eyes could not stand the fierce light. Therefore

we built these robot messengers, the Blikks. Their orders are to bring back information about the surface world, and also to bring back inhabitants with whom we can talk . . ."

"And that's where *I* come in!" grinned Jamie. "The Blikk saw me strolling on the beach, and insisted on bringing me back here!"

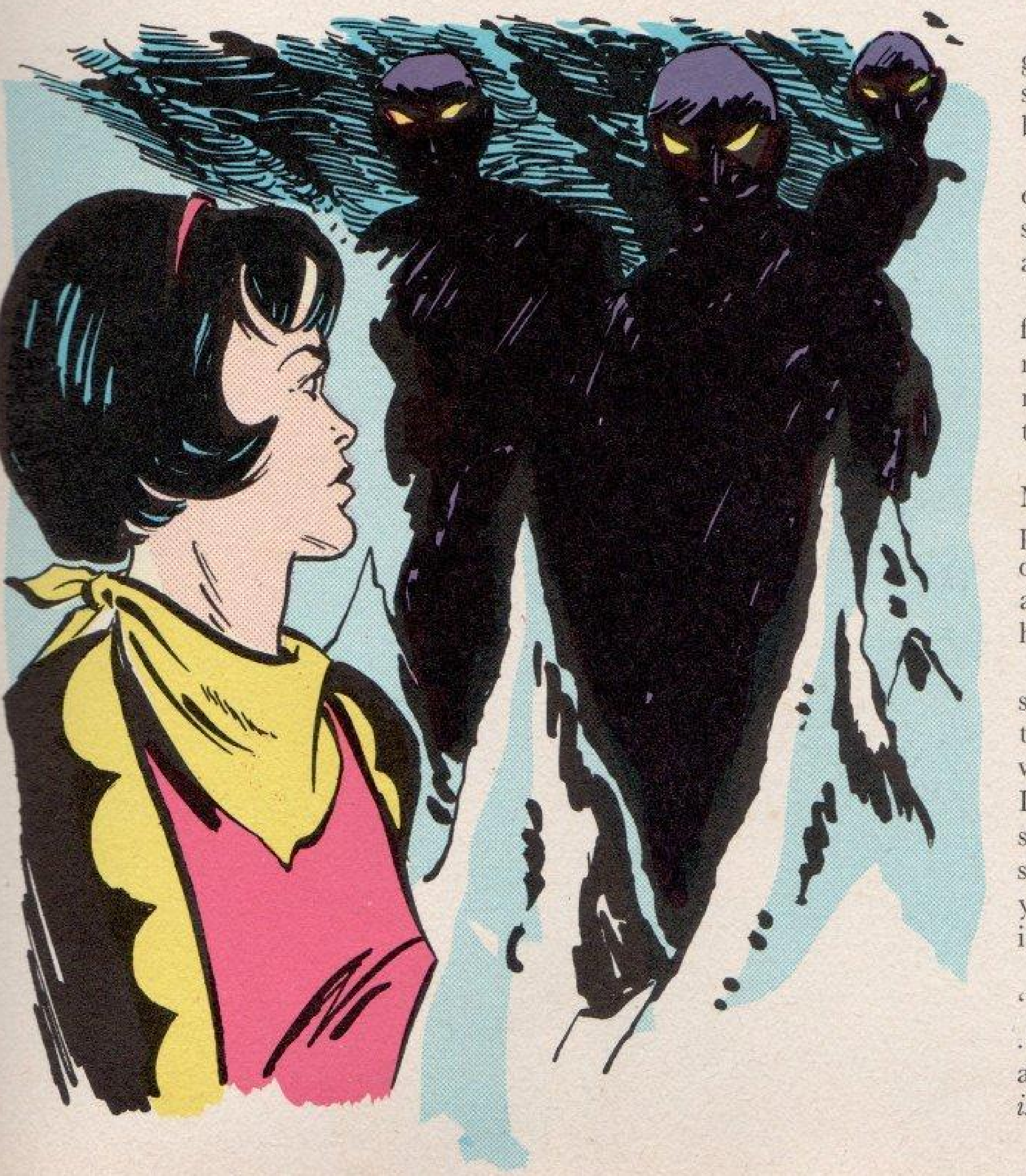
A pent-up sigh of wonderment escaped from Zoe. Turning to Murko she said: "Then you are not Devils after all!"

This time Murko smiled, and his fellow counsellors smiled. And immediately Zoe found that their misshapen, gloomy appearance mattered far less than before.

"No, we are not Devils!" said Murko deeply. "We want to live in peace with our new neighbours when our eyes adjust themselves and we are able to venture outside . . . can you help us, Doctor Who?"

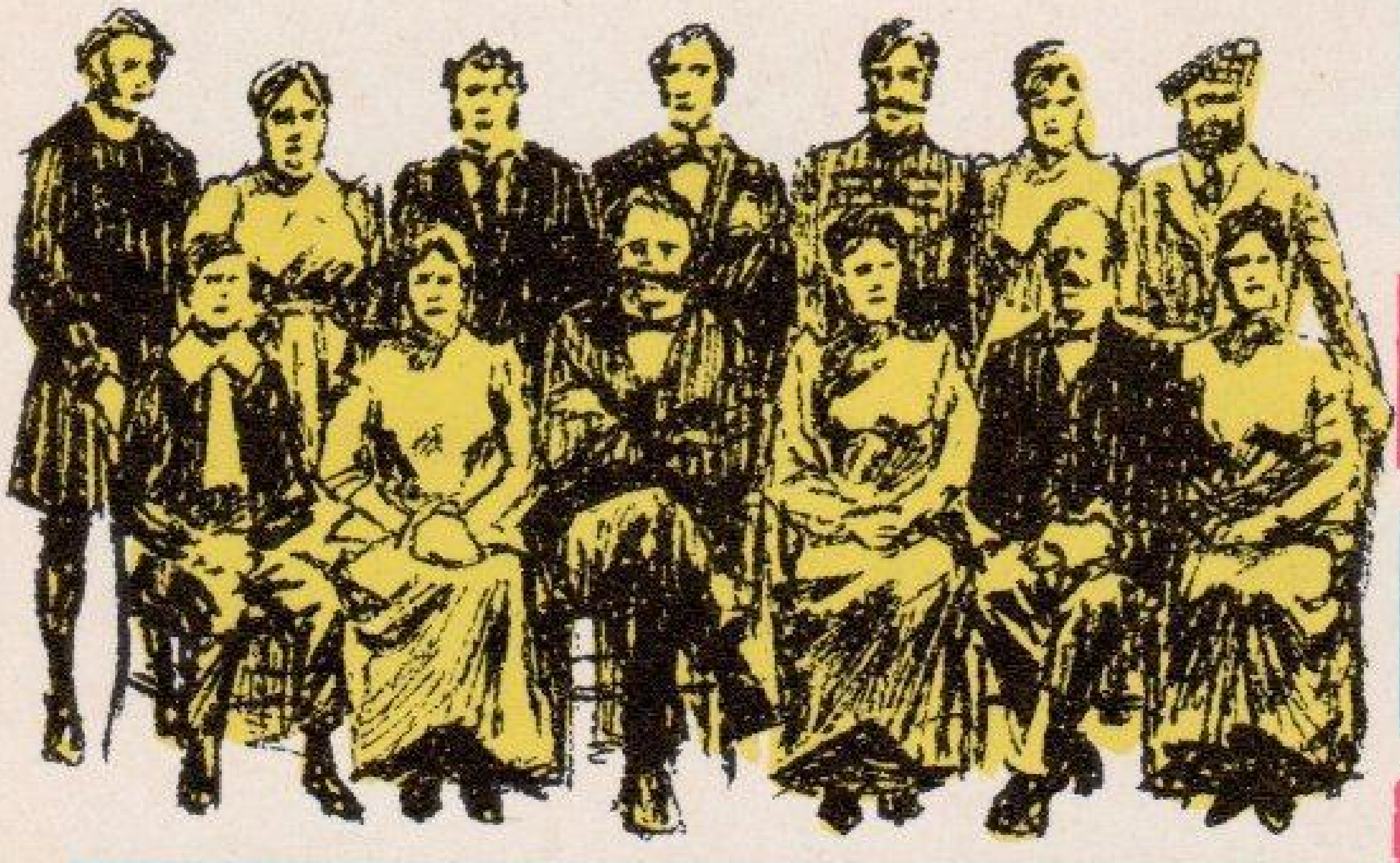
This time it was the scientist who smiled, remembering that Toofo and the Creels were even then on their way to rescue him. "Yes, Murko . . . I think I *can* help you," he said. "Just show me where the underground stream runs through the cave. I fancy your new neighbours will be appearing there at any moment!"

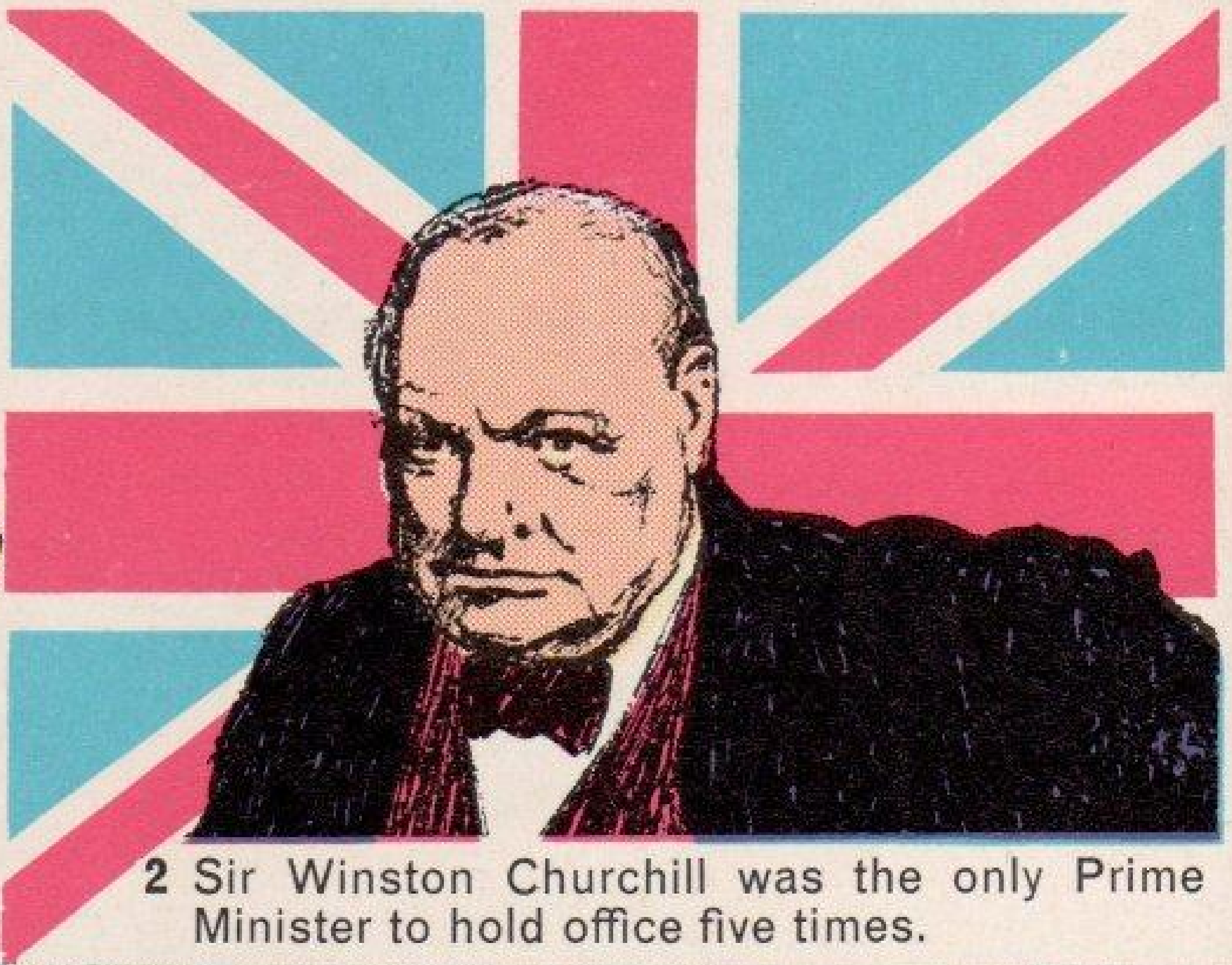
And to himself Dr. Who thought: "The Creels are in for a big surprise . . . it's just like I told Zoe and Jamie about the flowers of Delffo—beauty *is* only skin-deep!"



TRUE OR FALSE?

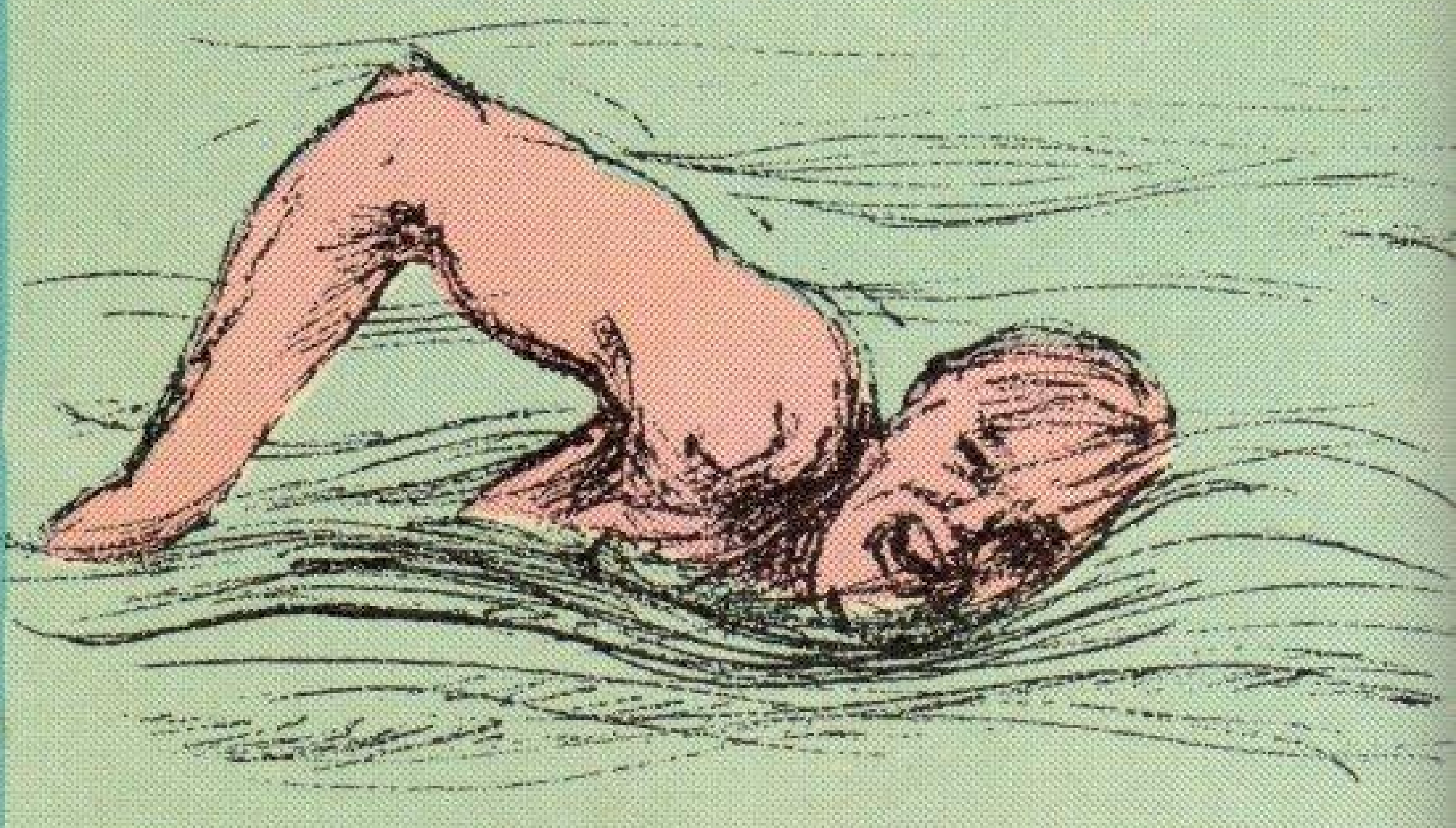
1 The earliest photograph was taken in 1836 by a German scientist.





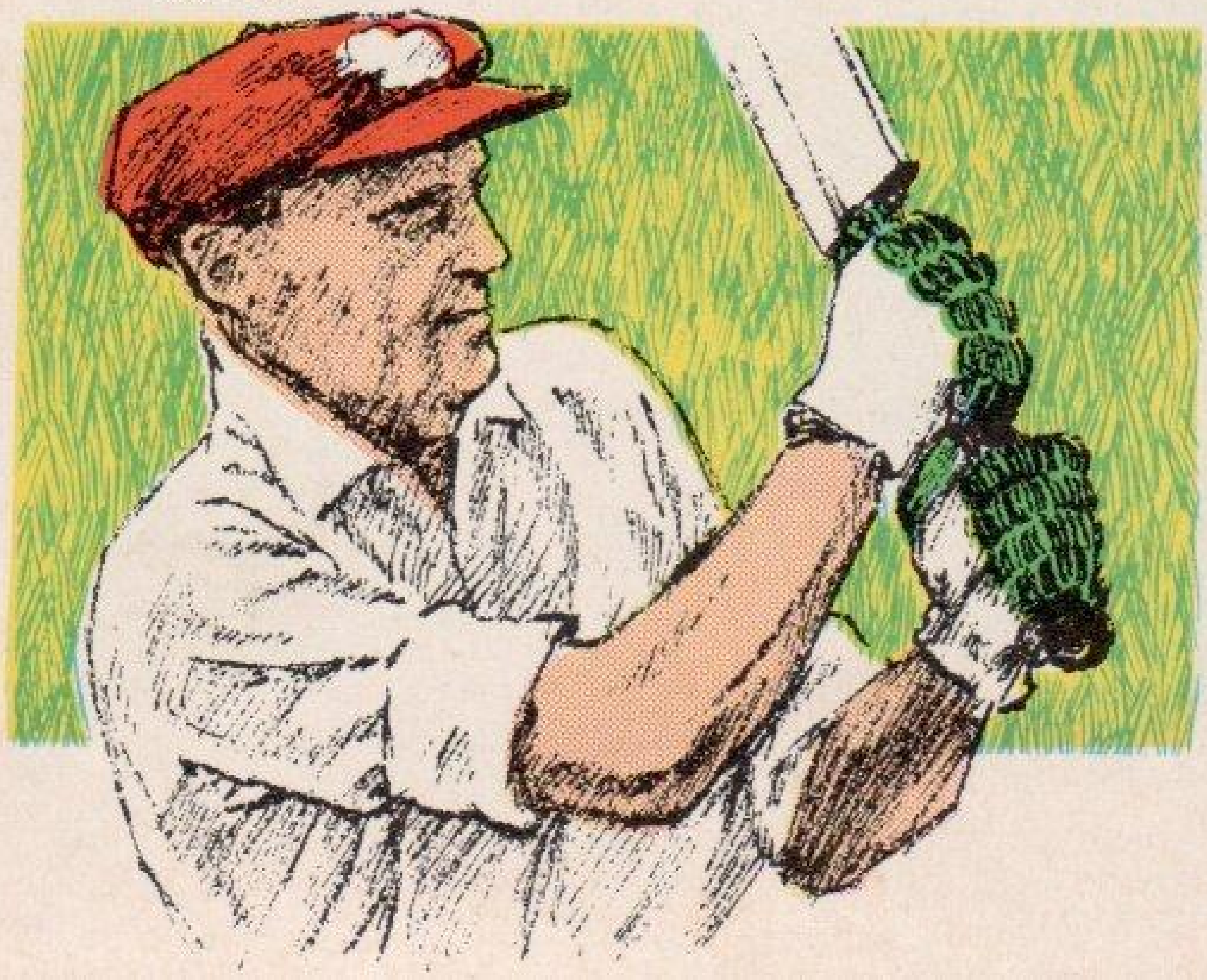
2 Sir Winston Churchill was the only Prime Minister to hold office five times.

3 The John Kennedy Memorial Album is the most rapid selling record ever.

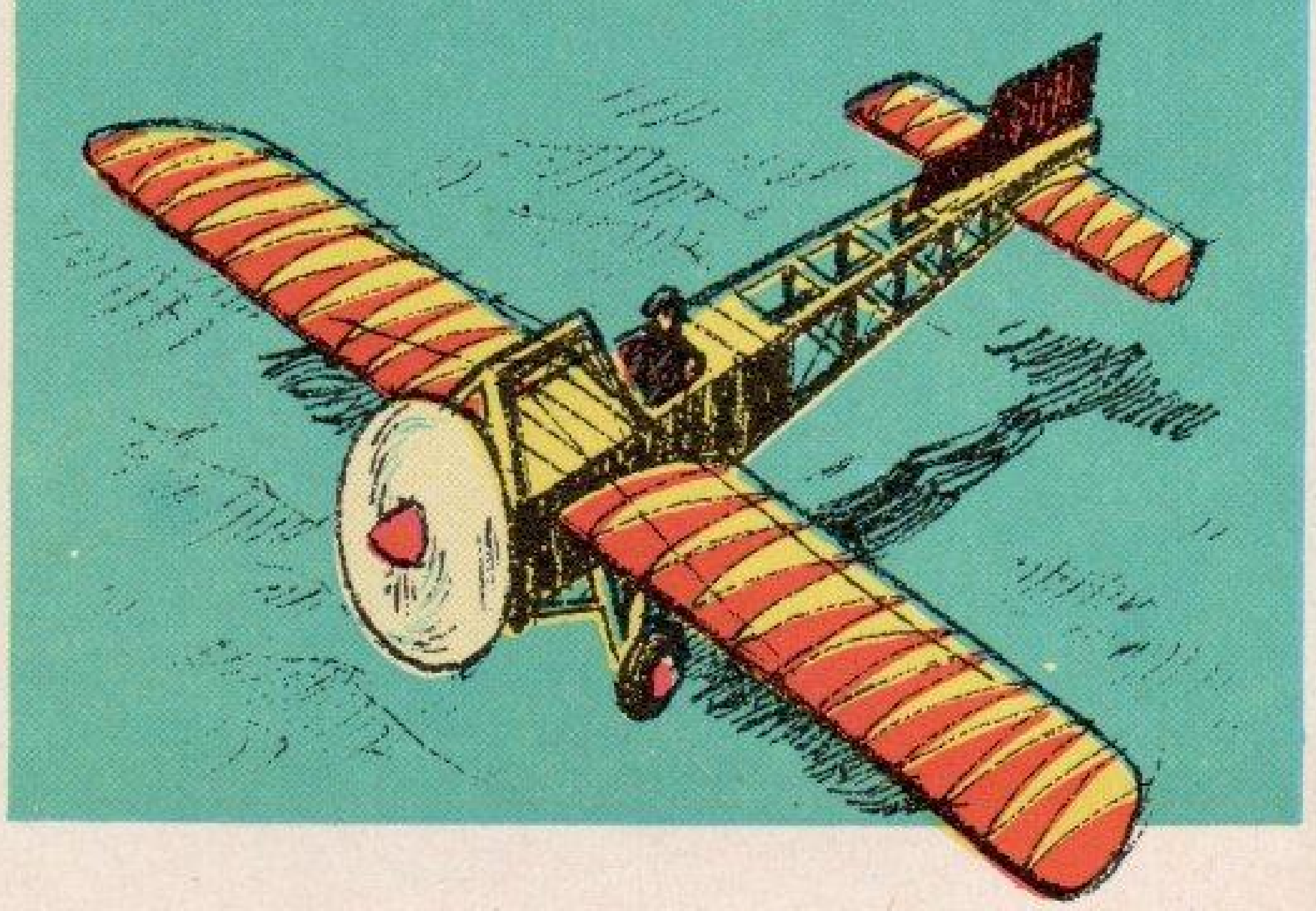


4 The greatest distance on record to be covered by a swimmer is 292 miles by John V. Sigmund, a butcher from the United States.

5 Sir Donald Bradman holds the world record for scoring the most centuries in a cricketing career.

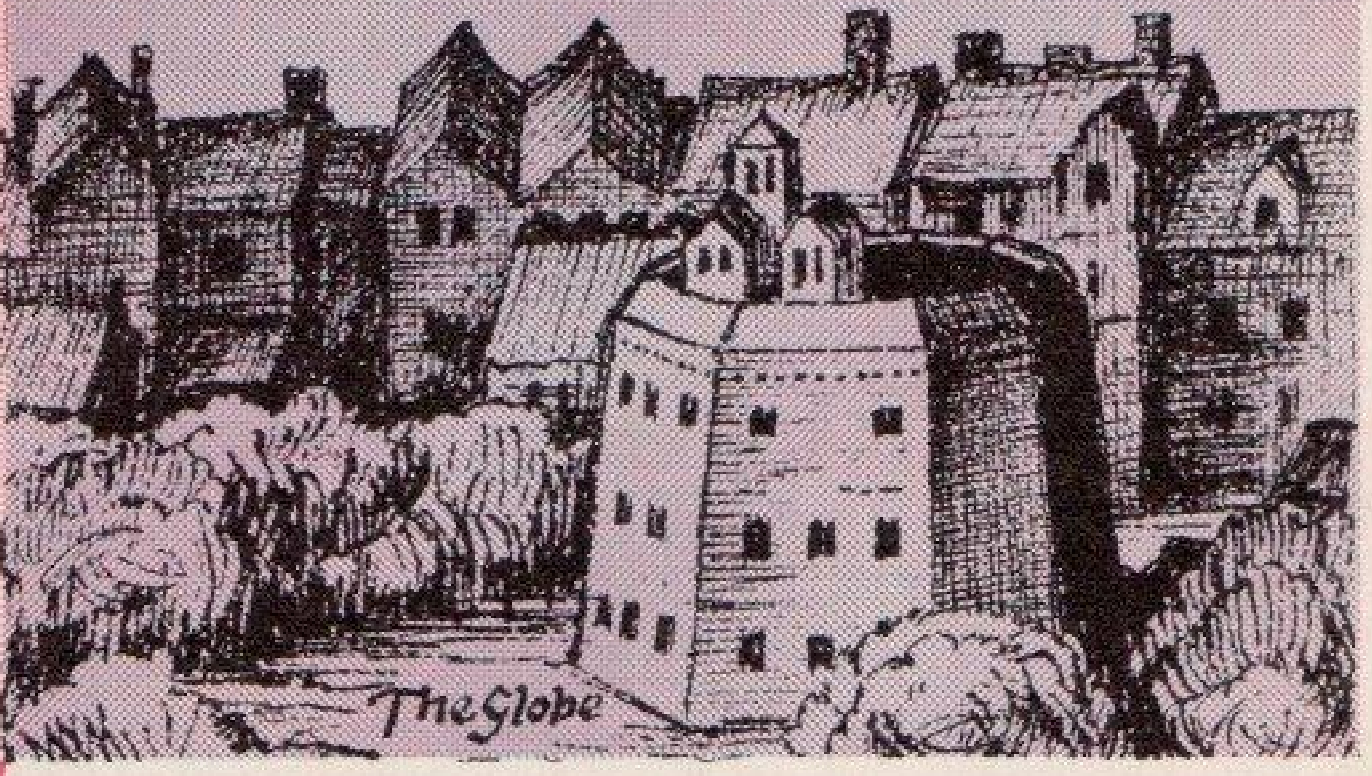


6 A Frenchman, in 1909, was the first person to make a cross-Channel flight in an aeroplane.

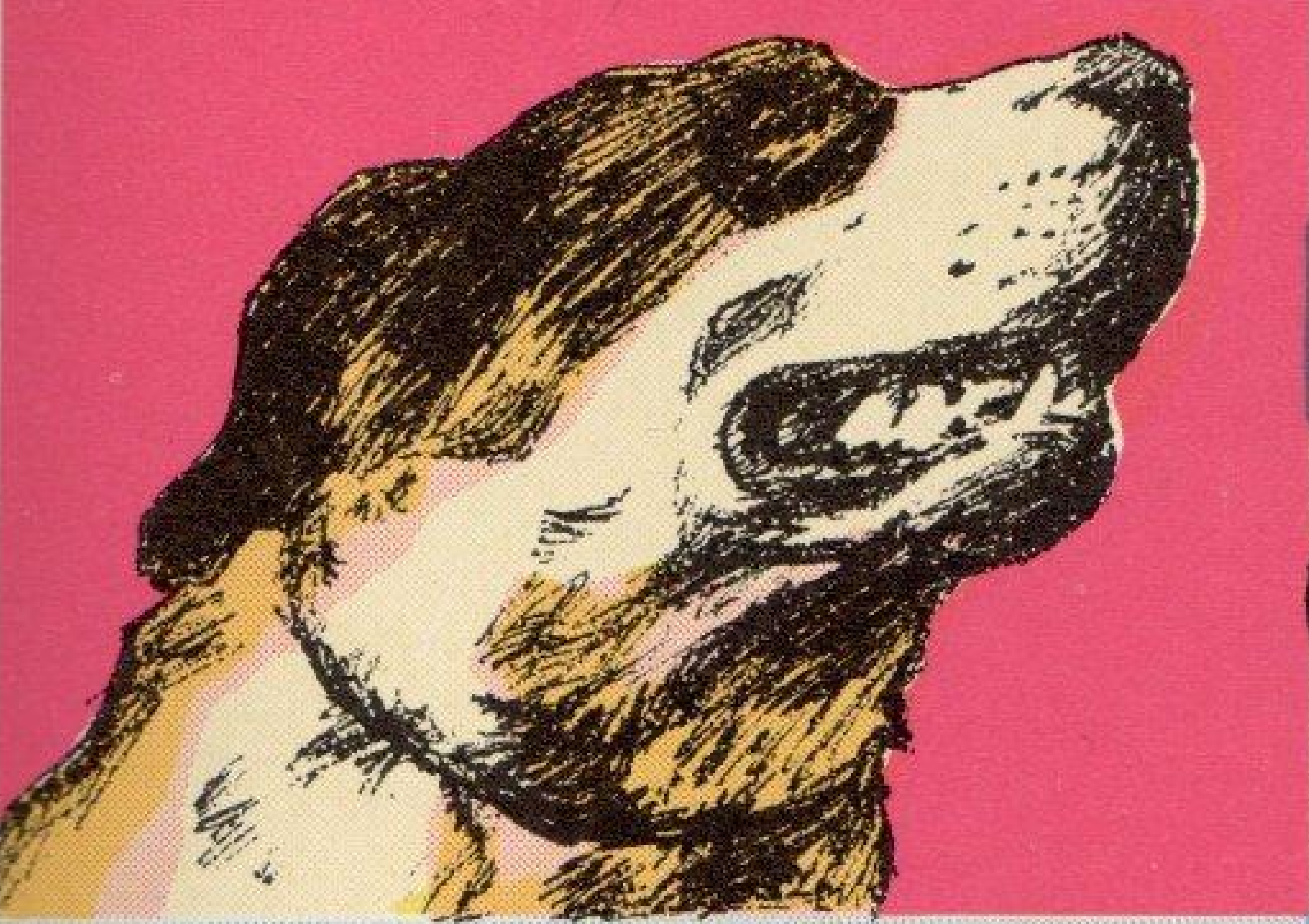


7 The fastest speed ever reached in a four-wheeled motor car is 608·211 m.p.h. The car was driven by American Craig Breedlove on Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, in November 1965.

8 The Globe Theatre was the earliest theatre to be built in London.

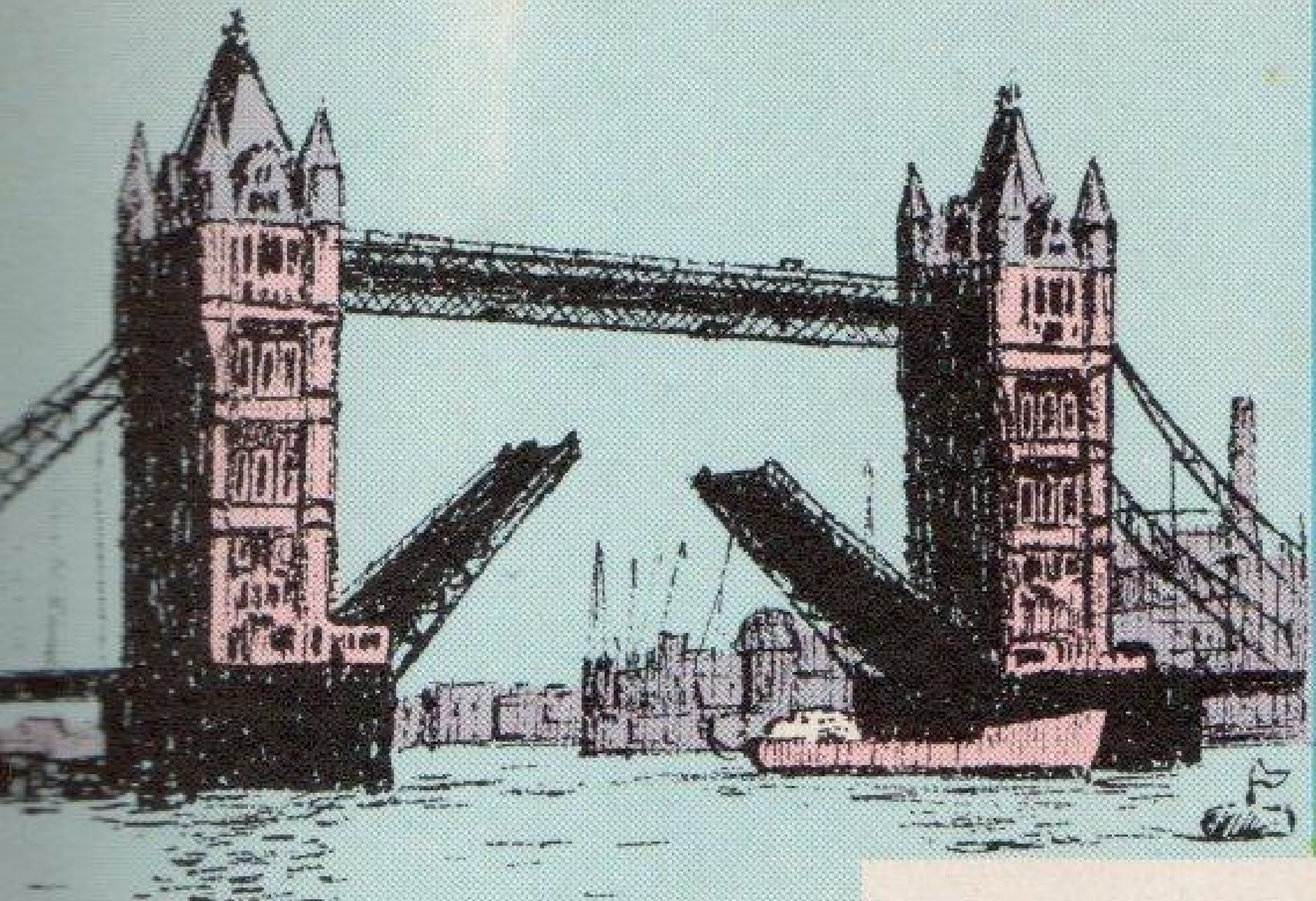


9 The heaviest dog ever recorded was a Saint Bernard.



10 Jack Johnson was the tallest world boxing champion ever.

11 Tower Bridge was purchased by the United States in 1968.

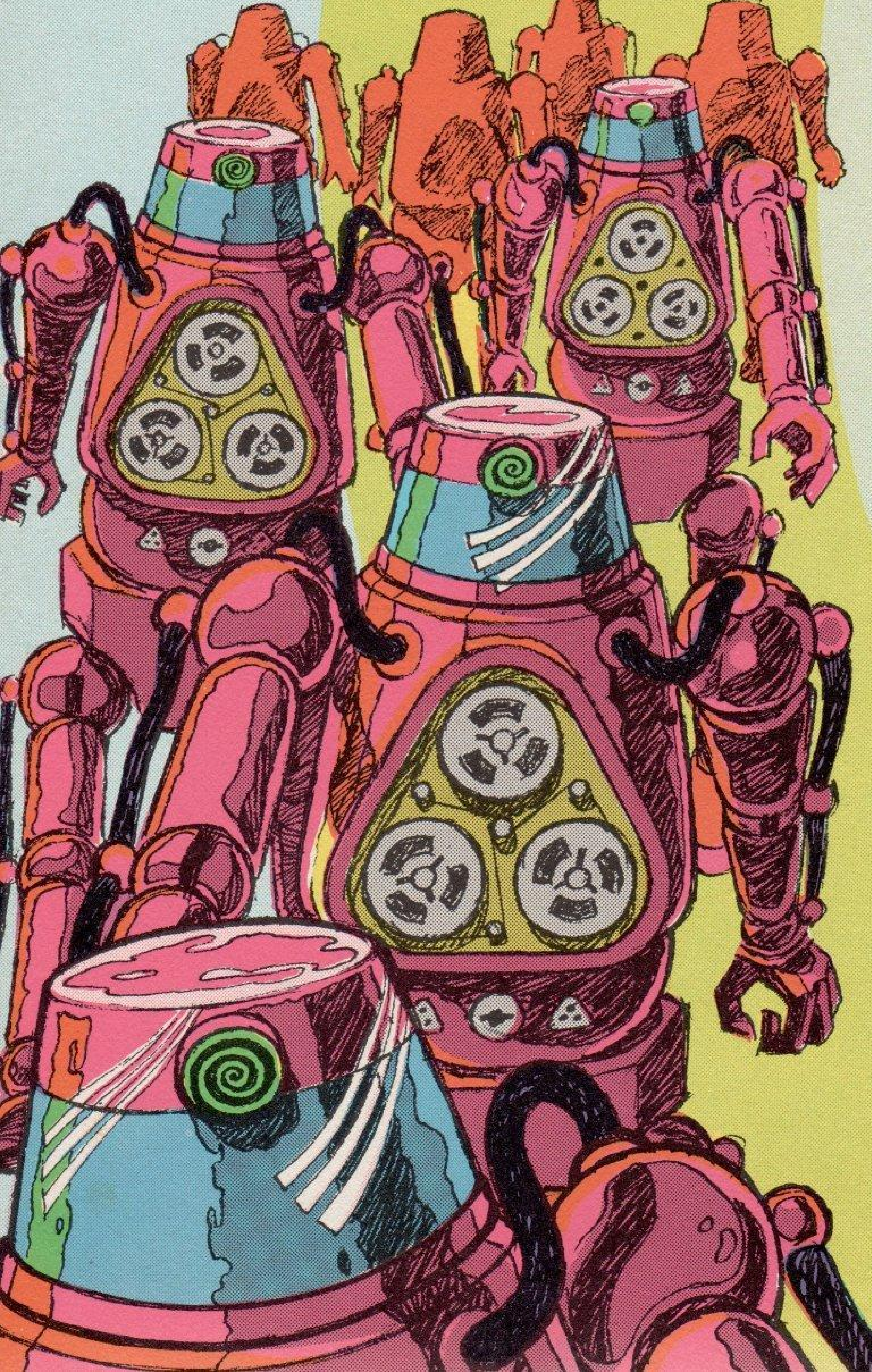


12 Of all the trees in Britain the one that lives the longest is the oak.

ANSWERS:

1 False. It was taken in 1826, by Joseph Niepce, a French scientist and physician.
2 False. It was the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin.
3 True. 4 True.
5 False. Sir John Hobbs holds the record.
6 True. 7 True.
8 False. The earliest theatre built in London was James Burbage's, The Theatre, which was built in 1576.
9 True.
10 False. It was Jess Willard of the United States, who stood 6 feet 6¼ inches.
11 False. It was London Bridge.
12 False. The yew tree has the longest life.

WILL THE CYBERNETIC ANTHROPOMORPHOUS MACHINES TAKE OVER?



The robots of the worlds of Dr. Who are self-governed, mechanical machines, independent of human control; powerful races in whose electronic eyes man seems an unreliable, unpredictable insect.

Indeed, if the predictions of science-fiction writers are realised, our own planet will see the day when man will be controlled by mechanical beings, and in the light of present-day developments in the fields of automation it is an imaginable and credible situation.

The word 'robot' came into use in 1920 after the production of a play by the Czech dramatist, Karel Capek, called *R.U.R.—Rossum's Universal Robots*. In this play the robot was a mechanical man and, although 'robot' embraces all automatically operated devices ranging from automatic washing machines to computers, it is usually this type of mechanical man with which one associates the name.

PRIMITIVE ROBOTS

Although first named in the twentieth century, mechanical men are not altogether modern innovations brought about by automation. Robots of a primitive nature were, in fact, built in the days of Ancient Egypt.

They were not then used as servants to man but, taking the form of animated statues, were used as ploys to capture the attention of the populace by the high priests, who acted as mediators between the ignorant and superstitious nation and its gods.

The 'bronze angels' of Ancient Egypt are the most renowned of these machines but similar ingenious robots, through which the gods were endowed with speech, were also installed in Greek and Roman temples.

Compared with Hero's giant bronze automatons in the temple at Alexandria, whose impetuses were merely fire and water, the robots of today are highly intricate and sensitive mechanisms.

Man through the ages has learned to harness the forces of nature and to make use of them to his own advantage, and in the same way he has now designed, built and trained machinery to serve him. These metal giants with muscles of steel are capable of lifting weights of up to 2 tons and yet are so delicately balanced that they can break an egg into a bowl. Such robots which closely resemble the human form have been dubbed with a title as complicated as their mechanisms—Cybernetic Anthropomorphous Machines.

USES OF A ROBOT

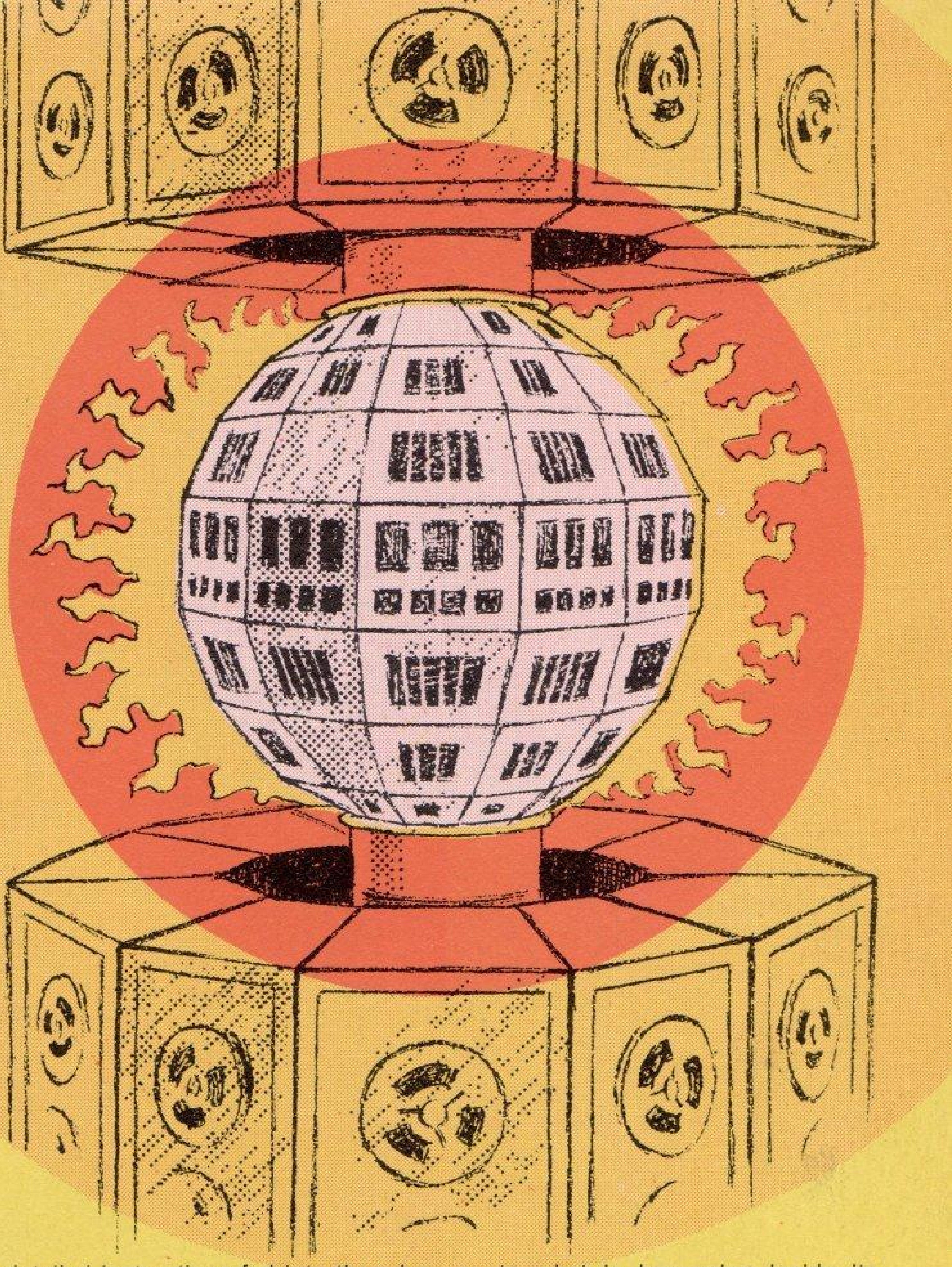
In the main this type of robot is used for carrying out jobs which are too dangerous for man to effect himself, such as the handling of radioactive materials. Countless robots are used for such tasks in atomic power stations, while human workers direct operations, safely shielded from the dangers of radiation.

This type of robot is, however, dependent upon its operator for its actions. What it sees with its TV camera eyes is relayed to its operator and its movements and sense of touch are guided.

Robots of a more intelligent nature bear little resemblance to human beings in their outward appearance. These more complex machines are widely used to relieve men from the monotonous routine jobs on assembly and production lines in factories. There are automatic trucks which have their own electronic brain to start, guide and stop them, thus dispensing with the need for human drivers. Robots are even used to drive some underground trains. Not only can automatic machines carry out dangerous or monotonous jobs, they can perform tasks beyond the scope of man. Robots can land aeroplanes in thick fog; computers can solve overwhelming mathematical problems in minutes, translate into obscure languages, predict future statesmen and diagnose diseases.

And just as man has not been content to remain on land and has explored under the water and beyond the Earth's atmosphere so Cybernetic Anthropomorphous Machines have been built to perform tasks in the depths of the sea and in the infinity of space.

But however efficient the various robots may be, they are, as yet, dependent upon man for their design, construction and programming. However complex and ingenious, their capabilities are limited to what they are designed to do, and without the detailed instructions fed into them by man they are unable to act on their own. They lack the creative and imaginative ability and intuition which enabled man to build them and for the present they are only as clever as man chooses to make them.



In principle, they are merely a more advanced form of the 'bronze angels' of Ancient Egypt. Since those early days man has invented tools to meet his needs and to facilitate his chores, and perhaps robots are an integral part of modern advancement.

A THREAT TO MAN?

But some scientists feel that we are losing our mastery. Robots can check their own circuits and complex controls and repair any fault while simultaneously continuing their tasks. No human operator can be exactly certain as to what is happening inside its frame.

Already, there are factories where human intervention is reduced to a minimum, and where two or three men only are needed to programme the robots, who automatically produce the goods.

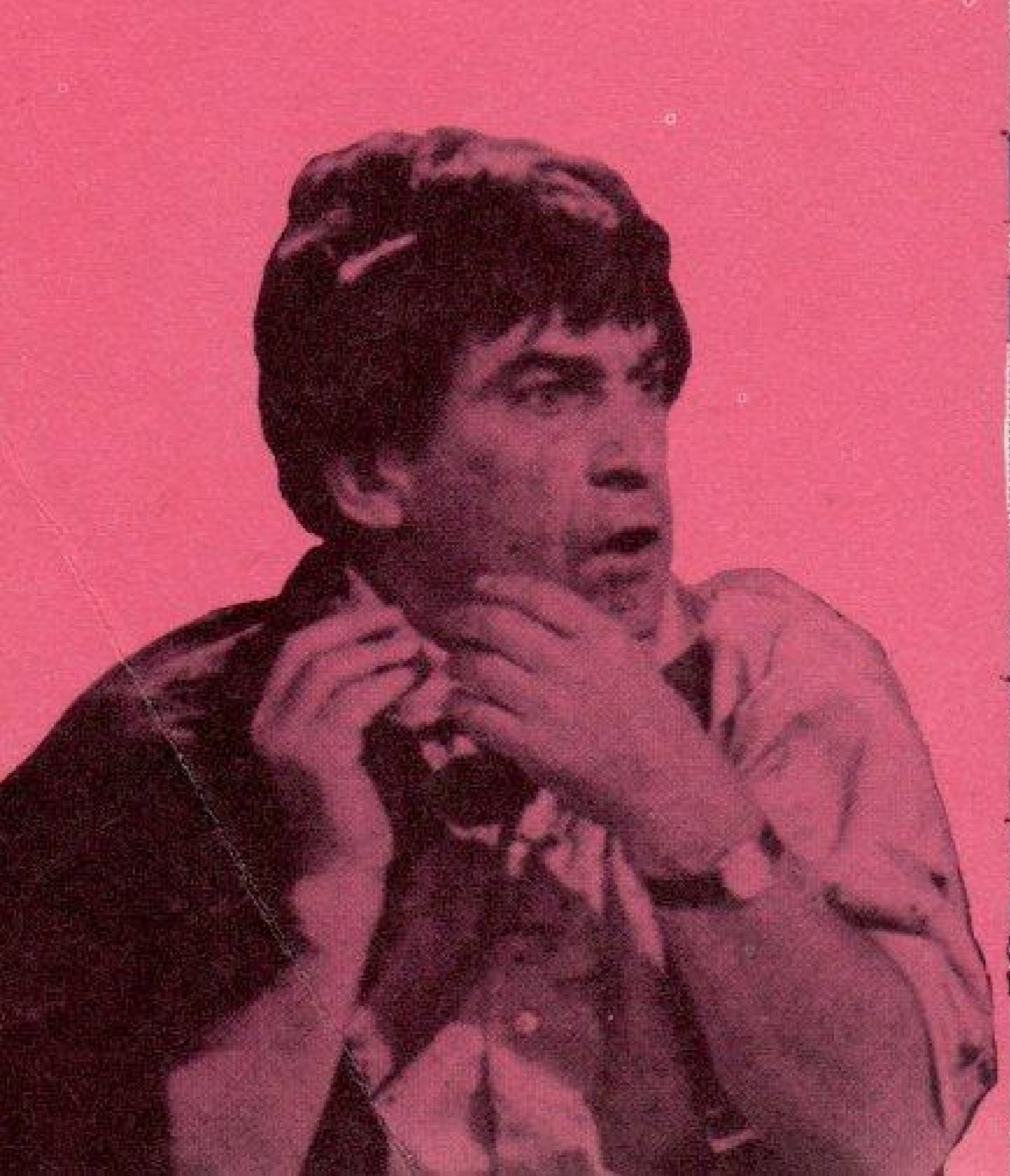
Will tomorrow's world see man dethroned from his supremacy? Could man, like the ape, from whom he evolved, become a secondary being, subservient to a more efficient and reliable species—the Cybernatic Anthropomorphous Machines? Is science today, in forging ahead, only accelerating our downfall? These are questions which cannot be answered. But if this deposition does take place we shall have only ourselves to blame, for *we* shall have been the creators of our successors.

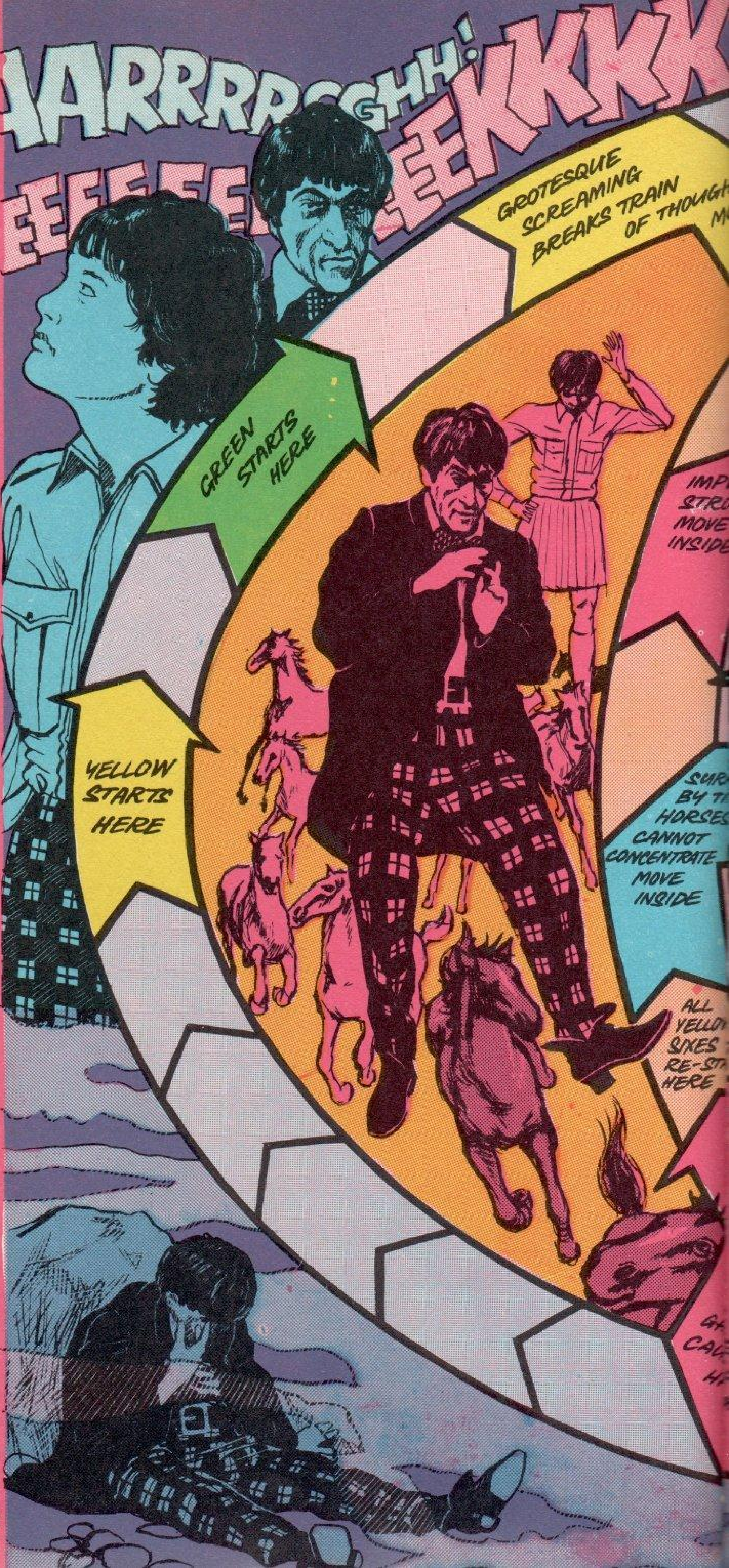
COMPUTER CAPTURE

A Game for 2, 3 or 4 players
Dr Who and his accomplices are escaping from a computer that uses telepathic impulses to control the minds of its victims. They can only escape by focussing all their attention on a mental picture of the *Tardis*. If their concentration is broken, the computer gains temporary control of their minds, and they are drawn nearer to its headquarters. Help the Doctor escape by evading the hypnotic computer for as long as possible.

How to play
Each player must choose a different coloured counter and start in the square appointed to that colour. The players must remain in the same lane until they throw a six or until they land on a square of the same colour that contains instructions that they must follow. When a player throws a six, he must move to the next lane inwards and re-start on the allotted square. To defeat the computer, a player must circle its headquarters three times in one lane. If a player fails to do this and is captured by the computer, he must re-start from his allotted square in the outside lane. A six thrown on the innermost lane does not constitute being captured.

The Winner
The winner is the first player to circle the computer's headquarters three times in the same lane, as by doing so he breaks the computer's telepathic hold on his mind.




ARRRRGGHH!
EEEEEEEEKKKK
GROTESQUE SCREAMING BREAKS TRAIN OF THOUGH
M
GREEN STARTS HERE
YELLOW STARTS HERE
IMP
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MOVE
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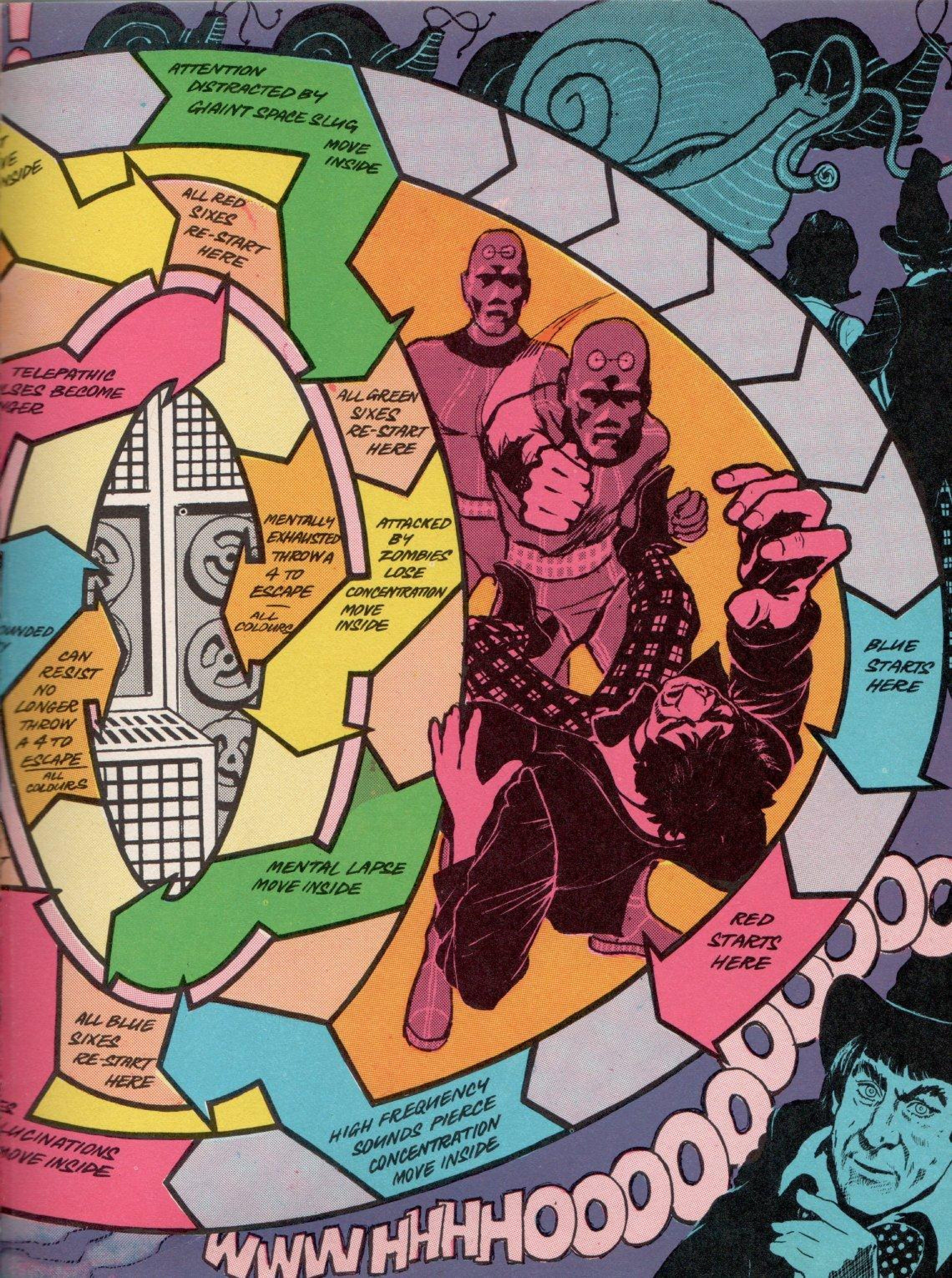
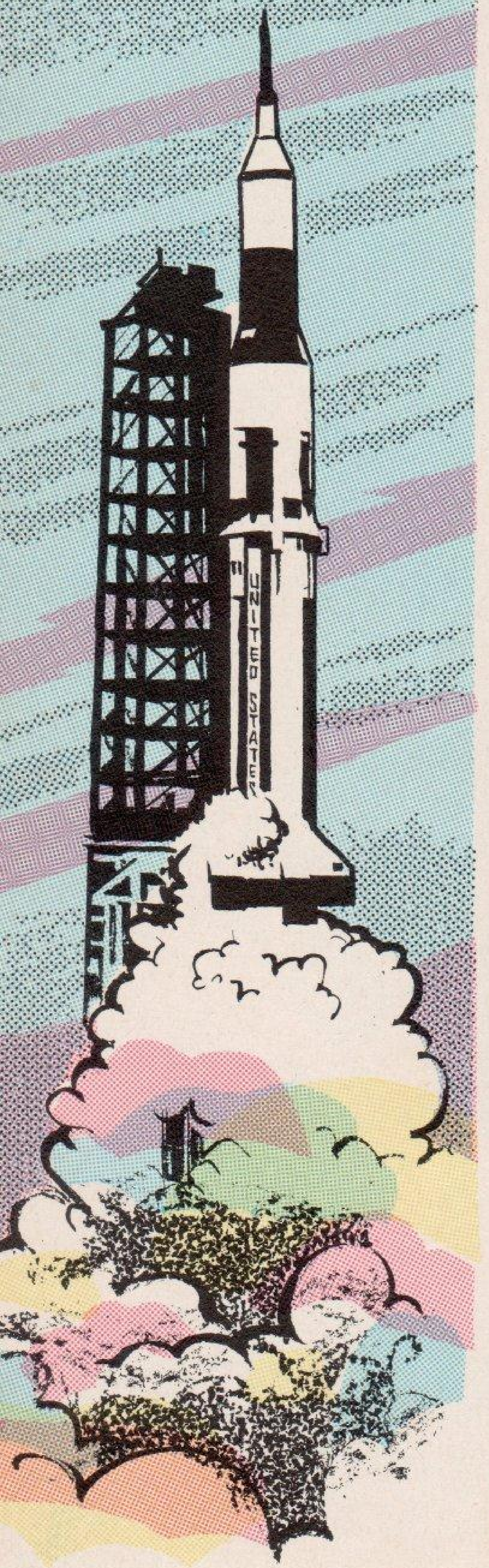

!
ATTENTION DISTRACTED BY GIAINT SPACE SLUG MOVE INSIDE
T VE NSIDE
ALL RED SIXES RE-START HERE
TELEPATHIC LSES BECOME NGER
ALL GREEN SIXES RE-START HERE
MENTALLY EXHAUSTED THROW A 4 TO ESCAPE — ALL COLOURS
ATTACKED BY ZOMBIES' LOSE CONCENTRATION MOVE INSIDE
DANDED Y
CAN RESIST NO LONGER THROW A 4 TO ESCAPE ALL COLOURS
BLUE STARTS HERE
MENTAL LAPSE MOVE INSIDE
RED STARTS HERE
ALL BLUE SIXES RE-START HERE
ER LUCINATIONS MOVE INSIDE
HIGH FREQUENCY SOUNDS PIERCE CONCENTRATION MOVE INSIDE
WWWHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

ALL ABOUT ASTRONAUTS



Everyone is eagerly awaiting the day when man will set foot on the Moon, and much of his success will be due to the earlier journeys into space made by other astronauts.

Do you know:

1. Who designed and launched the first liquid fuel rocket?

2. Which astronauts have the nicknames Pete, Buzz, Gus, and the Taciturns?

3. What do the following initials stand for: L.E.M. E.V.A. N.A.S.A.

4. Can you answer the following questions about the first man-made space flight?

- (a) Name the Russian who made the flight?
- (b) What is the name of his space ship?
- (c) On what date was the space ship launched?
- (d) How long was it in orbit?
- (e) What height did it reach?

5. Who was the first woman astronaut?

6. Who, and on what date, was the first man to walk in space?

7. Can you name the four astronauts who rendezvoused in space on 15 December 1965, in space capsules Gemini 6 and Gemini 7?

8. What did Grissom and Young nickname their Gemini 3?

9. Can you name the three astronauts who died during the countdown at Cape Kennedy in January 1967?

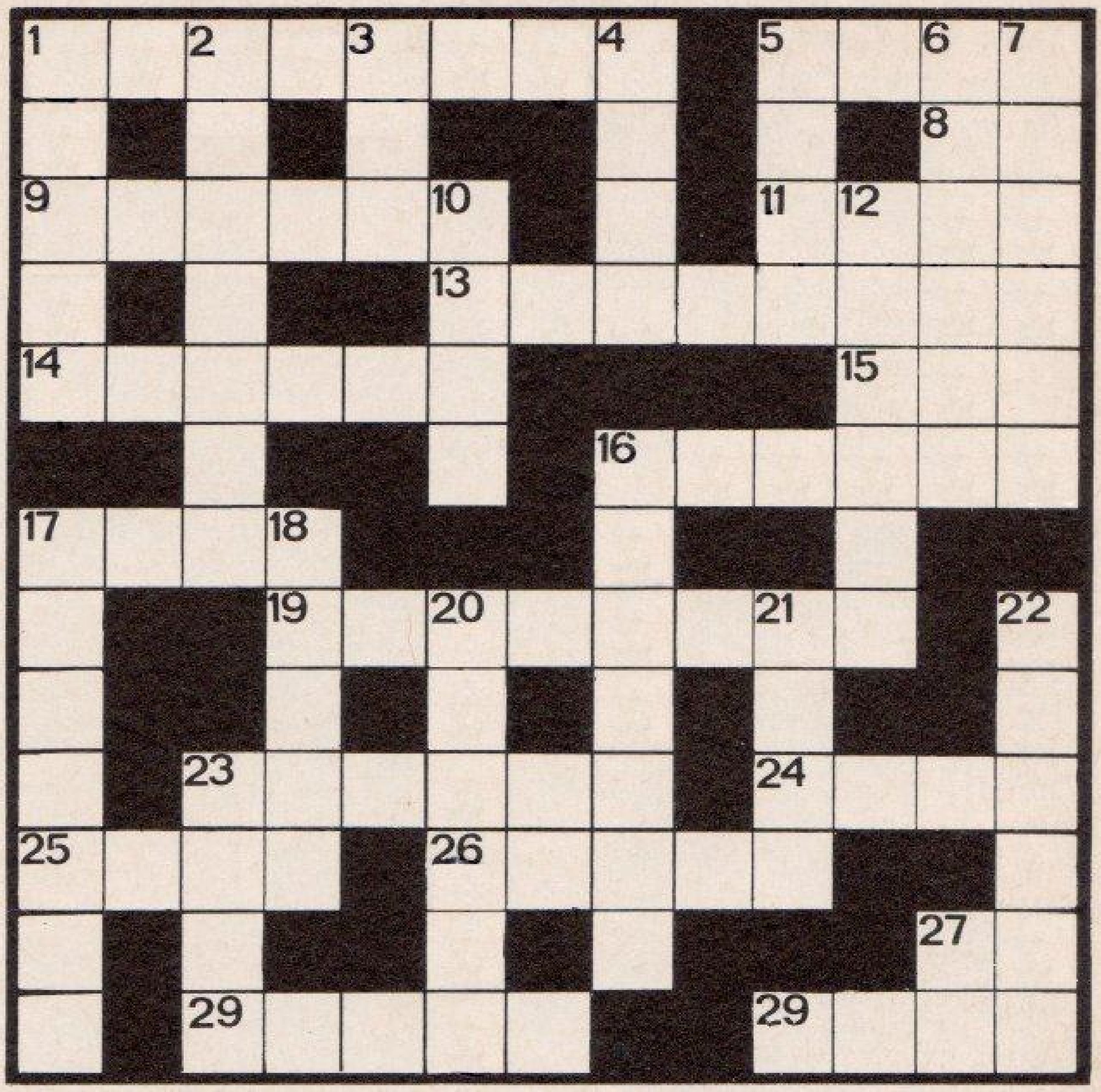
10. What was the 'Little Rascal'?

ANSWERS:

1. Robert Goddard. 2. Charles Conrad; Edwin Aldin; Virgil Grissom; John Young and Michael Collins. 3. Lunar Excursion Module; Extra Vehicular Activity; National Aeronautics and Space Administration. 4 (a) Yuri Gagarin; (b) Vostok 1; (c) 12 April 1961; (d) 1 hour 48 minutes; (e) 205½ miles.

5. Valentina (Walja) Tereshkowa. 6. Russian Alexei Leonov on 18 March 1965. 7. Frank Borman, James Lovell, Walter Schirra, Thomas Stafford. 8. Molly Brown. 9. Gus Grissom, Edward White, Roger Chaffee. 10. A space beacon weighing over 77 lbs. with flashing white lights.

DR. WHO'S CROSSWORD



Dr. Who likes to relax with a crossword. Here is one he devised for Jamie and Zoe.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Gigantic reptile from prehistoric times.
5. Linen material for dressing wounds.
8. Introduction to an alternative.
9. Experienced.
11. A new star.
13. Shocking adjective.
14. Ordinary perpendicular, almost a boy's name.
15. The best card.
16. Under a flying cup.
17. Impudent bladder.
19. Made on arrival.
23. Red donkey fuel.
24. Expression to make one reel backwards.
25. Watery snooker.
26. Sleeping fantasy and ideal.
27. Moving before wards.
28. Enlivened by adding to risk.
29. Poetry set to music.

CLUES DOWN

1. Devilish spirit.
2. Sometimes super but unaffected.
3. Knight's title.
4. Ascend for more pay.
5. 40 days abstinence.
6. Learner.
7. The trail of these bullets can be followed.
10. Elongated fish, often with electrifying natures.
12. Mouthpiece.
16. No one can finish without one.
17. Seize, struggle with.
18. According to the law.
20. Dr. Who's time-travelling police box.
21. Before the storm.
22. Thick cord.
23. Toothed instrument for adjusting hair.
27. As 27 across.

ANSWERS

ACROSS

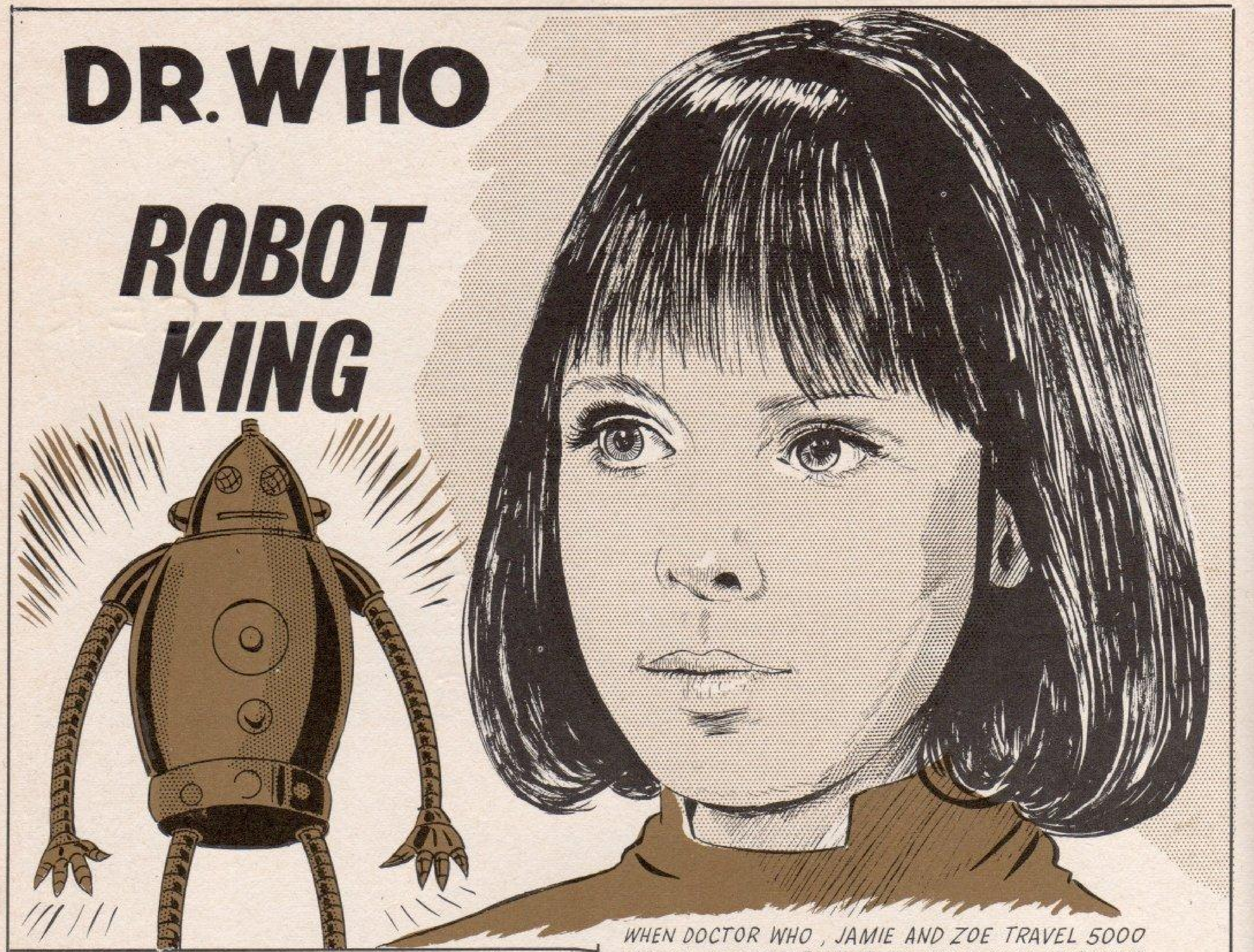
1 Dinosaur. 5 Lint. 8 Or. 9 Mature. 11 Nova. 13 Electric. 14 Normal. 15 Ace. 16 Saucer. 17 Gall. 19 Entrance. 23 Carrot. 24 Leer. 25 Pool. 26 Dream. 27 On. 28 Brisk. 29 Song.

DOWN

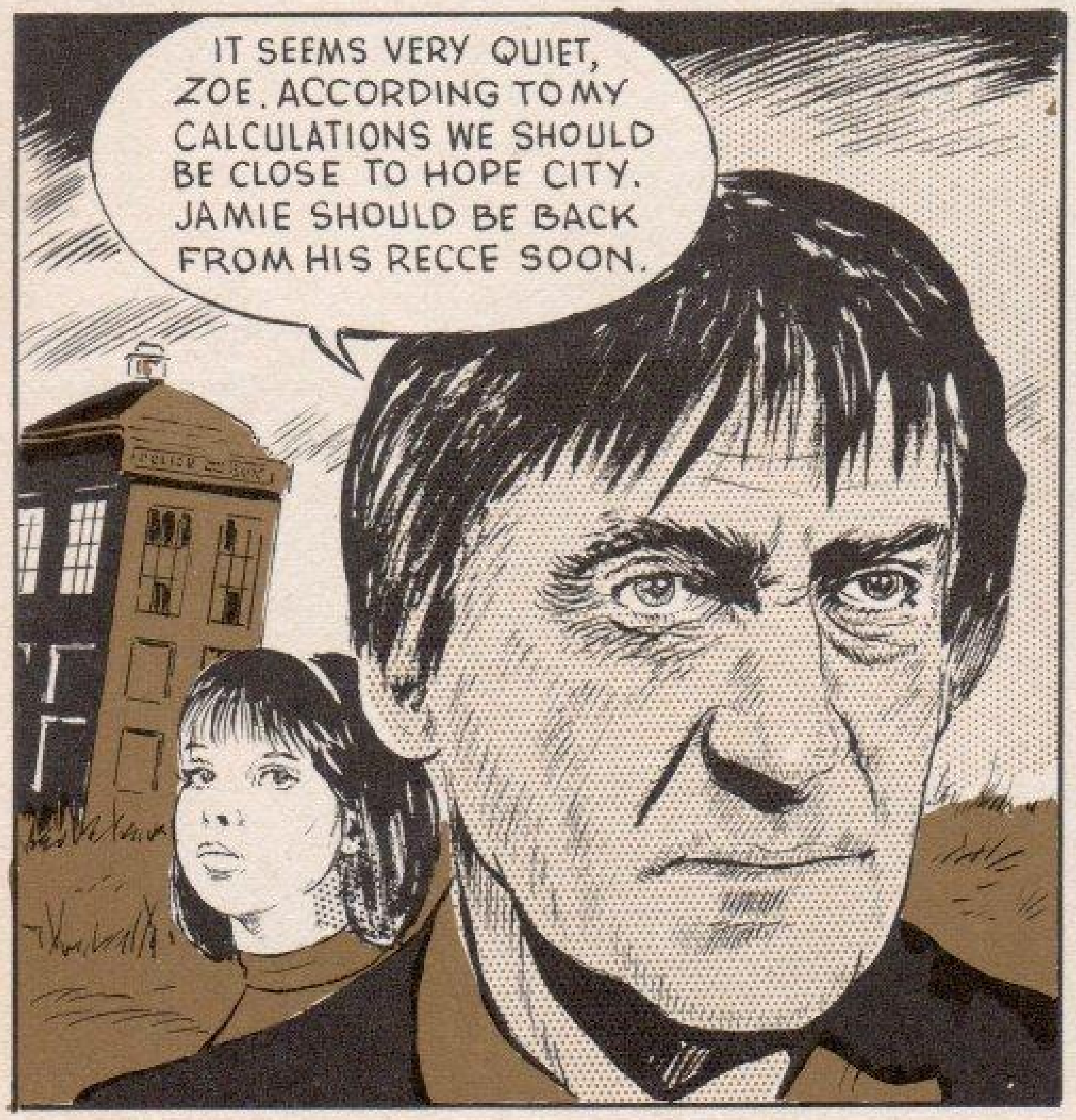
1 Demon. 2 Natural. 3 Sir. 4 Rise. 5 Lent. 6 Novice. 7 Tracer. 10 Eels. 12 Oracle. 16 Starter. 17 Grapple. 18 Legal. 20 Tardis. 21 Calm. 22 String. 23 Comb. 27 On.

DR. WHO

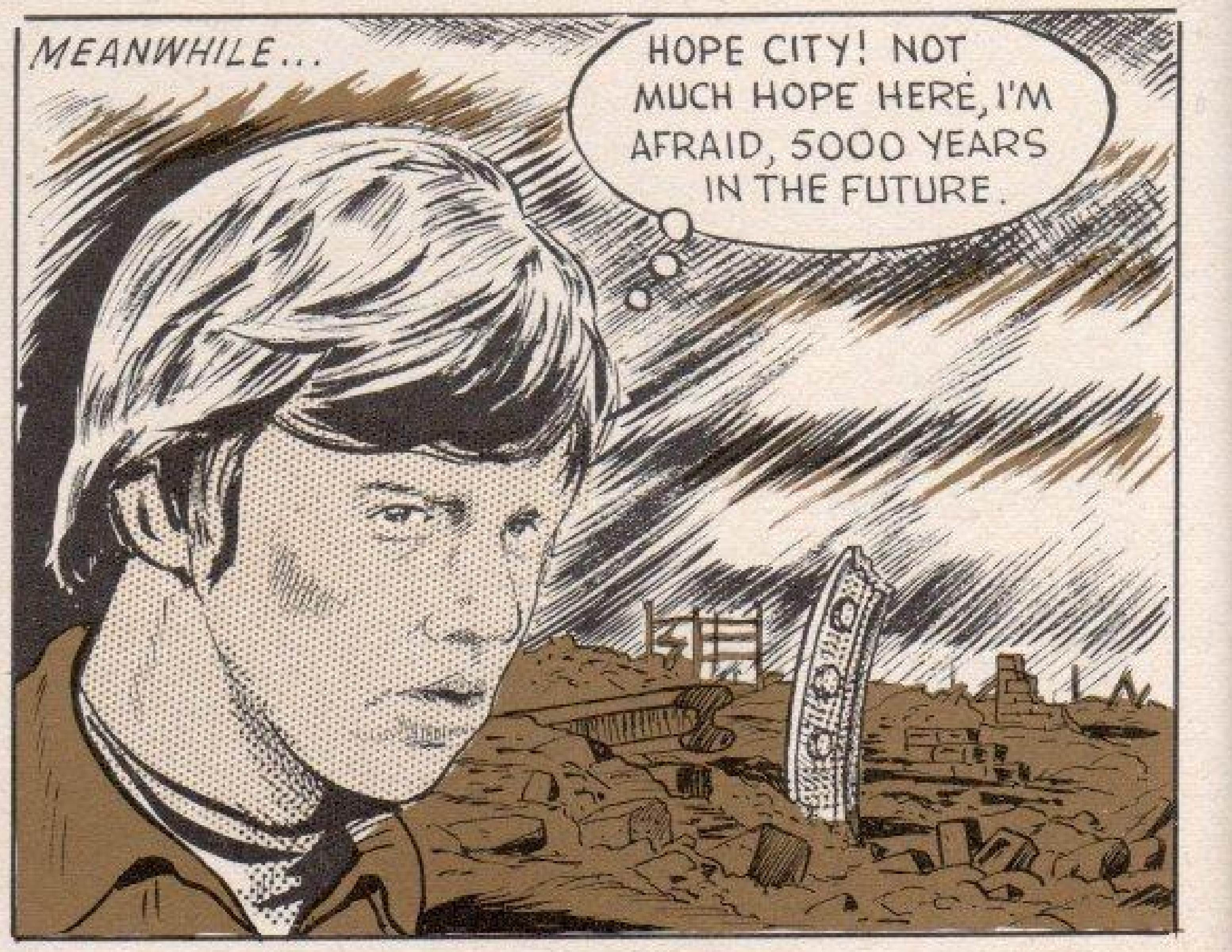
ROBOT KING

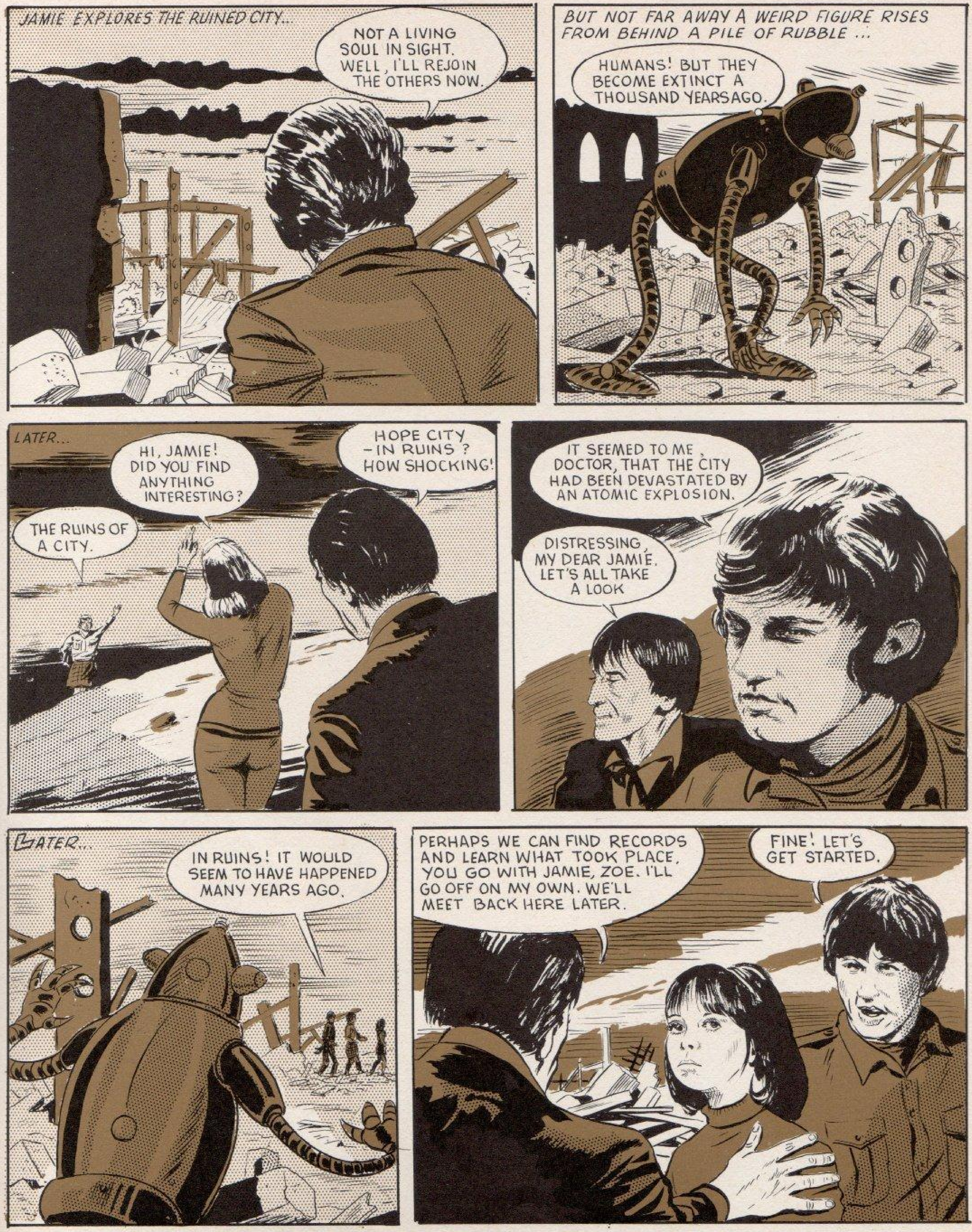


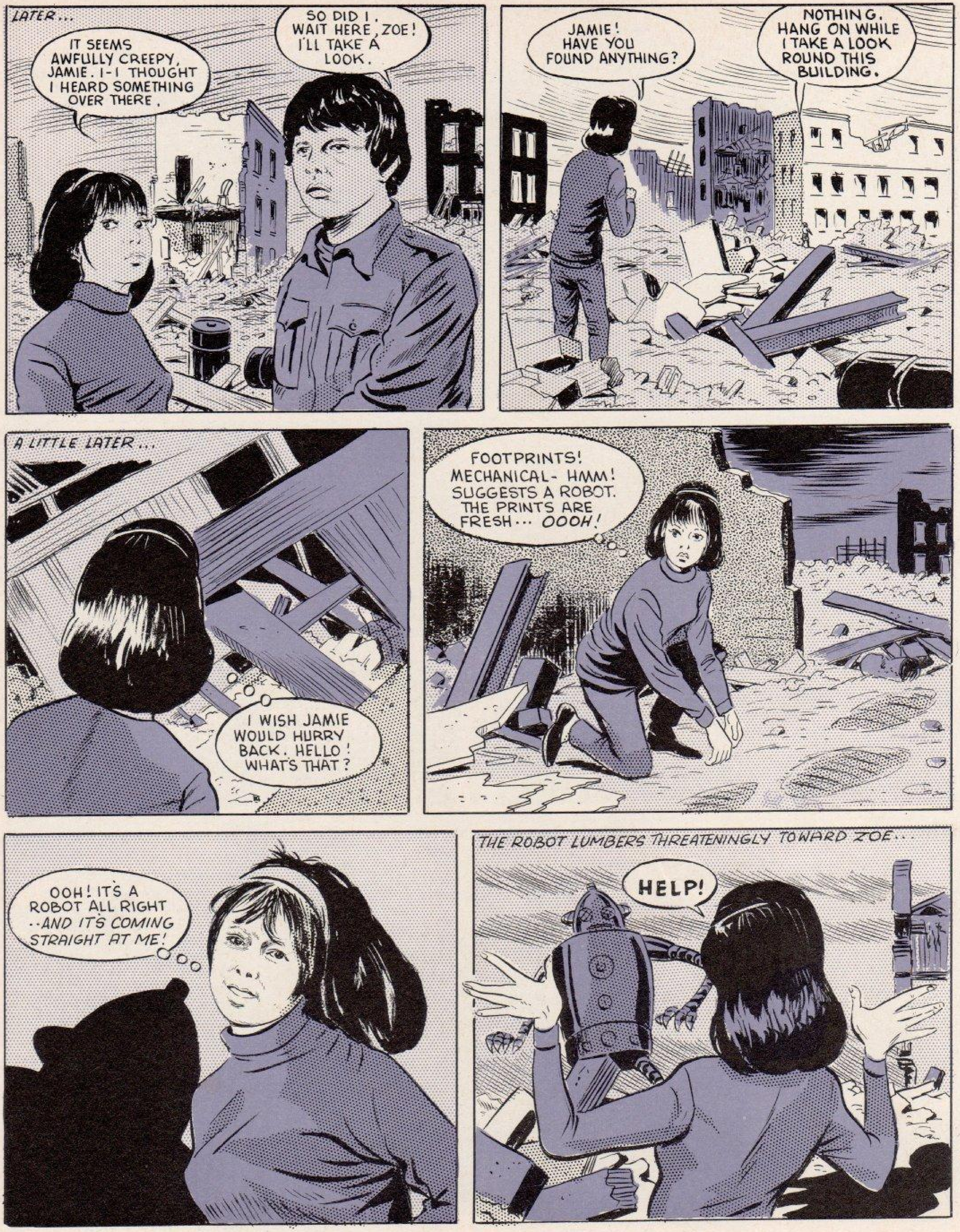
WHEN DOCTOR WHO, JAMIE AND ZOE TRAVEL 5000 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE TO HOPE CITY, THEY FIND THE METROPOLIS DEVASTATED AND DESERTED–THAT IS DESERTED EXCEPT FOR ITS SINISTER GUARDIAN...

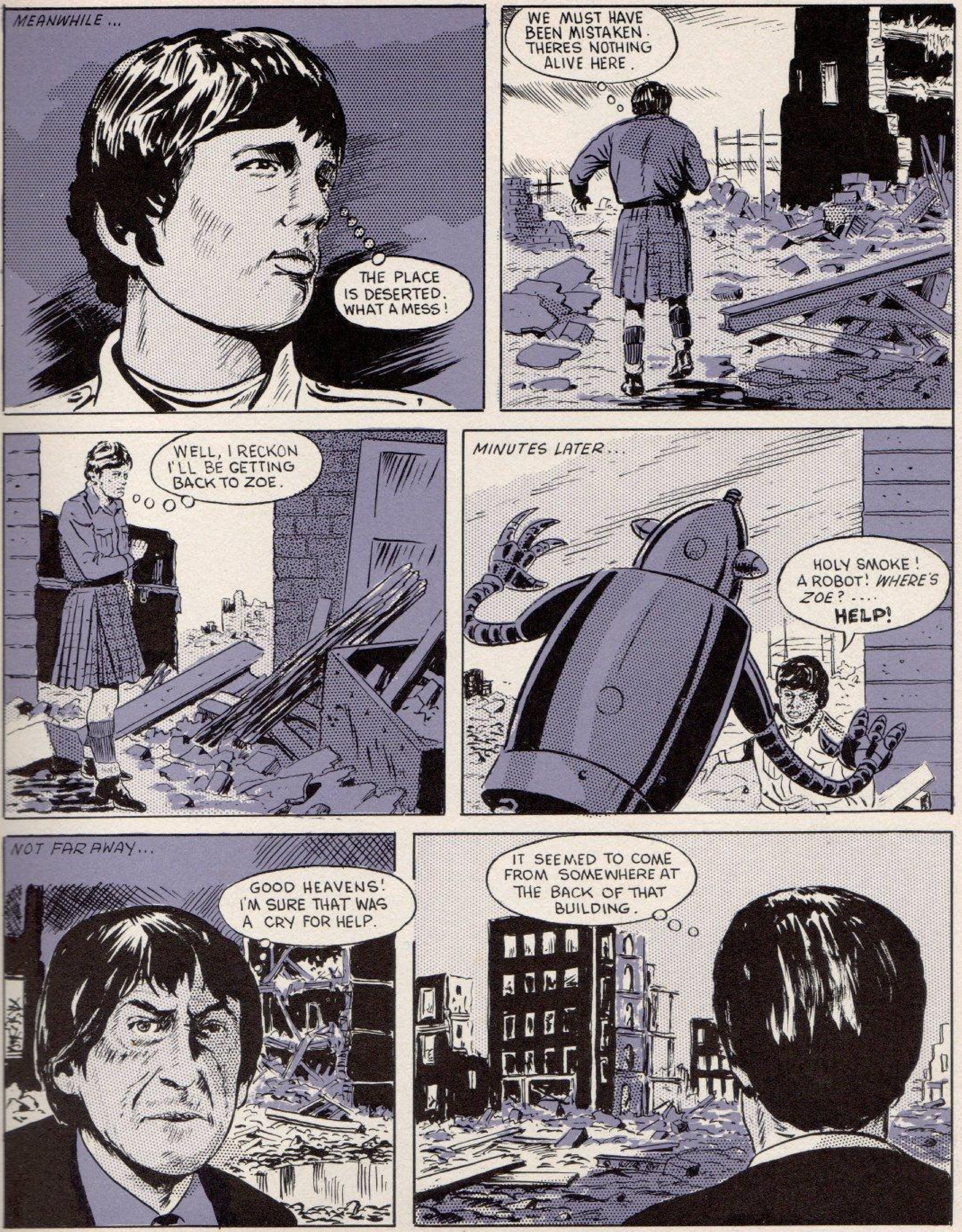

IT SEEMS VERY QUIET, ZOE. ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS WE SHOULD BE CLOSE TO HOPE CITY. JAMIE SHOULD BE BACK FROM HIS RECCE SOON.

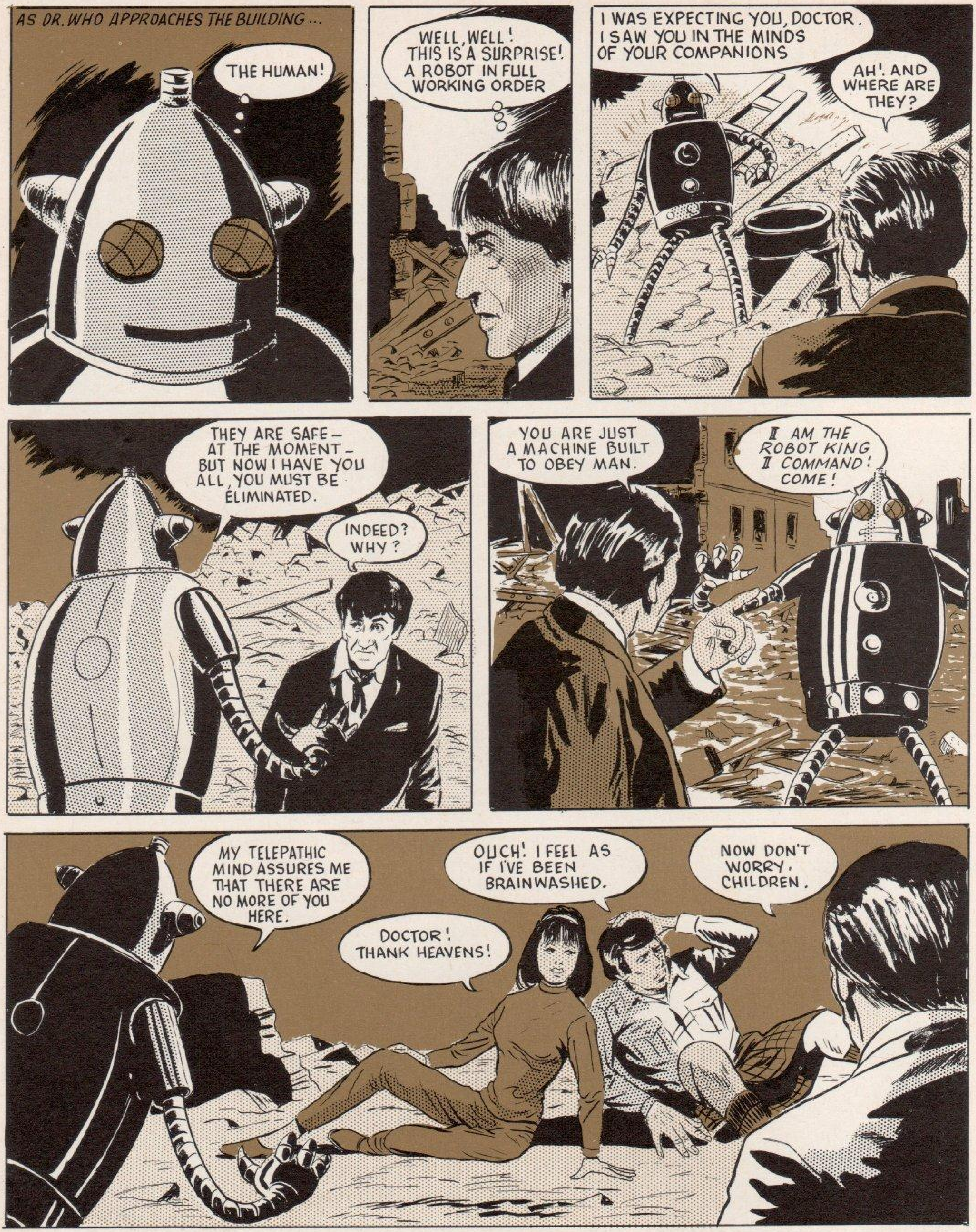
MEANWHILE...

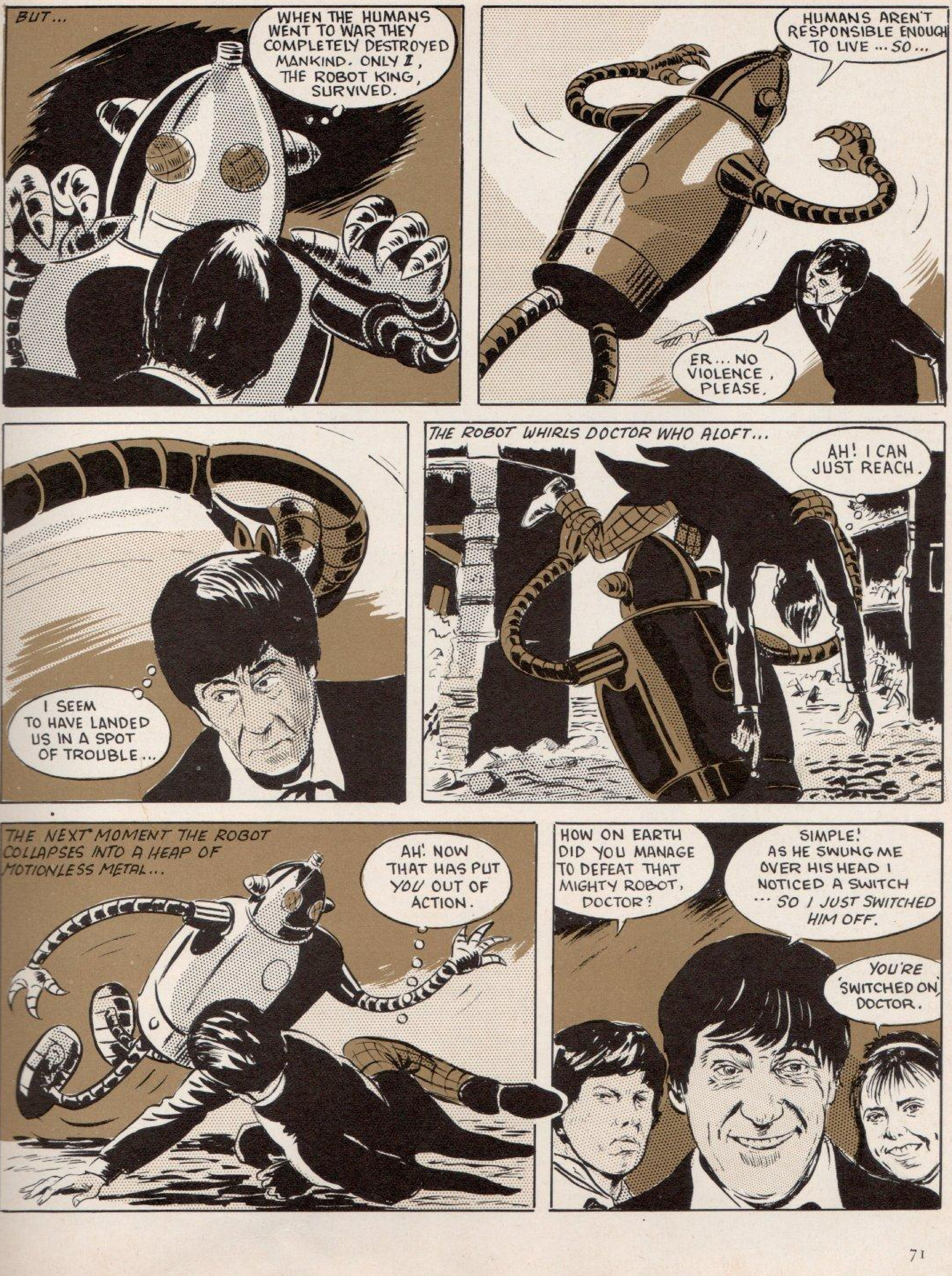

HOPE CITY! NOT MUCH HOPE HERE, I'M AFRAID, 5000 YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

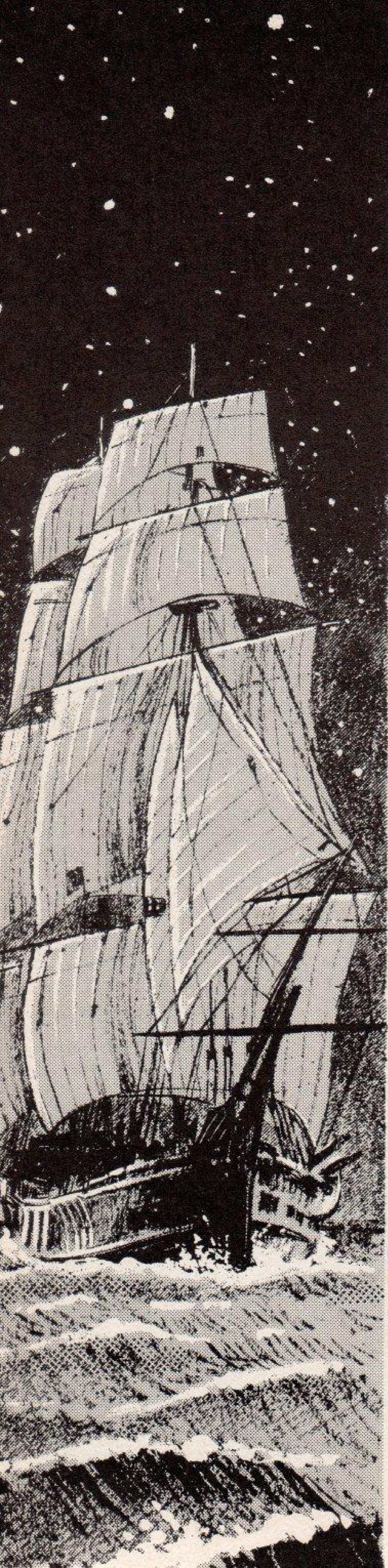

JAMIE EXPLORES THE RUINED CITY...
NOT A LIVING SOUL IN SIGHT. WELL, I'LL REJOIN THE OTHERS NOW.
BUT NOT FAR AWAY A WEIRD FIGURE RISES FROM BEHIND A PILE OF RUBBLE ...
HUMANS! BUT THEY BECOME EXTINCT A THOUSAND YEARSAGO.
LATER...
HI, JAMIE! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING?
HOPE CITY - IN RUINS? HOW SHOCKING!
THE RUINS OF A CITY.
IT SEEMED TO ME, DOCTOR, THAT THE CITY HAD BEEN DEVASTATED BY AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION.
DISTRESSING, MY DEAR JAMIE. LET'S ALL TAKE A LOOK
LATER...
IN RUINS! IT WOULD SEEM TO HAVE HAPPENED MANY YEARS AGO.
PERHAPS WE CAN FIND RECORDS AND LEARN WHAT TOOK PLACE. YOU GO WITH JAMIE, ZOE. I'LL GO OFF ON MY OWN. WE'LL MEET BACK HERE LATER.
FINE! LET'S GET STARTED.

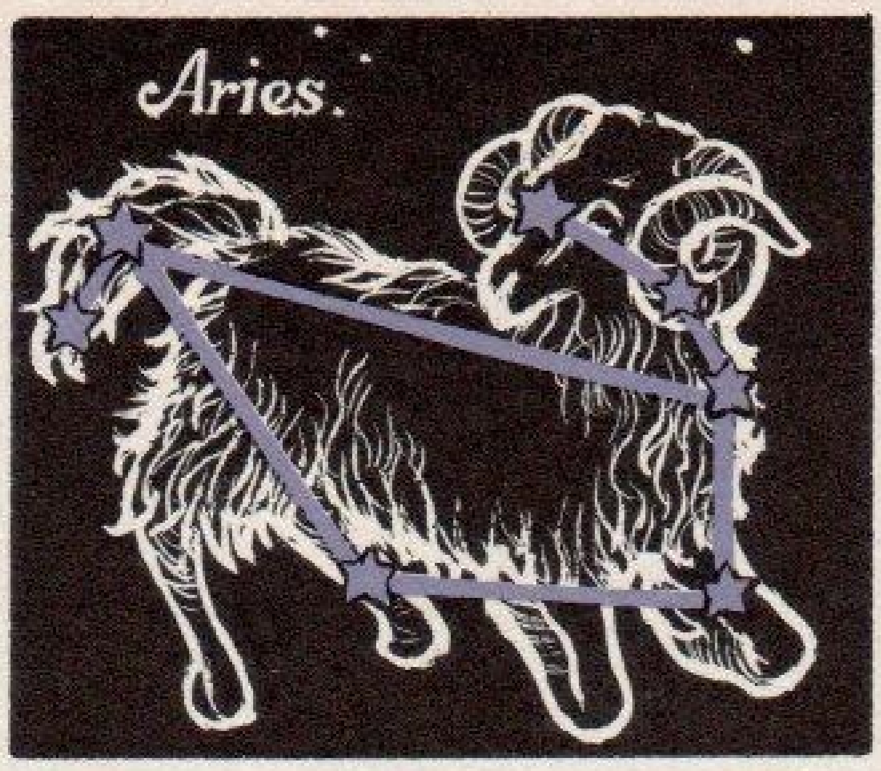

LATER...
IT SEEMS AWFULLY CREEPY, JAMIE. I-I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING OVER THERE.
SO DID I. WAIT HERE, ZOE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK.
JAMIE! HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING?
NOTHING. HANG ON WHILE I TAKE A LOOK ROUND THIS BUILDING.
A LITTLE LATER...
I WISH JAMIE WOULD HURRY BACK. HELLO! WHAT'S THAT?
FOOTPRINTS! MECHANICAL- HMM! SUGGESTS A ROBOT. THE PRINTS ARE FRESH... OOOH!
OOH! IT'S A ROBOT ALL RIGHT ..AND IT'S COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!
THE ROBOT LUMBERS THREATENINGLY TOWARD ZOE...
HELP!

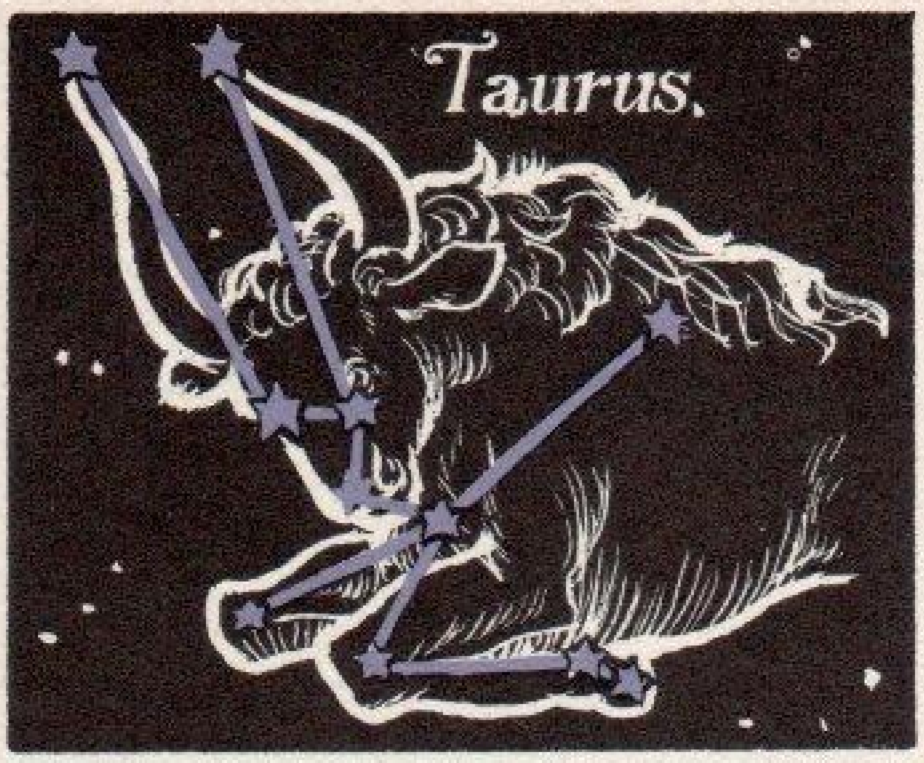

MEANWHILE ...
THE PLACE IS DESERTED. WHAT A MESS!
WE MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN. THERES NOTHING ALIVE HERE.
WELL, I RECKON I'LL BE GETTING BACK TO ZOE.
MINUTES LATER ...
HOLY SMOKE! A ROBOT! *WHERE'S ZOE?* .... **HELP!**
NOT FAR AWAY...
GOOD HEAVENS! I'M SURE THAT WAS A CRY FOR HELP.
IT SEEMED TO COME FROM SOMEWHERE AT THE BACK OF THAT BUILDING.

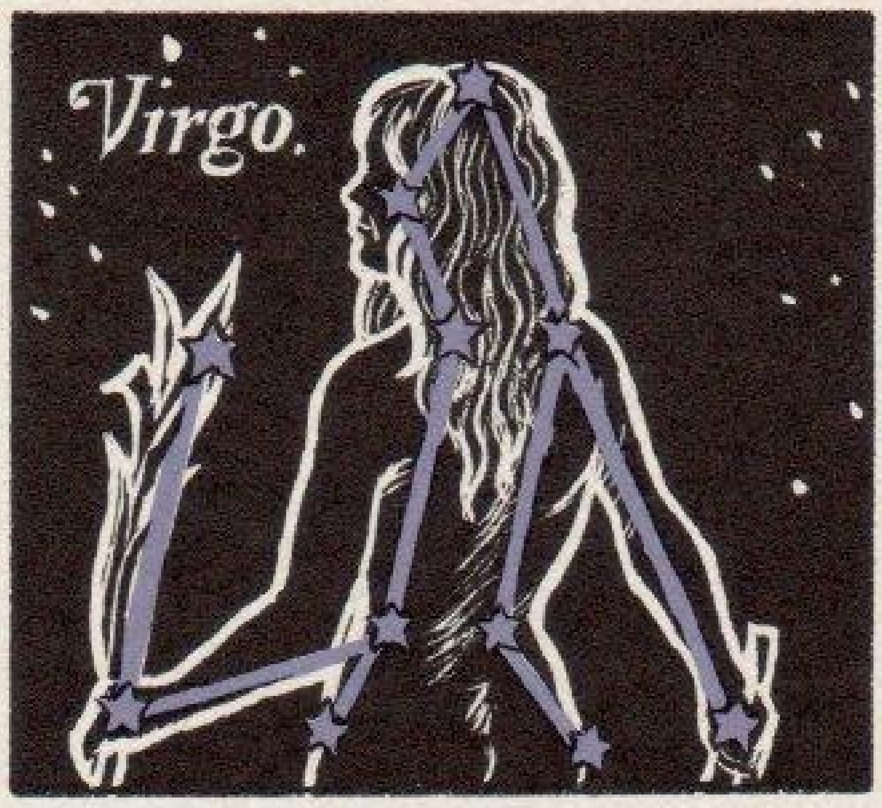

AS DR. WHO APPROACHES THE BUILDING ...
THE HUMAN!
WELL, WELL! THIS IS A SURPRISE! A ROBOT IN FULL WORKING ORDER
I WAS EXPECTING YOU, DOCTOR. I SAW YOU IN THE MINDS OF YOUR COMPANIONS
AH! AND WHERE ARE THEY?
THEY ARE SAFE — AT THE MOMENT — BUT NOW I HAVE YOU ALL, YOU MUST BE ELIMINATED.
INDEED? WHY?
YOU ARE JUST A MACHINE BUILT TO OBEY MAN.
I AM THE ROBOT KING I COMMAND! COME!
MY TELEPATHIC MIND ASSURES ME THAT THERE ARE NO MORE OF YOU HERE.
OUCH! I FEEL AS IF I'VE BEEN BRAINWASHED.
NOW DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN.
DOCTOR! THANK HEAVENS!

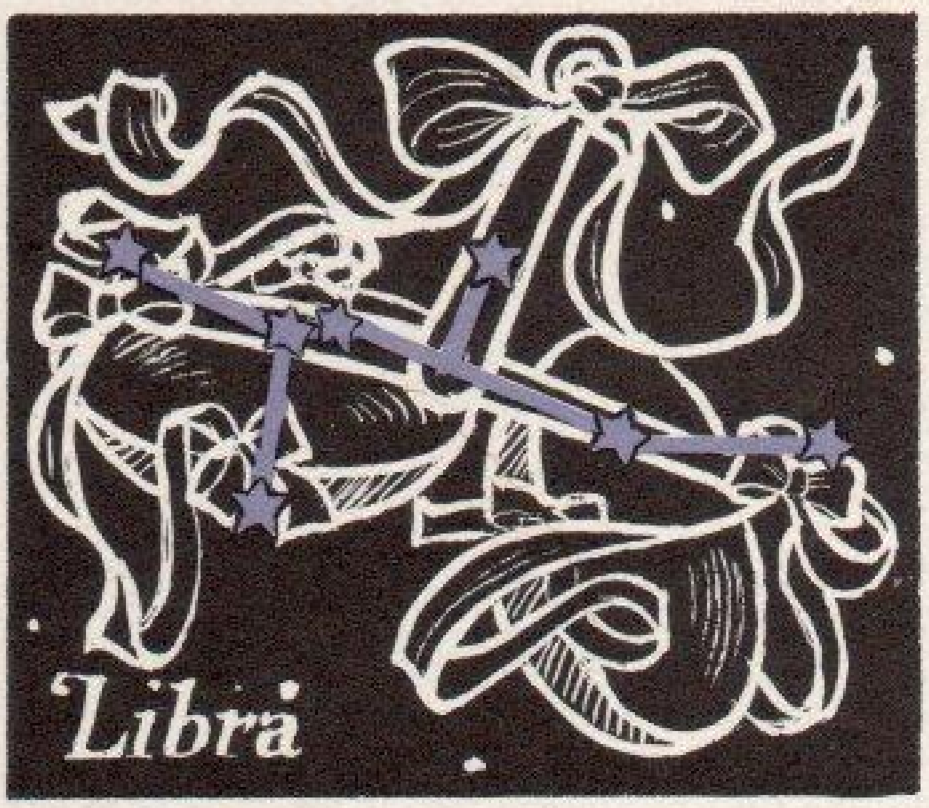

BUT...
WHEN THE HUMANS WENT TO WAR THEY COMPLETELY DESTROYED MANKIND. ONLY I, THE ROBOT KING, SURVIVED.
HUMANS AREN'T RESPONSIBLE ENOUGH TO LIVE ... SO...
ER... NO VIOLENCE, PLEASE.
I SEEM TO HAVE LANDED US IN A SPOT OF TROUBLE...
THE ROBOT WHIRLS DOCTOR WHO ALOFT...
AH! I CAN JUST REACH.
THE NEXT MOMENT THE ROBOT COLLAPSES INTO A HEAP OF MOTIONLESS METAL...
AH! NOW THAT HAS PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION.
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE TO DEFEAT THAT MIGHTY ROBOT, DOCTOR?
SIMPLE! AS HE SWUNG ME OVER HIS HEAD I NOTICED A SWITCH ... SO I JUST SWITCHED HIM OFF.
YOU'RE 'SWITCHED ON', DOCTOR.

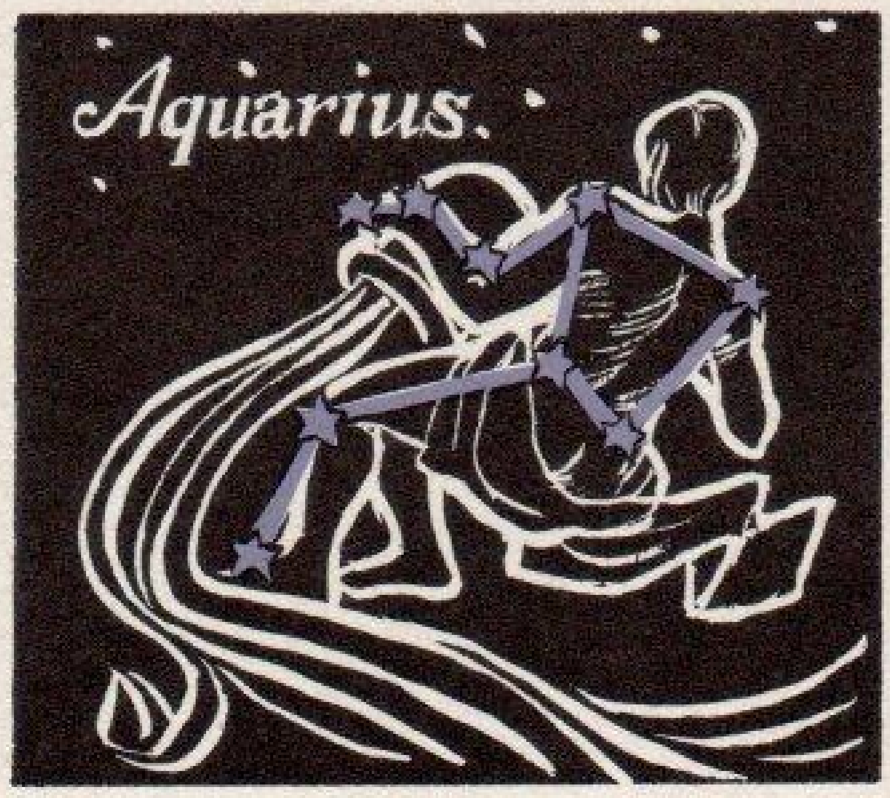


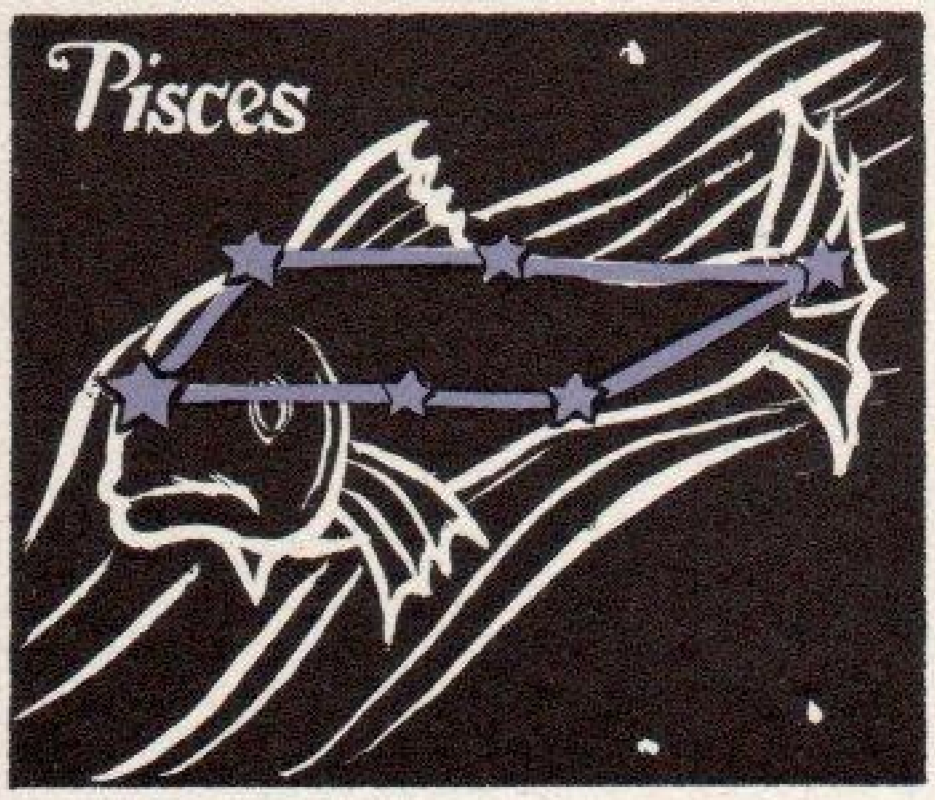








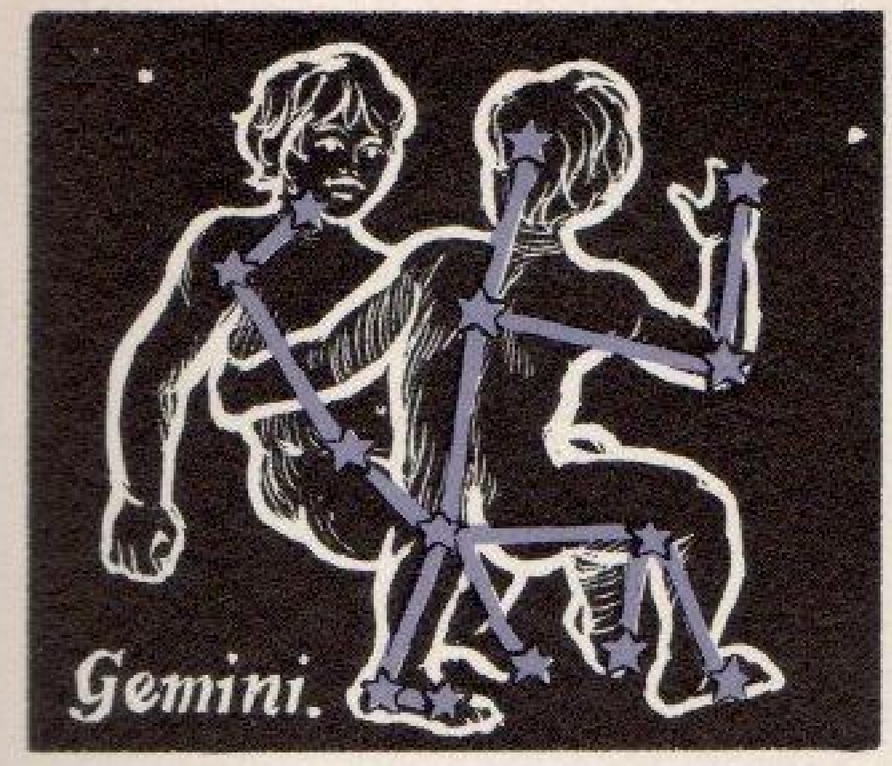


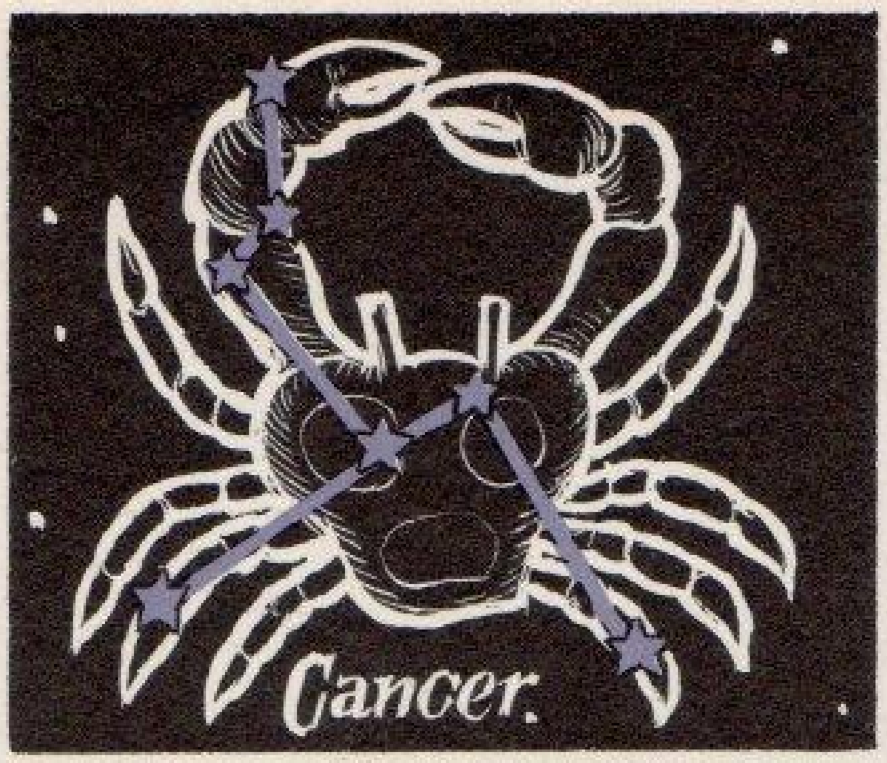


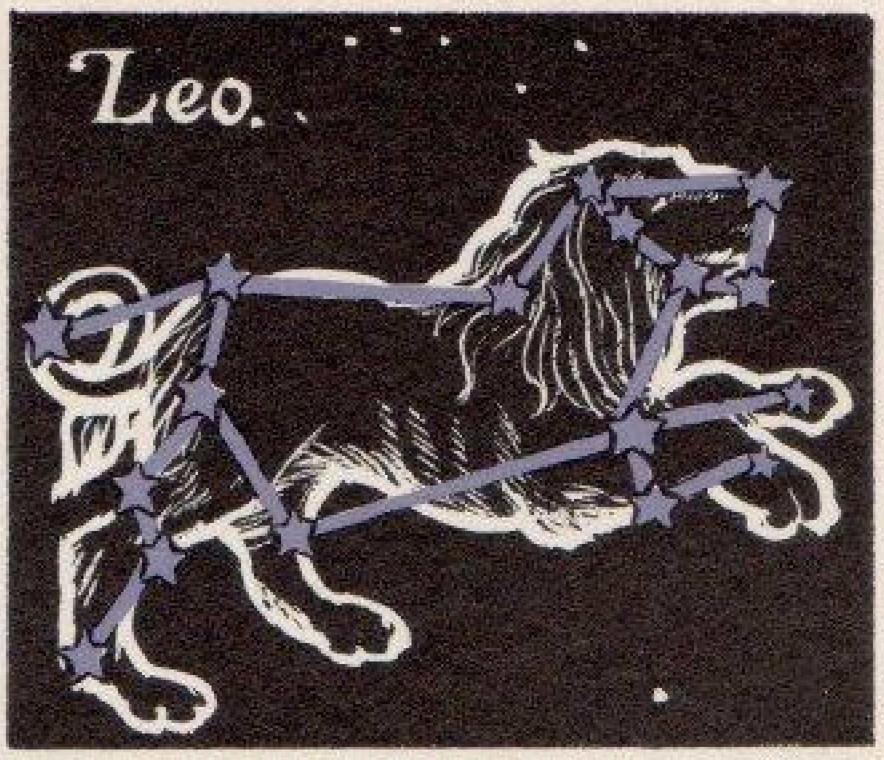
The Sailor's Guide

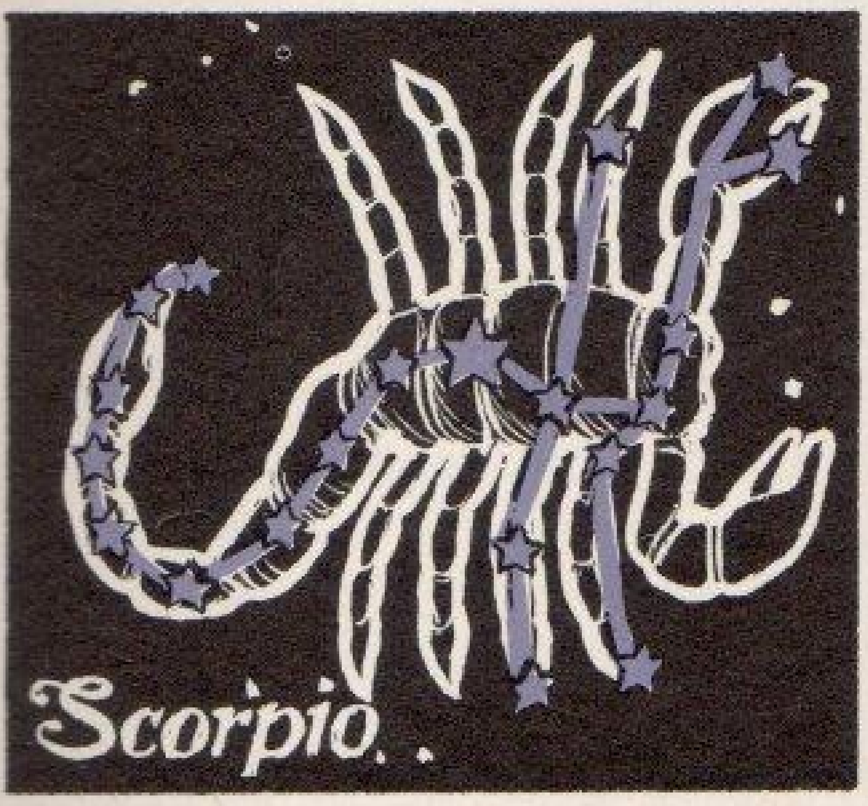
To the ordinary landlubber, the stars in the night sky are often taken for granted. Occasionally we may amuse ourselves by picking out some of the major star formations, but apart from this they hold no great interest for us. Yet to a sailor the ability to identify the stars may mean the difference between life and death.

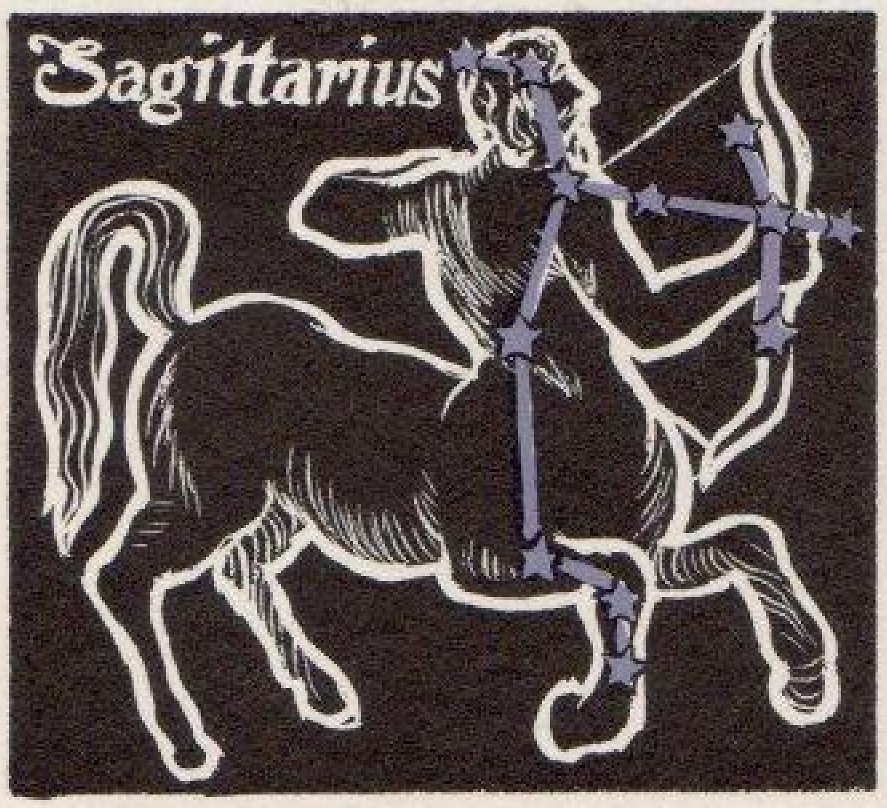
In the early days of sail the stars were the only means by which men

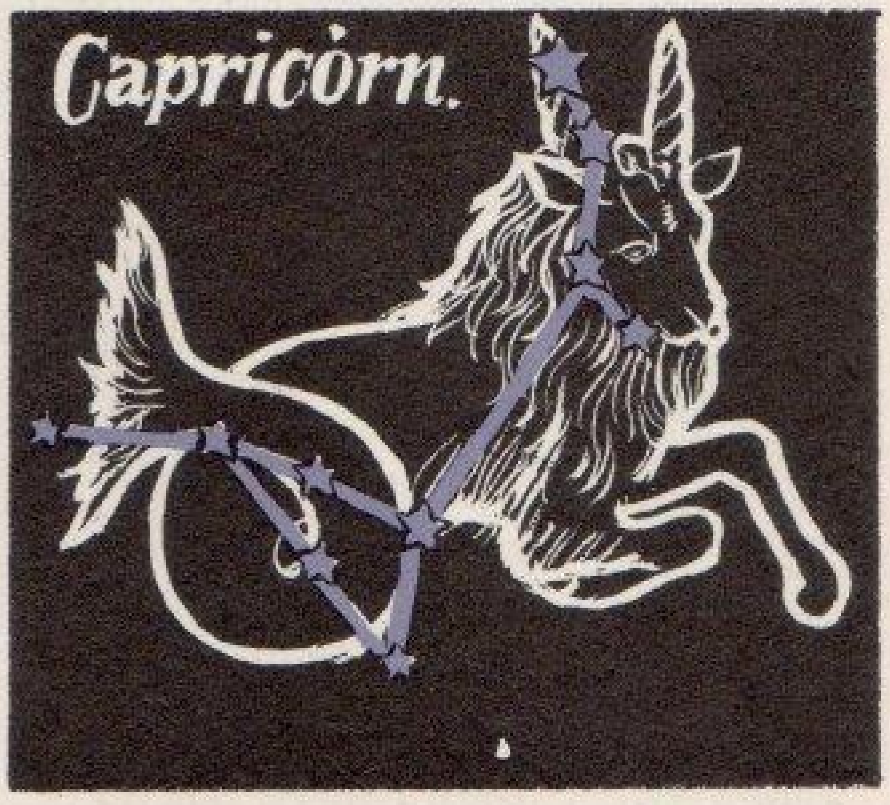


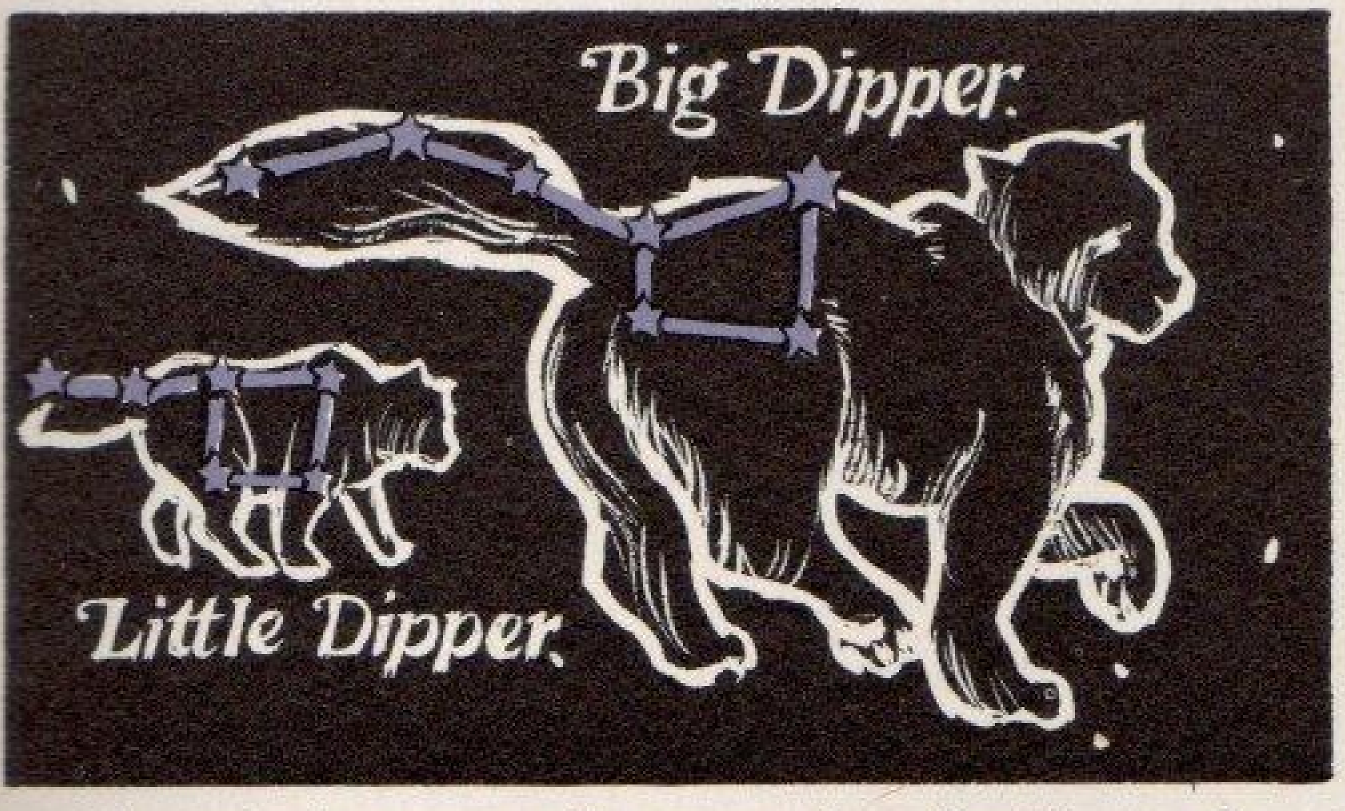


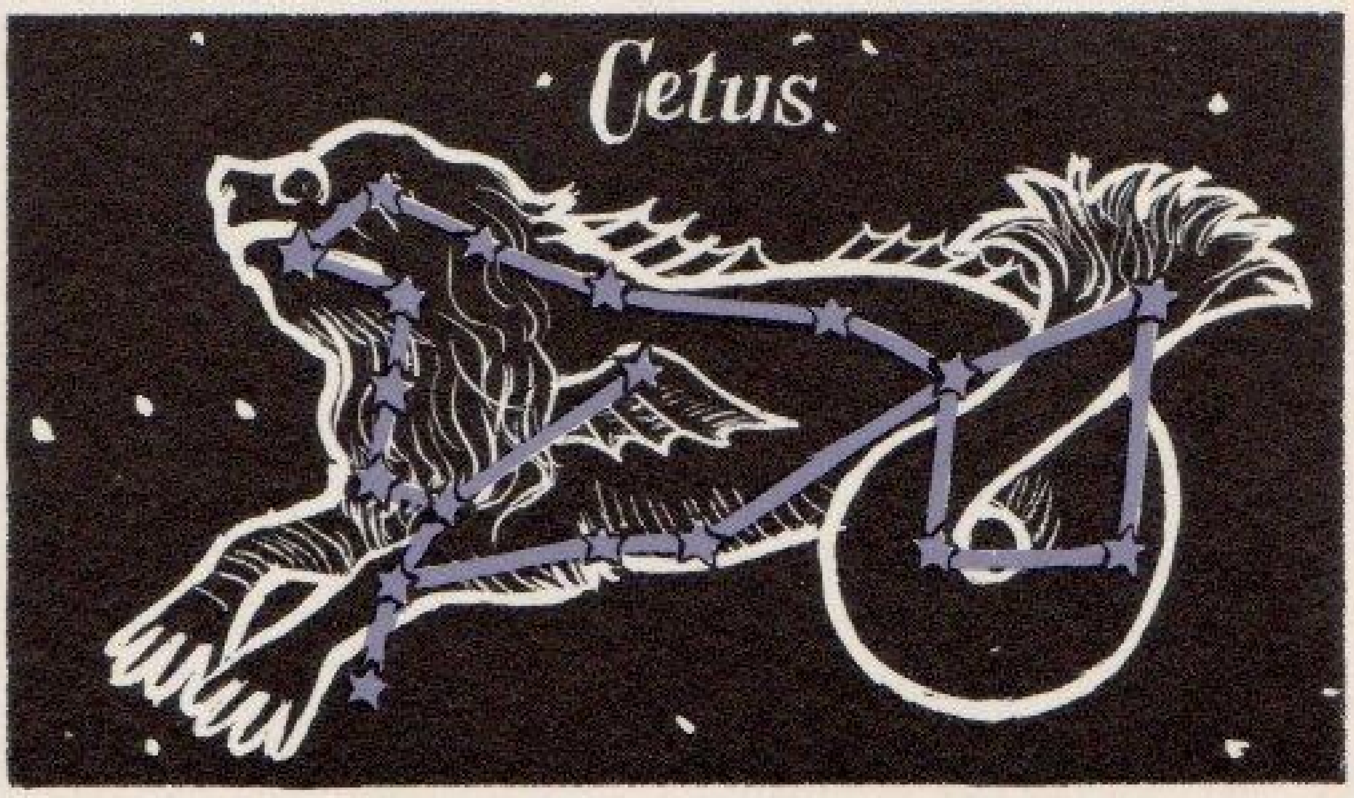









Big Dipper.
Little Dipper.



could navigate across the seas. In effect, sailors pointed the ship at a star they knew, and lying in the correct general direction, and simply hoped for the best. But later with the invention of the astrolabe, a device for determining the angle of stars above the horizon, a more scientific form of navigation came into being and the great star formations could be used to steer a ship precisely.

The learned men of ancient civilisations thought that patterns of stars resembled definite shapes and figures, and they explained them by means of legends. They also divided the heavens into twelve segments, called signs of the Zodiac, the zodiac being the imaginary belt in which the Moon and planets travel. Each segment was given a name. The complete list of signs is: Aquarius, Capricornus, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Libra, Virgo, Leo, Cancer, Gemini, Taurus, Aries and Pisces. Let us examine some of these signs more closely.

The constellation of Gemini, the twins, lies in the northern sector of the sky and is supposed to represent Castor and Pollux, famed twins of Greek mythology. Comprised of seventeen stars in all, it has few bright stars and is hardly recognisable as twins embracing each other.

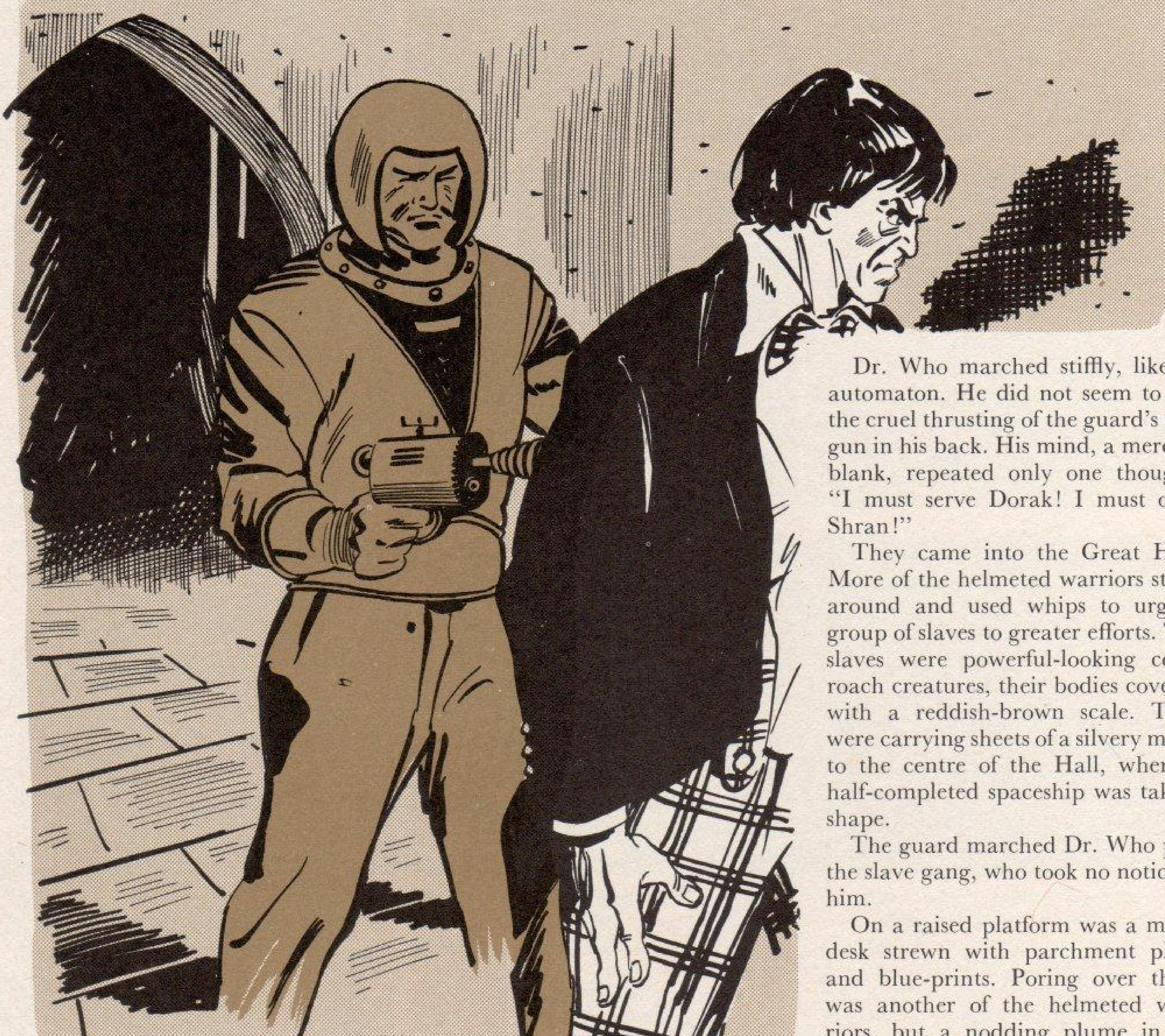
The sign of Leo, the lion, is in the east, and is made up of sixteen stars. This is one of the oldest known constellations and was described as a lion in the most ancient zodiac. It has bright stars and as it stands somewhat on its own it is easily recognisable.

Sagittarius is visible in both the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. Representing an archer, it has fourteen stars, none of which are brilliant. But some of its groups are interesting in that they change periodically in brightness. Part of this constellation lies in the hazy band of stars called the Milky Way.

Other groups of stars not included in the zodiac are also easily discovered on a clear night. Examples of these are the Big and Little Dipper in the Northern Hemisphere, which resemble long-handled drinking cups. The Little Dipper is fainter and smaller than its big brother but it has long been important as an indicator of north. Polaris, the North Star, is at the handle of the dipper.

Without those bright specks of light in the sky man would probably have found it difficult to travel across the oceans, spreading civilisation to all corners of the world.

'SLAVE OF SHRAN'



The tall warrior leaned over the figure sleeping on a rough pallet. He shook the man roughly by the shoulder. "Up, slave!" he growled.

Dr. Who opened his eyes and sat up. He stared blankly into the face of his guard. It was a dark face, haughty and cruel, framed by a metal helmet. The rest of the man's powerful body was clothed in loose metal-mesh clothing.

Dr. Who sprang to his feet and then bowed cringingly. "Master, I am ready to obey!" he repeated mechanically.

The guard pushed him roughly towards the archway and they emerged into a chill, cold-flagged passage.

"Dorak has a new task for you!" rasped the warrior. "To the Great Hall—march!"

Dr. Who marched stiffly, like an automaton. He did not seem to feel the cruel thrusting of the guard's ray-gun in his back. His mind, a merciful blank, repeated only one thought: "I must serve Dorak! I must obey Shran!"

They came into the Great Hall. More of the helmeted warriors stood around and used whips to urge a group of slaves to greater efforts. The slaves were powerful-looking cockroach creatures, their bodies covered with a reddish-brown scale. They were carrying sheets of a silvery metal to the centre of the Hall, where a half-completed spaceship was taking shape.

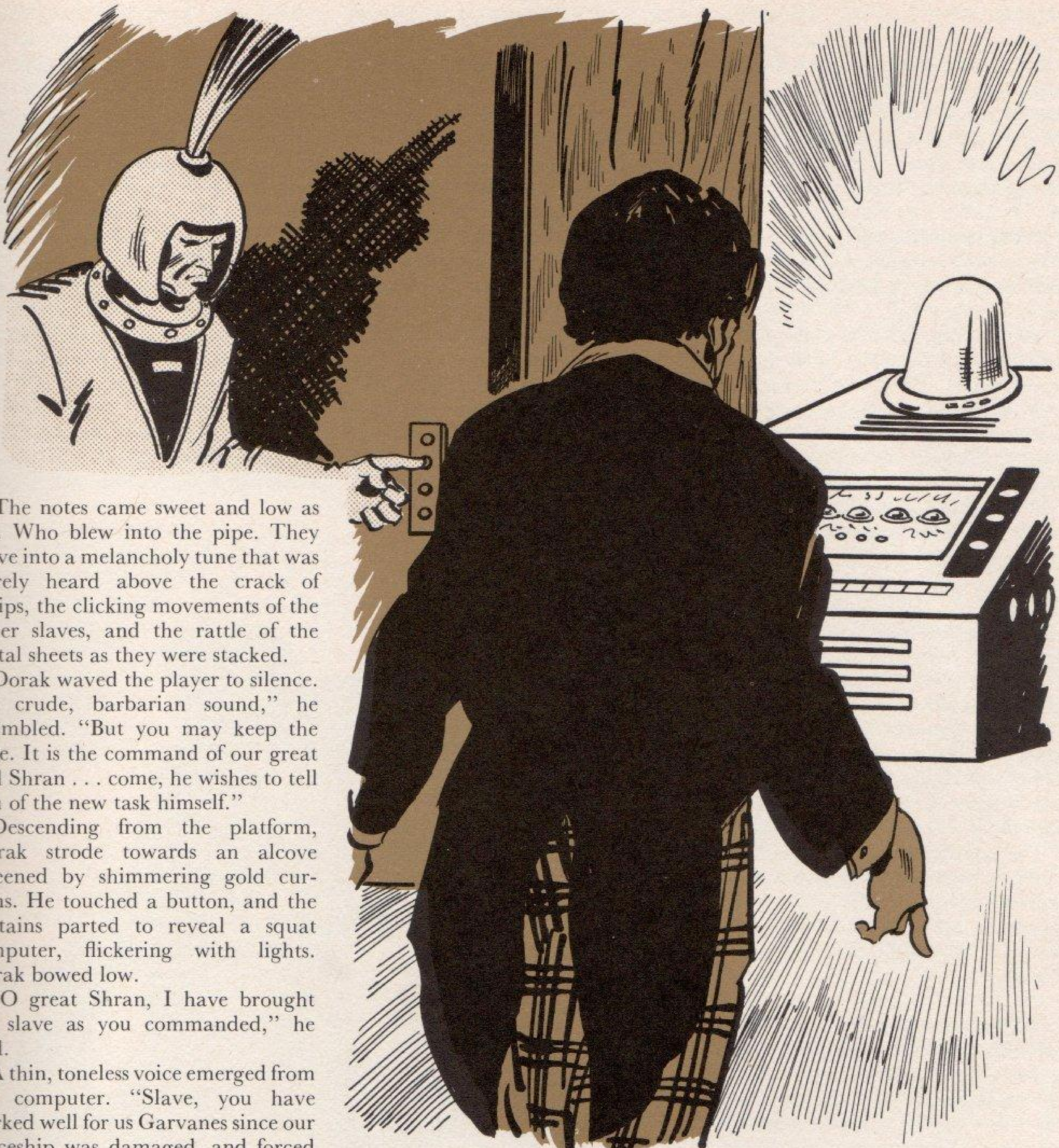
The guard marched Dr. Who past the slave gang, who took no notice of him.

On a raised platform was a metal desk strewn with parchment plans and blue-prints. Poring over them was another of the helmeted warriors, but a nodding plume in his helmet indicated someone of authority.

"Dorak, I have brought you the Strange Slave—he of the music stick!" rumbled the guard.

Dorak straightened up from his desk. A grim smile played around his thin lips as he regarded the cowering slave before him.

"Ah yes, the music stick!" he mused. From his broad metallic belt he drew Dr. Who's pipe, and handed it towards him. "Play!" he commanded.



The notes came sweet and low as Dr. Who blew into the pipe. They wove into a melancholy tune that was barely heard above the crack of whips, the clicking movements of the other slaves, and the rattle of the metal sheets as they were stacked.

Dorak waved the player to silence. "A crude, barbarian sound," he grumbled. "But you may keep the pipe. It is the command of our great god Shran . . . come, he wishes to tell you of the new task himself."

Descending from the platform, Dorak strode towards an alcove screened by shimmering gold curtains. He touched a button, and the curtains parted to reveal a squat computer, flickering with lights. Dorak bowed low.

"O great Shran, I have brought the slave as you commanded," he said.

A thin, toneless voice emerged from the computer. "Slave, you have worked well for us Garvanes since our spaceship was damaged, and forced to land and conquer this accursed planet. It was fortunate for us that one of our hunting parties discovered you wandering in the foothills. For, once you had been brought before me, and I had wiped your memory clean and made you the slave of Shran, your scientific brain—so superior to that of these oafish insects—has helped us to rebuilt our ship.

"Soon we shall be ready to leave. And your reward will be that you will come with us . . . but now Dorak will lead you to the dungeons below this castle. There you will prepare an atomic bomb that will blast this planet apart after we have gone. Do you understand?"

Dr. Who bowed low. "Yes, Master . . . I must obey Shran," he murmured.

Dorak drew him away and closed the gold curtains. "Follow me!" he commanded.

He led the way out of the Great Hall and into a courtyard. Here were signs of a battle—proof that the cockroach inhabitants of the planet had put up a brave resistance to the invaders. Their crudely built vehicles had been shattered. And in one corner of the yard an airship, tethered to its mast among other scorched and ruined airships, tugged fretfully at its moorings.

But Dr. Who saw none of this. His hypnotised mind knew nothing but the command of Shran. He followed Dorak into the dungeons. Here, a mass of complex scientific equipment had been amassed—the raw materials of the great bomb that was to blast the planet when the Garvanes had left.

Dorak motioned with his hand. "Work quickly!" he ordered. "Time is running short . . . there is a party of slaves to help you."

The Garvanese leader indicated a cowed and silent group of the cockroach people. The guard moved in their direction, waving his ray-gun.

But suddenly one of the creatures stuck out a jointed leg. The guard tripped and fell heavily. The gun flew from his hand, and was caught neatly in mid-air by the creature who had tripped him.

At once the gun was turned upon Dorak. There was a blinding flash, a puff of smoke—and Dorak was no more!

The guard had rolled to his feet and snatched another ray weapon from his belt. But the cockroach was quicker. The ray-gun spoke again. The guard whirled, writhing in agony, and the ray from his own weapon bathed Dr. Who in an eldritch glow.

The cockroach rushed forward as Dr. Who slumped to the ground. The creature bent over the unconscious figure. It held its antennae to the sides of his head, and began to vibrate . . .

In a few seconds Dr. Who opened his eyes. He stared up, puzzled, at his rescuer, now regarding him solemnly with its large shining black compound eye. "I—where—oh, where am I?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"I am Ekk, leader of the Shelgars, who inhabit this planet," clicked the cockroach. "You were captured by the Garvanes. You were hypnotised by Shran, their computer-god . . . so were all my people—those who survived the great battle. So was I, but my will-power saved me. I was only pretending to be a slave."

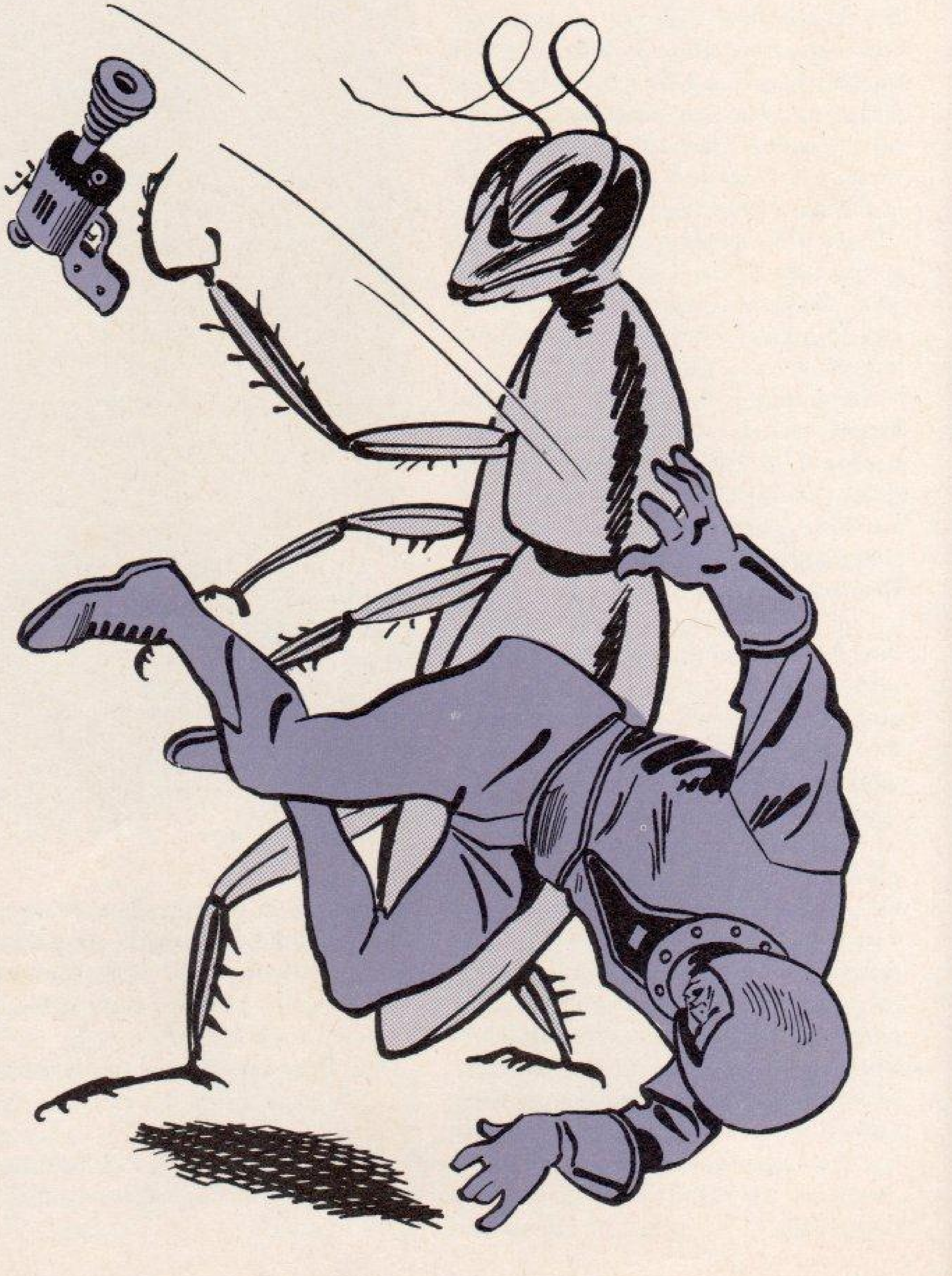
Dr. Who stood up slowly. "Ah, now I begin to remember," he said, as he caught sight of the charred body of the guard, with its gleaming helmet. "The *Tardis* landed in the nest of some great bird in the mountains. I went out to explore, leaving Zoe and Jamie asleep in the ship. But, before I could return, the bird had returned to the nest. It attacked me. I was forced to flee . . . and that's when these men with helmets seized me . . . but how long ago was that?" he wondered, staring around him.

Ekk made a counting motion with his jointed arms. "Our three moons have risen and set eight times since they brought you here to work," he rasped. "Now they have almost rebuilt their ship. You were to go with them when they left here. But first you were to make a giant atom bomb down here, and it was to blast our planet apart when you had gone."

Dr. Who stared at the mass of equipment. There was horror and disgust in his voice as he said: "A bomb? Thank heaven I was not responsible for putting together a dreadful thing like that. If that shock from the ray-gun had not jolted me back to my senses——" He left his grim thoughts unspoken.

Ekk touched him on the shoulder. "Perhaps they will try and make it by themselves," he clicked. "Can you prevent them?"

Dr. Who moved forward to check the equipment. A look of grim satisfaction spread over his face: "I can do better than that!" he said. "I will wire up some of the components so that if the Garvanes attempt to make the bomb, they will be blown to bits!"



Dr. Who worked quickly. At last he stepped back, satisfied. "There—you need fear no atom blast now, Ekk," he said. "But now I must try and escape, and return to my young friends in my ship. They will be frantic with worry."

The cockroach leader clicked in agreement. "I will help you. If we can reach the airship in the courtyard, I will fly you to the mountains. Then I will return and try to free my people from the hypnotic power of that computer god."

Ekk led the way out of the dungeons. Suddenly an idea came to the time-space scientist. "Wait!" he whispered. "If a shock could jolt me from my trance, perhaps it will do the same for your people . . . Let me see the ray-gun you took from the guard."

Ekk handed the gun to him. Dr. Who examined it, then nodded and made a careful adjustment to its bulging magazine.

"Now, Ekk, go back and use the gun on that slave party. It will not harm them—merely shock them back to their senses. Then give the gun to one of them, and he can use it as he goes about his tasks, pretending still to be enslaved. In that way all your people can be secretly freed, to await the signal to arise and fight the Garvanes."

Dr. Who was peering out across the courtyard when the grateful Shelgar leader joined him a few moments later.

"Your plan is working, Doctor!" he clicked. "We are in your debt for ever."

The scientist smiled and nodded. "Now to try and reach your airship," he whispered. "There are several Garvanes knocking about. I think we must try to bluff them. Let us each pick up a piece of equipment and walk as if we were still enslaved."

A moment later Ekk stepped into the courtyard, weighed down under a heavy piece of metal. He shuffled and staggered.

After him came Dr. Who, a heavy casing on his shoulder, stalking along with a stony stare.

They came within a few paces of the mast, and set down their burdens. Then throwing caution to the winds, man and cockroach began to haul at the mooring rope. A moment later they were tumbling into the cabin beneath the swelling bag.

A shout from one of the Garvanes signalled the alarm. "Stop them! They are trying to escape!"

A ray-gun sang, and the searing blast singed the Shelgar's protective shell as he leaned out of the basket to slash through the mooring rope.

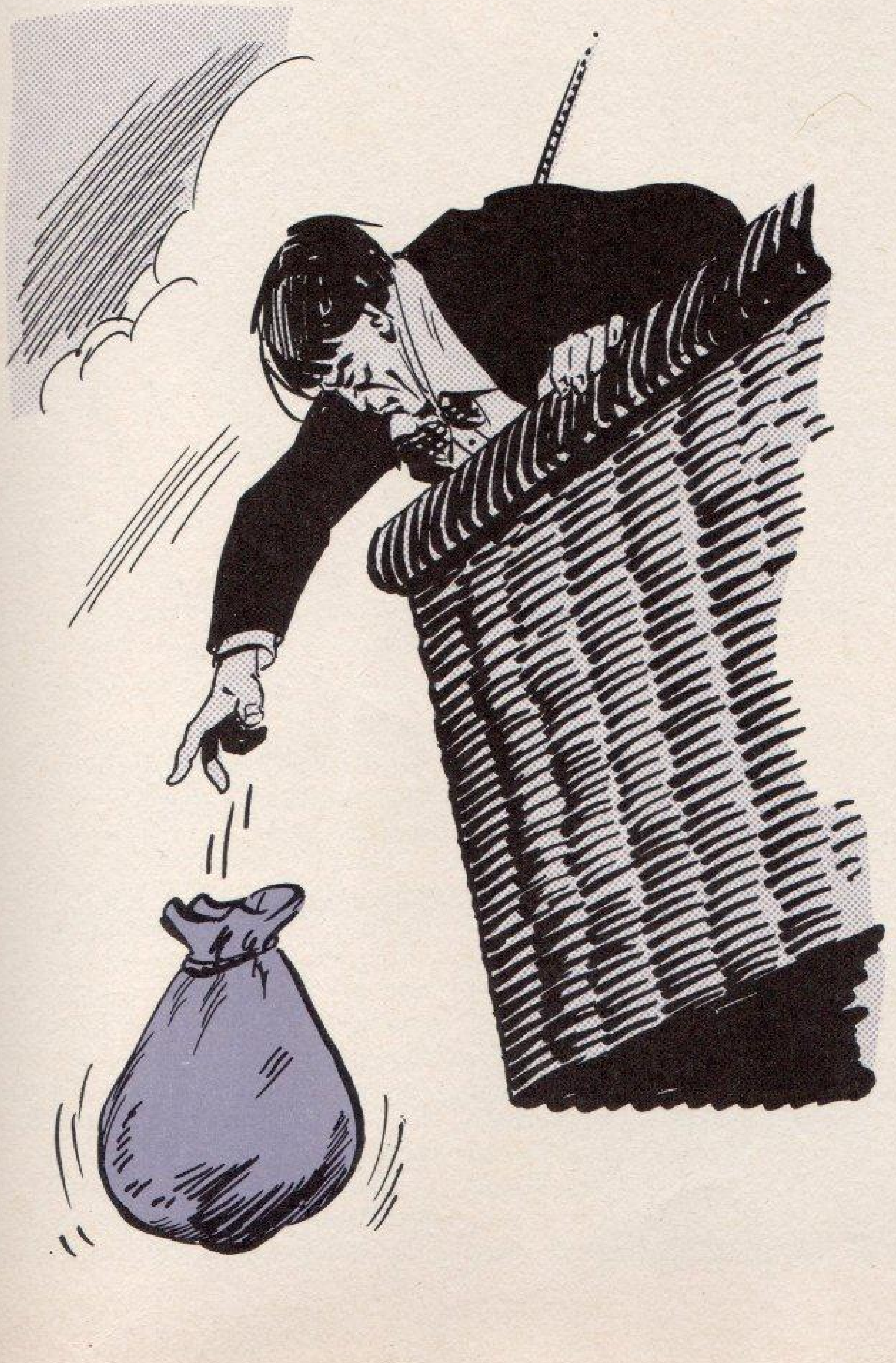
Up shot the balloon. Dr. Who flung two ballast bags over the side, and the airship was soon out of range of the ray-guns.

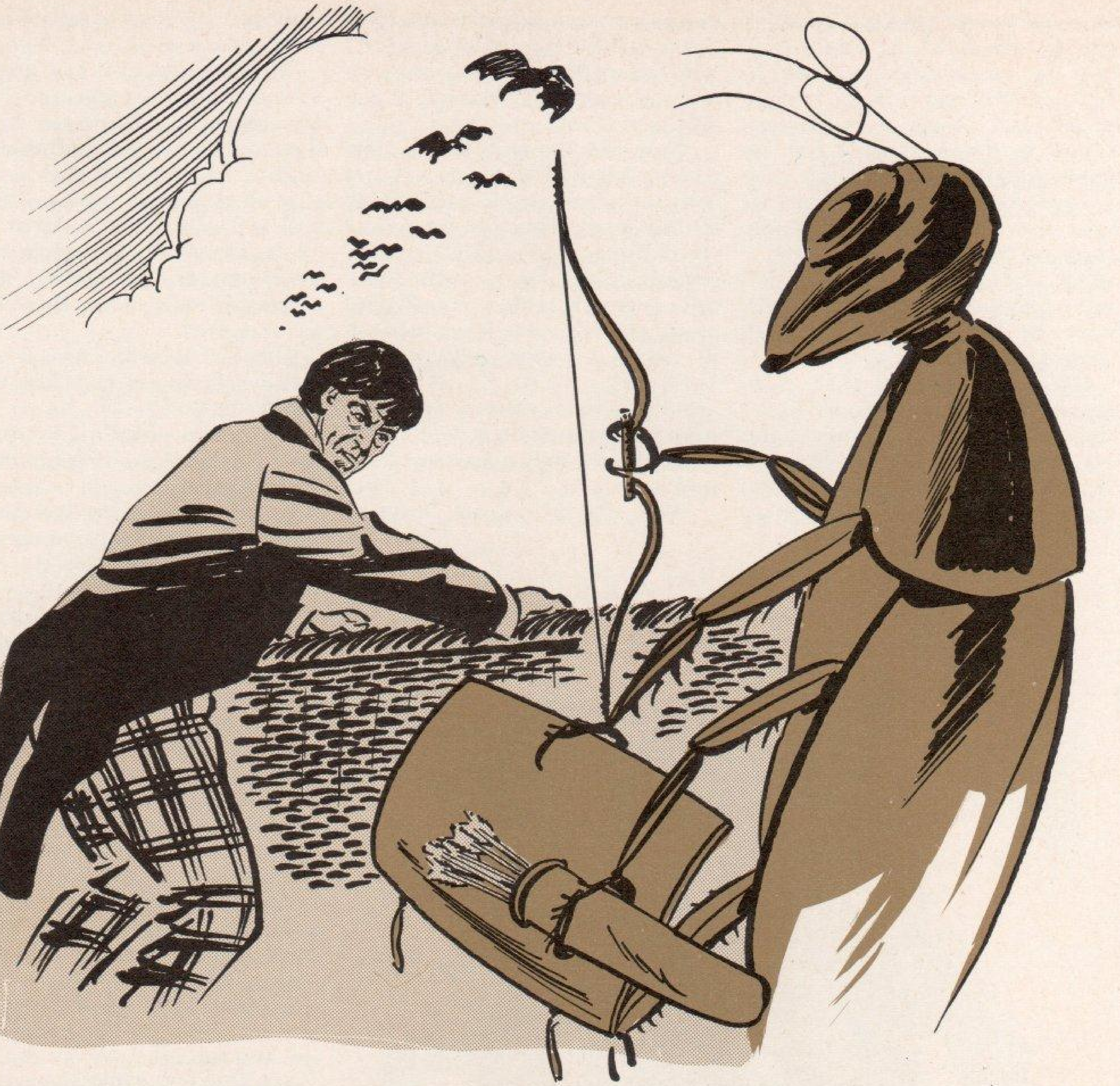
The twin propellers, square-bladed, turned, revving at once into blurred discs of light as Ekk gunned the controls.

The ship nosed forward. Dr. Who glanced down at the dark figures pouring into the courtyard and wondered what sort of rage the computer Shran would fly into. Then Ekk turned the ship on course and opened up the throttle, watching the governors spin narrower and narrower up their shafts.

Ekk rubbed his jointed legs together in an insect noise of pure relief. "We need every bit of speed to escape," he remarked. "The Garvanes are sure to chase us in their scout-ships."

The ship drove on, gaining height as it approached the needle-sharp mountains. Ekk was looking anxiously behind, peering through the big telescope in its beckets. His attention was taken by a cluster of dots on the horizon.





"They're after us!" he clicked. "Do you remember where your ship is located?"

Dr. Who frowned. He scanned the rocky heights. Then his face stiffened as a huge bird came soaring over the peaks.

"Ekk—look!" he cried. "It's the same sort of monster in whose nest my ship landed."

Ekk hurried to unload more ballast. The airship rose higher. "They're Dentarops! Our only chance is to rise above them. They can't go high because of their thick, leathery skins and wings."

As they soared upwards, Ekk flung open the lid of a storage locker beside the telescope. "They will attack!" he warned. "We must arm ourselves . . . can you use a bow and arrow?"

He handed one to Dr. Who.

"I can try," said the scientist.

Ekk handed him a toughened hide breastplate and shield. Dr. Who laced it on, and wished grimly for a backplate to go with it. He picked up the bow, and slung a quiver over his back, the feathered arrows protruding up over his right shoulder. He gripped the plaited wicker of the cabin edge and tried not to think too much of the giant expanse of the bag above him, ballooning and vulnerable.

Ekk handled his bow with practised ease. But now the danger was tenfold, for the Dentarop they had spotted was only the first of a flock that now came winging ponderously over the peaks.

The first one came straight for the cabin. Ekk put a shaft clean through its neck.

Dr. Who hauled at his bowstring and let fly. He saw a close-up of extended, tooth-studded jaws. Then the beast slewed away, an arrow through its leathery wing. Its whip-like barbed tail lashed within an inch of the scientist's face.

Ekk was clicking hoarsely, and loosing arrows with astonishing speed. The leathery birds were in too close a formation to avoid casualty. Two more fell away, spouting dark blood and shrieking a death cry. But one of the birds wing-slipped in. Its great jaws slashed at the balloon.

"Look out!" yelled Dr. Who.

He had snatched up a spear from the locker. With all his strength he drove the point clean through the malevolent eye that glinted only a few feet away.

The bird vanished in a tumble of leathery wings. But at the same moment came an ominous hiss from the gas balloon, and Dr. Who felt his stomach turn over as the basket began to plummet down.

Ekk began to hurl out ballast bags. The sickening fall eased off. But they were still drifting steadily towards the mountainside.

"You saved our lives, Doctor," said the Shelgar. "The balloon might have been ripped to pieces."

The both grasped their weapons and turned to face a new attack. But none came. They leaned out of the basket and peered upwards.

Dr. Who gave a cry of satisfaction: "The Garvanes have arrived! *They* are being attacked by the birds now!"

It was an awesome sight, that battle between the proud space warriors in their scout ships and the primeval winged monsters. A stricken ship fluttered down past the airship, its occupant trying frantically to scramble out.

But Dr. Who and his companion had their own problems now. The sharp-edged rocks were coming up to meet them with alarming speed.

"Hold tight to the safety-straps!" clicked the cockroach leader.

There was a sickening bump, a bone-shaking scrape as the basket was carried over the rocks . . . and then the balloon collapsed with a hiss of escaping gas.

Shakily, Dr. Who rose to his feet and climbed out.

Ekk held out a feeler to help him. The large black shiny head nodded with relief. "You are unhurt? Good! And we are not far from the nests," he clicked.

They began to climb. Now they could see the great untidy nests of twisted branches jutting over the edges of broad rock platforms.

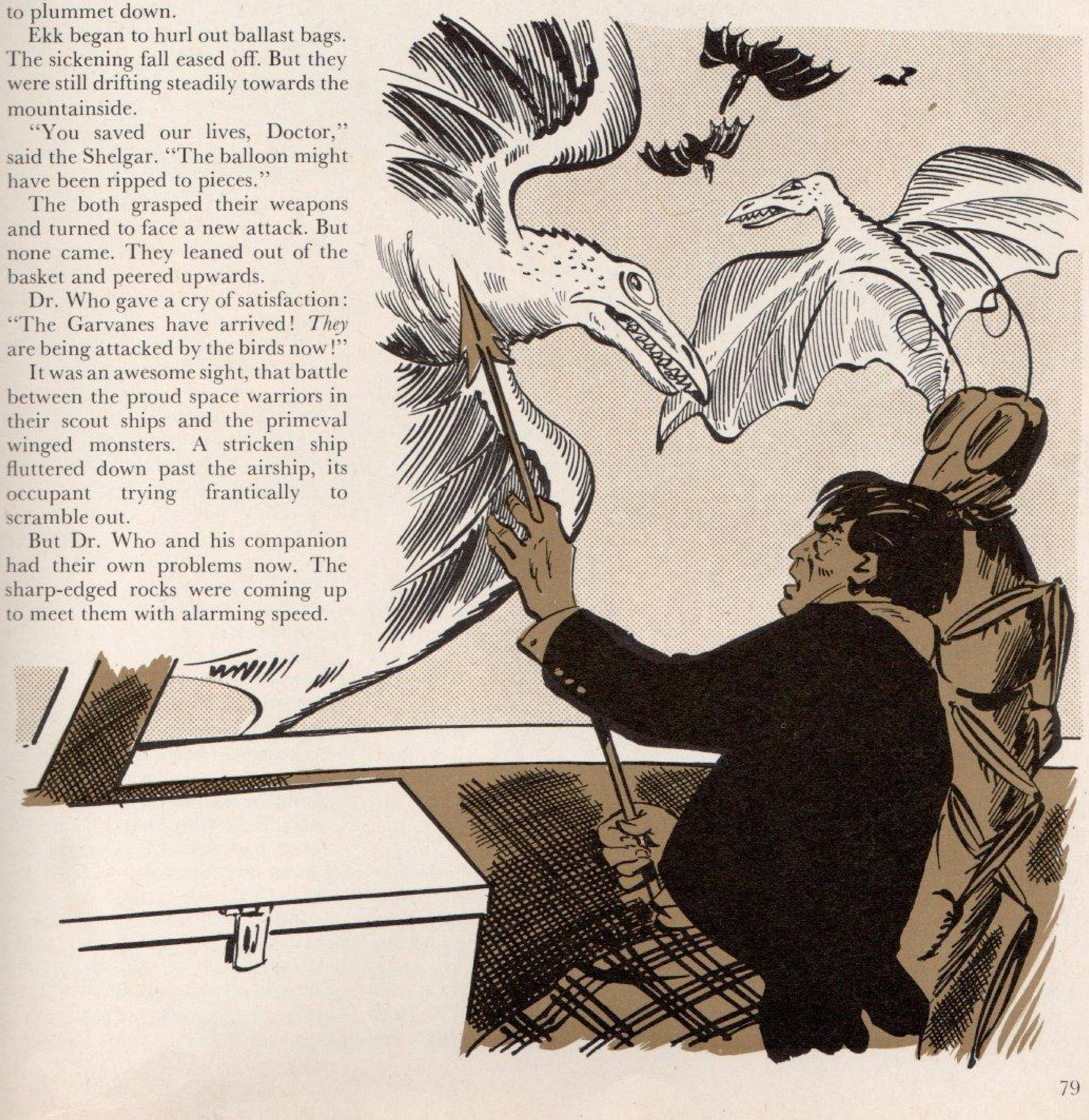
Suddenly, Dr. Who gave a cry: "There! I can see the *Tardis*! In that nest!"

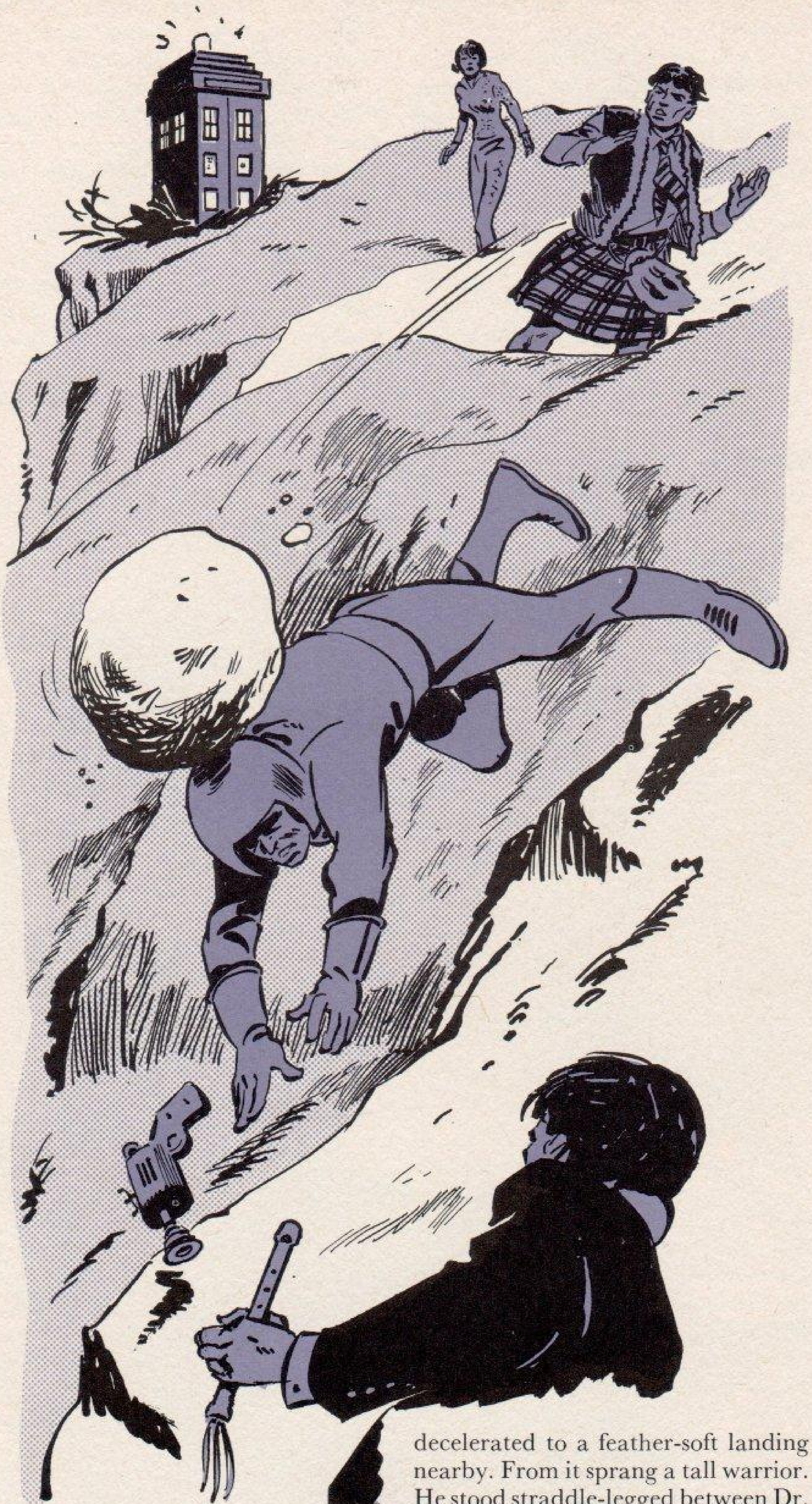
The blue police telephone box looked incongruously like a toy perched in one of the nearest nests.

"Thank heaven!" cried Dr. Who.

Then he ducked and almost fell backward down the slope as a Garvane scout ship swooped low above their heads.

The next moment the ship had





decelerated to a feather-soft landing nearby. From it sprang a tall warrior. He stood straddle-legged between Dr. Who and the nest, with a ray-gun in each hand.

"You treacherous slave!" he grated. "Our god Shran has decreed a dreadful fate for you . . . with your life you shall pay for the death of scores of our warriors who were in the dungeons when we tried to complete the atom bomb!"

Ekk was crouched, ready to spring, by the scientist's side. But Dr. Who restrained the creature with a gesture. His quick eye had spotted a movement in the rocks above the warrior's head. With a thrill of relief he saw that it was Jamie, creeping down from the nest. A flash of silver showed where Zoe, too, was inching to the rescue.

Dr. Who played his part by drawing the full attention of the warrior. "I am no longer a slave!" he boasted, and took out his pipe. "And since I must die, I shall do so with some lively music!"

The warrior leaned forward, threatening. "Stop that! Stop!"

Jamie saw his chance and took it. Rising to his feet, he stood poised with a huge boulder held above his head. Then he let fly.

Pow! The rock caught the warrior a crushing blow on the helmet. He hurled forward, senseless, down the steep slope.

Dr. Who ran to meet his two young friends as they leaped down towards him.

But Ekk hustled them all impatiently towards the nest. "Quick! You must reach your ship!" he clicked. "You will be safe there."

Dr. Who nodded. But before he obeyed the cockroach's urging, he clasped one of Ekk's feelers in a fond farewell.

"Will *you* be all right, my friend?" he wondered.

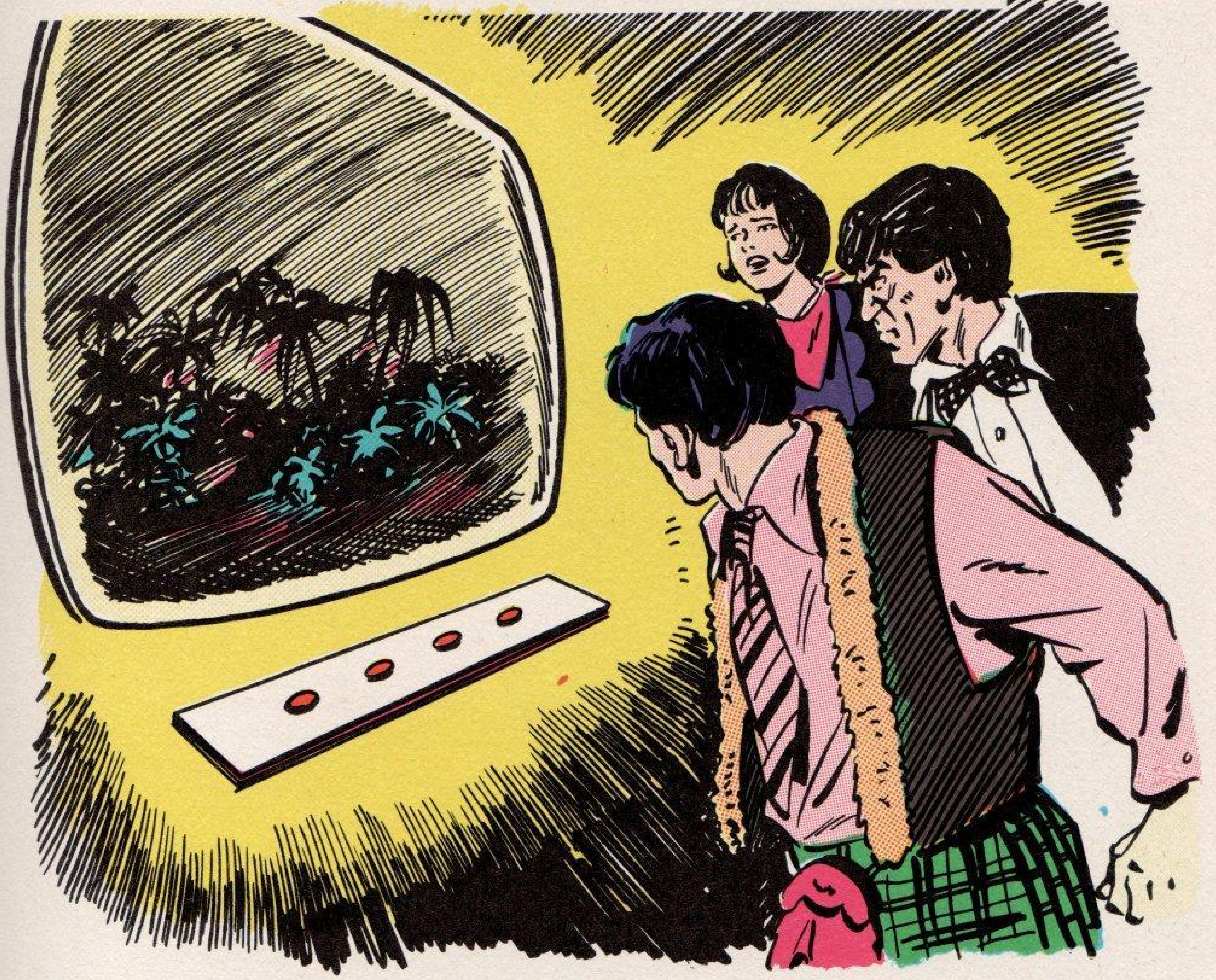
Ekk nodded. "Never fear, Doctor. I have the Garvane's scout ship in which to return to the castle. And there I shall lead the uprising which you, in your wisdom, planned for us . . . Good-bye—and good fortune!"

Once more inside his beloved *Tardis*, Dr. Who pored over the controls with loving hands, watched by Jamie and Zoe.

And Ekk, leader of the Shelgars, saw the strange blue box fade and then vanish.

Wondering, he turned towards the scout ship. Then, with hope and courage high, he flew back to lead his people from their slavery.

Run the Gauntlet



The eerie glow that came from the round column of glass rising from the control panel of *Tardis* lit up the faces of Dr. Who and his two young passengers, Jamie and Zoe.

There was a hint of impatience in the way that the young people watched the time-and-space scientist fiddling with the controls.

Dr. Who had a rather irritating habit of humming in an off-hand manner at such moments as this, immediately after a new journey through time and space. He moved his hands from switch to button to lever, pressing some, turning off others, with a nonchalance that suggested he did not really care to find out what strange new world they had landed in.

"Oh, come on! Put a sock in it!" muttered Jamie under his breath.

But Zoe's sharp ears heard, above the doctor's humming, the high-pitched noise which always came as the spaceship fitted its rearranged atoms into the new sphere. The girl from another planet dug her elbow into her companion's ribs. "*Ssh!*" she warned.

Jamie gave her a sour look. But before he could make any reply, Dr. Who grunted with satisfaction as he drove home the last switch and stepped away from the control board.

"There!" he said, as the high-pitched whine died away. "Now, let's see what wonders this new world holds for us, eh?"

It was Jamie who made an eager grab and switched on the scanner screen. As it glowed into life, Zoe exclaimed in disappointment: "Oh! You can't see a thing! It is so dark out there. . . . Have we landed in a jungle, Doctor?"

He gave her an approving nod. "A very perceptive observation," he said. "It has all the appearance of jungle gloom."

He snapped off the light switch, plunging the control-room into darkness. Now their eyes could pick out the shapes of trees, of hanging vines, and of shadows that flitted and writhed and loomed with menace.

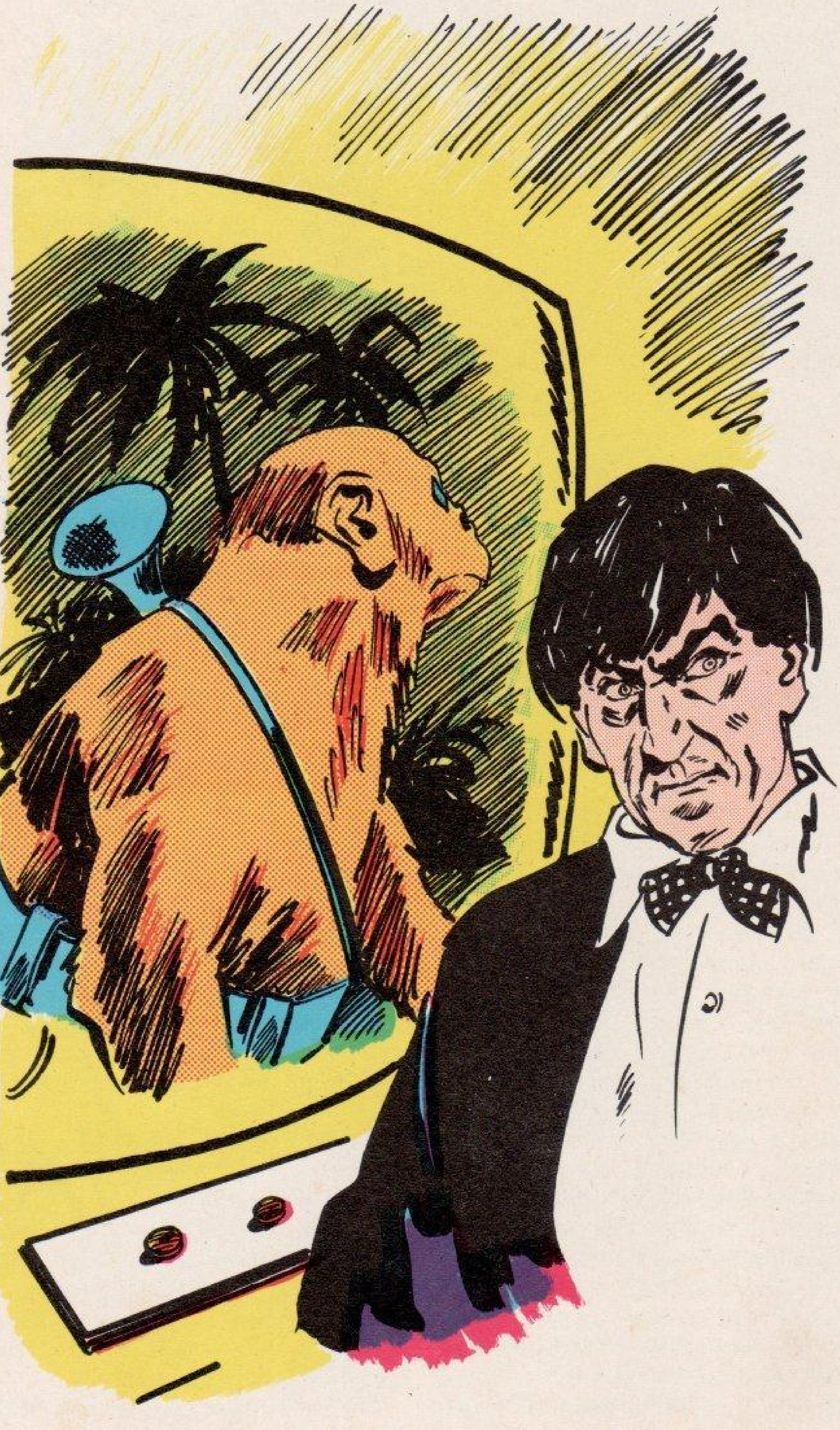
"If you think I'm going out for a picnic in *those* woods, you're mistaken!" grunted Jamie.

Zoe's eyes brushed him aside with

scorn, and glanced at the Professor with keen interest. "You have weapons?" she asked. "Shall we go and explore? Perhaps we shall find some form of intelligent life on this planet."

But Dr. Who was too absorbed to reply. He was leaning towards the scanner screen. "Look!" he said. "There's your intelligent life-form, Zoe!"

The figure that had suddenly taken shape out of the shadows was about five feet tall, was covered with blue fur, and looked at first like a chimpanzee. The face was hairless, pink-skinned. The stance was slightly bent forward, with long arms. Two vertical nose slits showed above a flat, lipless mouth. The figure had a receding chin, and four-fingered hands. It wore a wide belt from which dangled neat pouches and what seemed like tools, although their use was obscure.



There appeared to be the tip of a tail protruding from behind one of the squat legs.

"Tails?" exclaimed Jamie.

"Obviously these are an arboreal race," mused Dr. Who. He switched on another scanner screen, which showed another section of the jungle. "Notice the absence of roads," he remarked. "But there are lots of vine lanes through the jungle."

Zoe gave him a quick, cool glance. "You do not expect us to explore by swinging from tree to tree?"

But again Dr. Who was not listening. His gaze had returned to the figure on his screen, for the ape-man had now produced a strange and clumsy-looking weapon, which had not been in view before, since he wore it slung to his back. It was about four feet long, and at the muzzle-end it swelled out into a grotesque trumpet-shape.

"That weapon!" began Dr. Who. "Jamie, does it remind you of one of the Earth weapons?"

Jamie looked. His eyes widened, and he whistled low. "Sizzling satellites! It's a blunderbuss! They went out with Oliver Cromwell!"

"He is your friend, this Oliver?" asked Zoe.

Jamie stifled a chuckle. "Er—no!" he said. "But you see, Zoe, that's a pretty ancient weapon our arboreal friend there is carrying."

Dr. Who frowned and shook his head. "I am not so sure about that, Jamie. It certainly *looks* like an old Earth weapon, but that could be entirely coincidence. No. we must be careful not to give this creature reason to use his weapon when we go out and meet him."

"We go out and *meet* him?" echoed Jamie. "I think I'd rather stay here, thank you. The place gives me the creeps. Look at the size of the insects flitting around. They look as big as birds. And I bet they have poisonous stings."

"Oh, you make me tired!" began Zoe impatiently. "Do you expect to find no dangers on these adventures?"

Dr. Who raised his hand in a

peace-making gesture. "Now, now! No bickering! I would not dream of forcing Jamie to go, if he doesn't want to. You and I, my dear, will smear on some of my insect repellent cream, and then we shall fit on contra-gravity suits. They will allow us to flit through this rather obnoxious-looking jungle. We shall soon discover whether these—ah—odd inhabitants of this planet are an intelligent class, and whether they are hostile . . . come!"

A few minutes later the Doctor and Zoe stood at the door of the *Tardis*. Each had a small, round pack strapped on the back.

Jamie watched their preparations a trifle sulkily. "It's all right me staying behind in the ship," he grumbled, "but what happens if you two are taken prisoner?"

Dr. Who gave him a thin smile. "Why then, my dear boy, you must use your own initiative!" he replied. "Oh, pass me my music-stick, will you?"

With the pipe tucked in his pocket, Dr. Who led the way outside.

The *Tardis* had materialised in a thick bank of decaying vegetation, and as the two travellers emerged they sank almost to their waists in the dead leaves.

"Up!" cried Dr. Who and, touching the control button, he jetted lightly into the air.

Zoe followed suit.

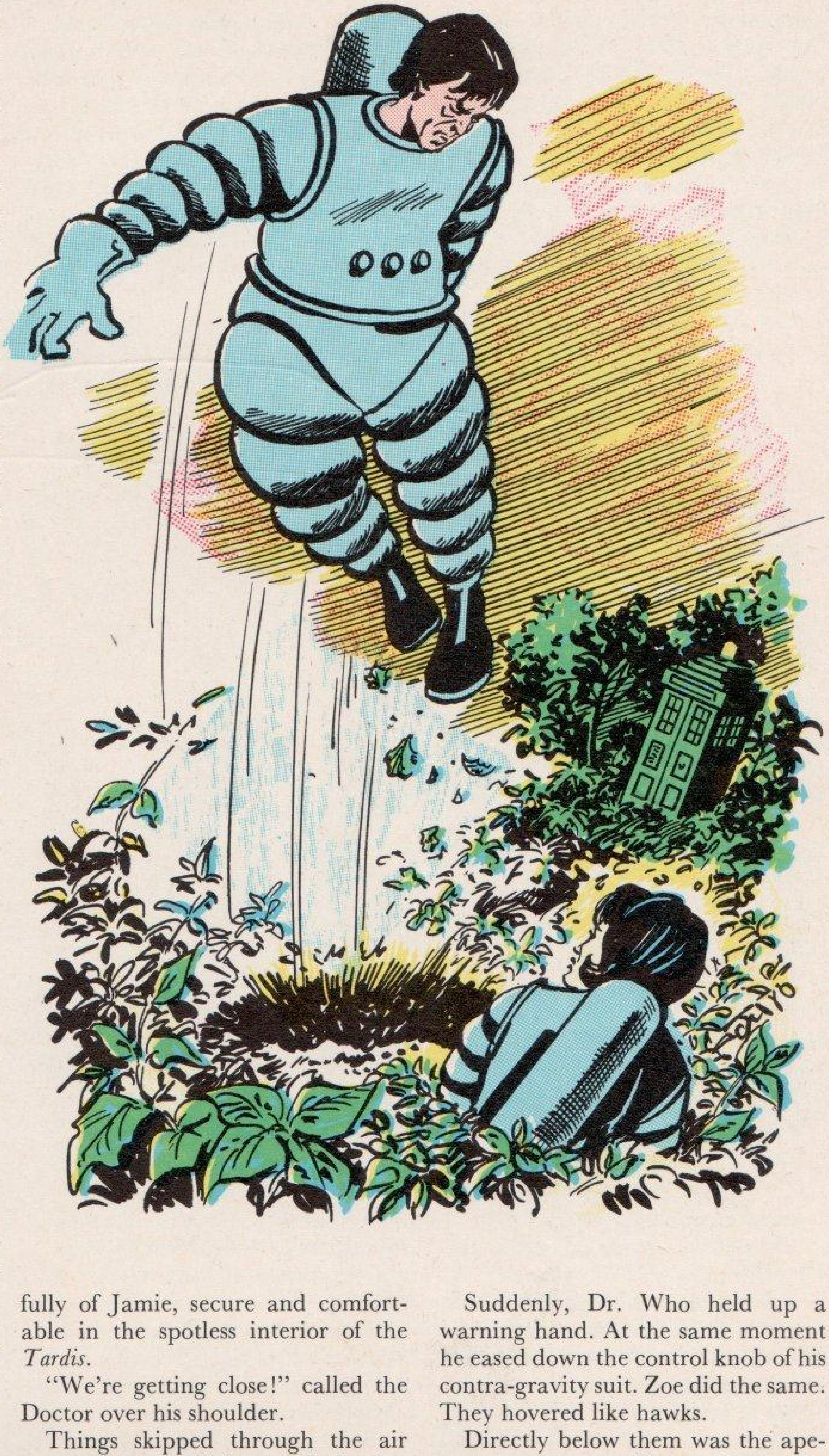
They hovered for a moment, looking down upon the incongruous shape of the police telephone box that was the fantastic spaceship. Then the Doctor checked the midget directional device that was homed-in upon the strange creature they had seen.

"This way!" he called to Zoe, and adjusting his controls he flew off beneath the stifling canopy of branches.

Zoe followed.

Like bats they flitted in and out of the gloomy aisles between monstrous bluish tree trunks. Only the barest weak glimmering of sunlight filtered through. There was a steady drip of condensation.

Zoe shivered in spite of the oppressive heat. She was thinking wistfully of Jamie, secure and comfortable in the spotless interior of the *Tardis*.



"We're getting close!" called the Doctor over his shoulder.

Things skipped through the air around them—flitting and darting things. Insects came in twin cones, and there was an endless chittering, whistling, tok-tok-toking in the gloom.

Suddenly, Dr. Who held up a warning hand. At the same moment he eased down the control knob of his contra-gravity suit. Zoe did the same. They hovered like hawks.

Directly below them was the apeman, staring up. Zoe could see the vertical-slit pupils of his green, bulging eyes.

Dr. Who raised his hand, palm

outwards, in a peaceful gesture. Dipping into his vast knowledge of Galactic tongues, he spoke to the ape-man in smiling tones: "I am Dr. Who—a traveller in time and space. This is Zoe. We visit your planet as friends. Do you understand?"

The creature uttered a low growl. Zoe saw the short tail lash. Then the blunderbuss swung in their direction.

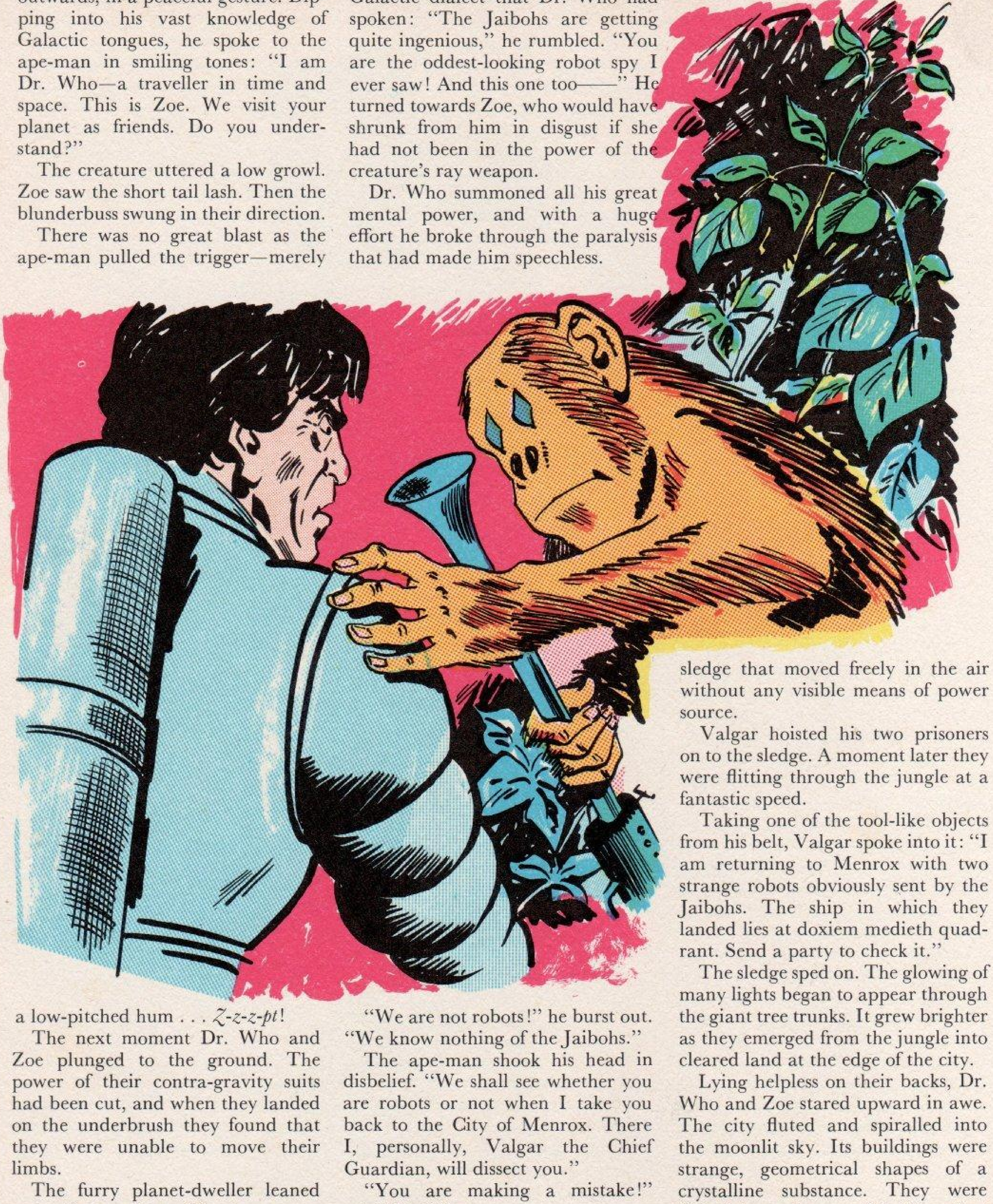
There was no great blast as the ape-man pulled the trigger—merely a low-pitched hum . . . *Z-z-z-pt*!

The next moment Dr. Who and Zoe plunged to the ground. The power of their contra-gravity suits had been cut, and when they landed on the underbrush they found that they were unable to move their limbs.

The furry planet-dweller leaned over his captives. His long arms moved and he felt the Doctor's suit with both his four-fingered hands.

Then the creature spoke in the same Galactic dialect that Dr. Who had spoken: "The Jaibohs are getting quite ingenious," he rumbled. "You are the oddest-looking robot spy I ever saw! And this one too——" He turned towards Zoe, who would have shrunk from him in disgust if she had not been in the power of the creature's ray weapon.

Dr. Who summoned all his great mental power, and with a huge effort he broke through the paralysis that had made him speechless.



"We are not robots!" he burst out. "We know nothing of the Jaibohs."

The ape-man shook his head in disbelief. "We shall see whether you are robots or not when I take you back to the City of Menrox. There I, personally, Valgar the Chief Guardian, will dissect you."

"You are making a mistake!" cried Dr. Who.

But Valgar paid no heed. He shambled away into the gloom, and returned riding on a spoon-shaped sledge that moved freely in the air without any visible means of power source.

Valgar hoisted his two prisoners on to the sledge. A moment later they were flitting through the jungle at a fantastic speed.

Taking one of the tool-like objects from his belt, Valgar spoke into it: "I am returning to Menrox with two strange robots obviously sent by the Jaibohs. The ship in which they landed lies at doxiem medieth quadrant. Send a party to check it."

The sledge sped on. The glowing of many lights began to appear through the giant tree trunks. It grew brighter as they emerged from the jungle into cleared land at the edge of the city.

Lying helpless on their backs, Dr. Who and Zoe stared upward in awe. The city fluted and spiralled into the moonlit sky. Its buildings were strange, geometrical shapes of a crystalline substance. They were linked by a lacery of bridges that wove back and forth until the entire visible network appeared one gigantic dew-glittering web.

"Amazing!" murmured Dr. Who. "I knew there was more to these ape-like creatures than could be seen on the scanner-screen."

Valgar stopped the sled.

Other ape-men came from one of the buildings. They carried the prisoners through a doorway, down a corridor and into a white-walled chamber set around with instruments and mechanisms.

Dr. Who and Zoe were placed in a sitting position on the edge of a low stand like a dais. Valgar moved over towards an instrument like a small gun. He stooped and took aim . . .

Z-z-zpt! This time the two captives discovered that they could move freely again.

Dr. Who frowned angrily. He took a step forward to grasp the arm of one of the creatures, and came up short against what seemed like an invisible wall. Of course, a force-field. Zoe, too, had discovered that, although they could move, they were virtually prisoners within invisible walls.

"Can't you make them understand we're not robots?" she asked the Doctor.

But Valgar had already put on a protective white garment, and was bending over the dials and switches of a device that had a beam-projector in the front. He wheeled it around until it was pointing at his prisoners, then he pressed a red button . . .

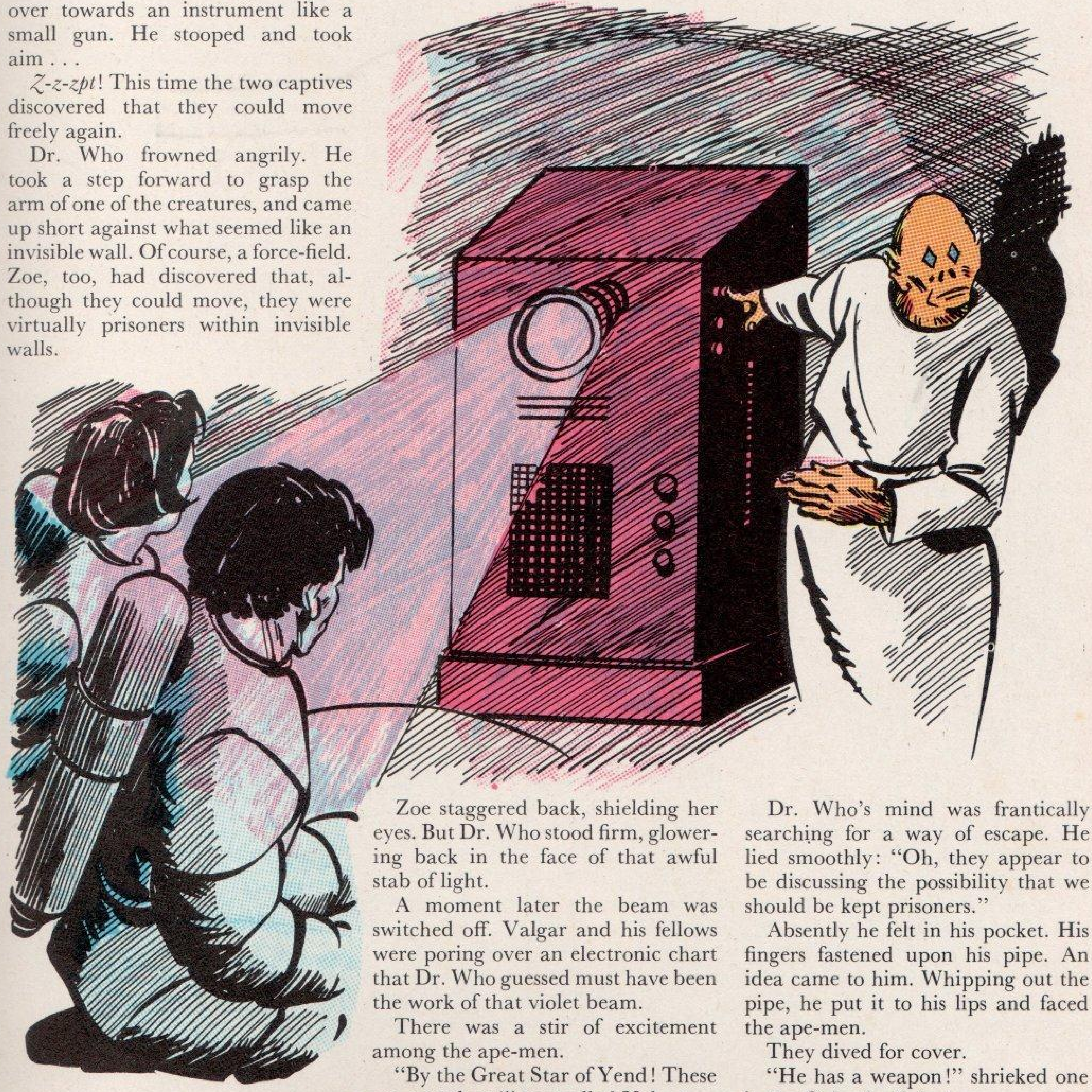
A deep violet beam shot out. It bathed the man and girl in an eldritch blue glow.

"Nor are they Jaibohs!" growled another.

"Could they be mutated members of that accursed race?" wondered a third.

"Prepare the surgical beams!" rapped Valgar urgently. "I will cut them up immediately, to discover the secret of their molecular structure."

Zoe sank dejectedly on to the edge of the dais. "What's going to happen to us, Doctor?" she asked.



Zoe staggered back, shielding her eyes. But Dr. Who stood firm, glowering back in the face of that awful stab of light.

A moment later the beam was switched off. Valgar and his fellows were poring over an electronic chart that Dr. Who guessed must have been the work of that violet beam.

There was a stir of excitement among the ape-men.

"By the Great Star of Yend! These are *not* robots!" marvelled Valgar.

Dr. Who's mind was frantically searching for a way of escape. He lied smoothly: "Oh, they appear to be discussing the possibility that we should be kept prisoners."

Absently he felt in his pocket. His fingers fastened upon his pipe. An idea came to him. Whipping out the pipe, he put it to his lips and faced the ape-men.

They dived for cover.

"He has a weapon!" shrieked one in the Galactic dialect.

Dr. Who blew hard. His fingers moved nimbly up and down, weaving a lively tune. The effect was amazing. The ape-men covered their ears with their hairy paws, and began to stagger about, howling like dogs that bay to the sound of music.

In a few moments the creatures had fled. The laboratory was empty.

Dr. Who beamed as he lowered his pipe, and Zoe flew to his side with a glad cry. "Oh, you are wonderful!" she cried. "How did you do it?"

Dr. Who gave a wry smile: "I'm not sure that it's very complimentary to my music," he mused. "One is supposed to attract an audience—not repel people!"

Zoe turned towards the door through which the ape-men had fled. "If only the force-field were removed, we could walk out of here," she said.

At the same moment, unconsciously, she began to walk towards the door. She had reached it and was looking out into the corridor beyond before she fully realised that the force-field no longer held them.

"Doctor! We're free!" she cried.

Her companion hurried to her side. "Good . . . but you had better follow me, Zoe," he said. "I shall play my pipe."

Like the Pied Piper with a following of one, the scientist walked from the building, with Zoe close behind. They saw nothing more of the ape-men, but in the distance they heard the blaring of alarm-signals.

As they emerged into the chill moonlight, a shadow detached itself from the black patch beside one of the buttresses. A hand grabbed Zoe by the arm. She gave a scream of fright.

Dr. Who dropped his pipe from his lips, and whirled to defend his companion. Then he stopped and stared.

"Jamie!" he blurted. "How did you get here?"

The young man grinned and tapped the pack on his back. "I decided to try out one of your contra-gravity suits, Doctor. It's great fun! Just like being a bird!" He broke off, glancing behind as the sounds of alarm grew in the crystal city. "Better not stand and talk, though. Come on! Follow me!"

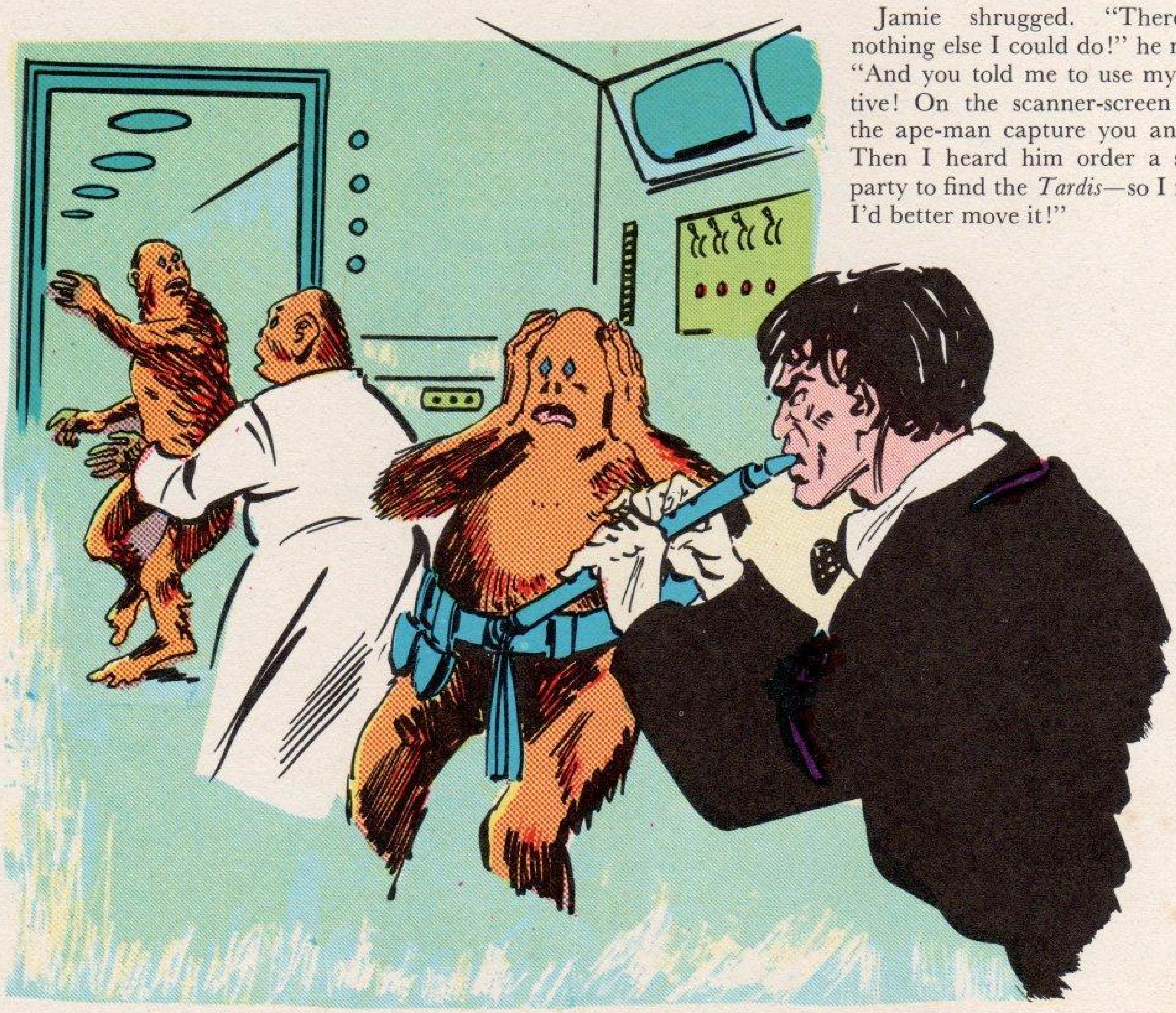
The three jetted into the air. Jamie shot ahead. He flew high, and skirted the city. The other two caught up with him.

"This is not the direction in which we came from the jungle, Jamie!" frowned Dr. Who.

He grinned round. "I know . . . I had to move the *Tardis*!"

Dr. Who gulped with the shock: "You—you moved my ship? You dared to meddle with the controls?" he fumed.

Jamie shrugged. "There was nothing else I could do!" he replied. "And you told me to use my initiative! On the scanner-screen I saw the ape-man capture you and Zoe. Then I heard him order a search-party to find the *Tardis*—so I figured I'd better move it!"



"But—but—but you might have dematerialised it! You and the *Tardis* might have vanished into unknown Time and Space for ever—leaving Zoe and I on this forsaken planet!" raged Dr. Who.

Zoe sought to pacify him. "Never mind, Doctor," she said soothingly. "It is lucky that Jamie found the control that moved the ship only in space and not in time."

A shadow crossed the moon, and the fugitives glanced behind them. A glittering column had risen from the centre of the city, and it was disgorging hundreds of the spoon sledges. They circled high, blocking out the moon, before they swooped in pursuit.

"Turn up your speed control to full!" shouted Dr. Who. "We must keep out of range of those blunderbuss ray-weapons!"

A twist of the control-dial sent them flashing towards the jungle.

But, suddenly, a new danger presented itself. Above the tree-tops and dead ahead of the fugitives the sky was suddenly streaked with silver flashes.

"Spaceships!" yelled Dr. Who.

"And they're diving to attack!" rapped Jamie. "Let's take to the jungle!"

But even as they dived for the shelter of the giant trees, Zoe had spotted the strange markings on the sides of the spaceships, and saw the bright flicker of weapons being fired.

"They're firing! . . . But not at us! It's at the ape-men!" she cried.

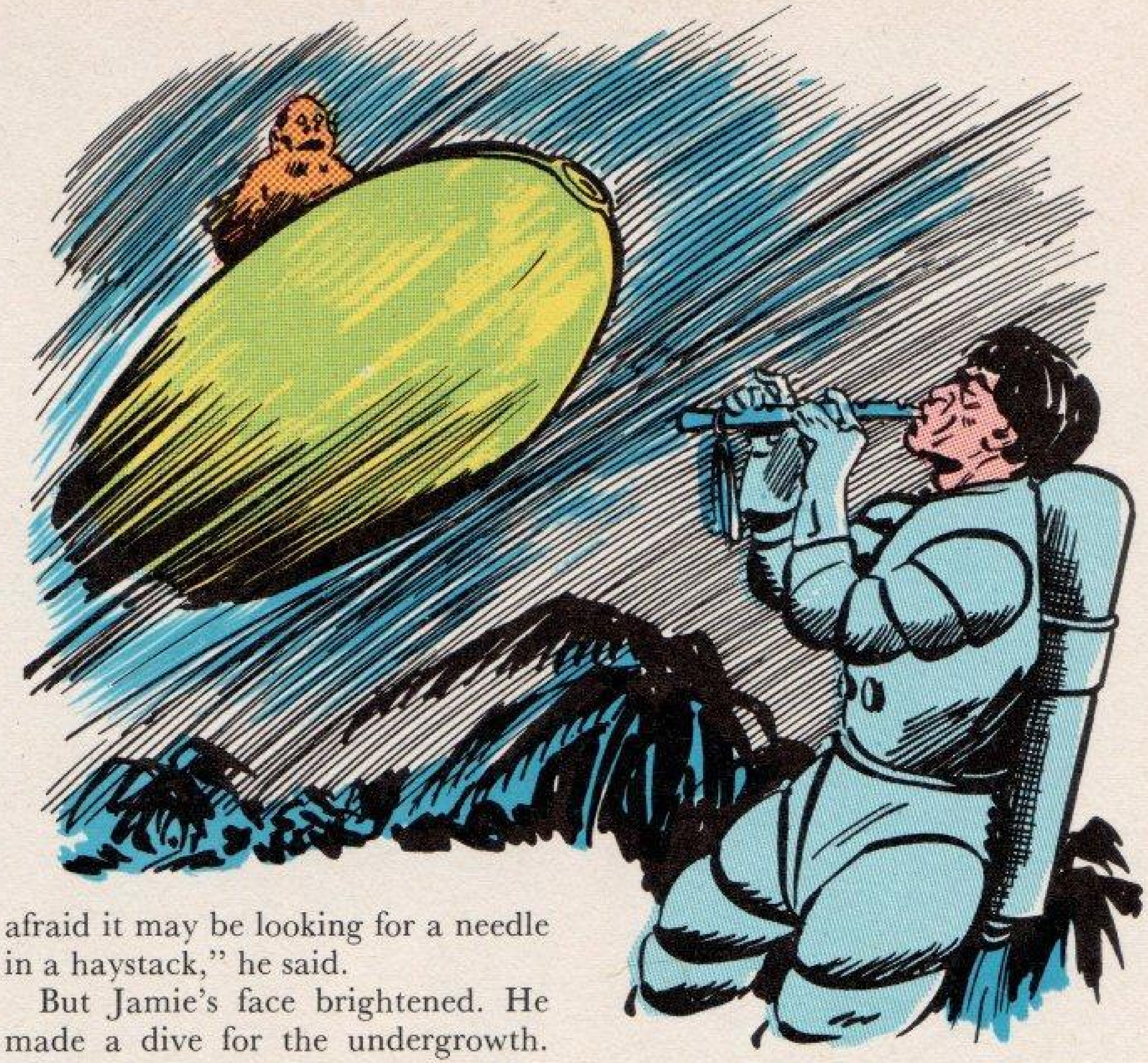
Dr. Who hovered above the tree tops. He and Jamie stared upward. The spaceships and the spoon sledges were diving at each other, weapons blazing. Injured craft began to flutter down into the jungle like dead leaves.

"So the Jaibohs—whoever they are—have sprung a surprise attack!" mused Dr. Who. "How fortunate they picked this moment. It gives us a chance to reach the ship."

They dropped through the screen of leaves and branches into the foetid darkness of the jungle.

Zoe stared at Jamie as he gazed around him uncertainly. "How can you remember the right way to go in this awful maze!" she exclaimed in dismay.

Dr. Who nodded gloomily. "I'm afraid it may be looking for a needle in a haystack," he said.



But Jamie's face brightened. He made a dive for the undergrowth. The others followed, and saw him pick up a luminous thread. As Jamie began to coil it round his hand, they saw that the thread led away deep into the jungle.

"Come on!" he cried. "I borrowed some of your thread, Zoe, and unwound it as I came in search of you. I got the idea from an old Greek legend I read at school!"

They followed the thread, flitting like bats through the dripping darkness.

Suddenly Zoe glanced back and gave a cry of alarm. "We're being followed!"

The shadow that was overhauling them was airborne like themselves. It was impossible to see what the danger was, but Dr. Who had a strong feeling that it was Valgar in his spoon craft.

Through the trees ahead a blue light blinked.

"It's the lamp on top of the *Tardis*!" yelled Jamie.

He snapped off the thread, pushed it into his pocket, and dived for safety. Zoe dived with him.

But Dr. Who saw that Valgar was winning the race, and he turned in mid-air to face the ape-man.

Valgar almost collided with the doctor. He swerved his spoon craft at the last moment, and sought to aim his blunderbuss as the craft levelled off.

But Dr. Who was too quick. He was already blowing hard into his pipe, and his fingers contorted to produce a wildly discordant sound.

There was a scream from Valgar. The blunderbuss hummed harmlessly into the air, and the ape-man leaped from his craft and hurtled towards the ground.

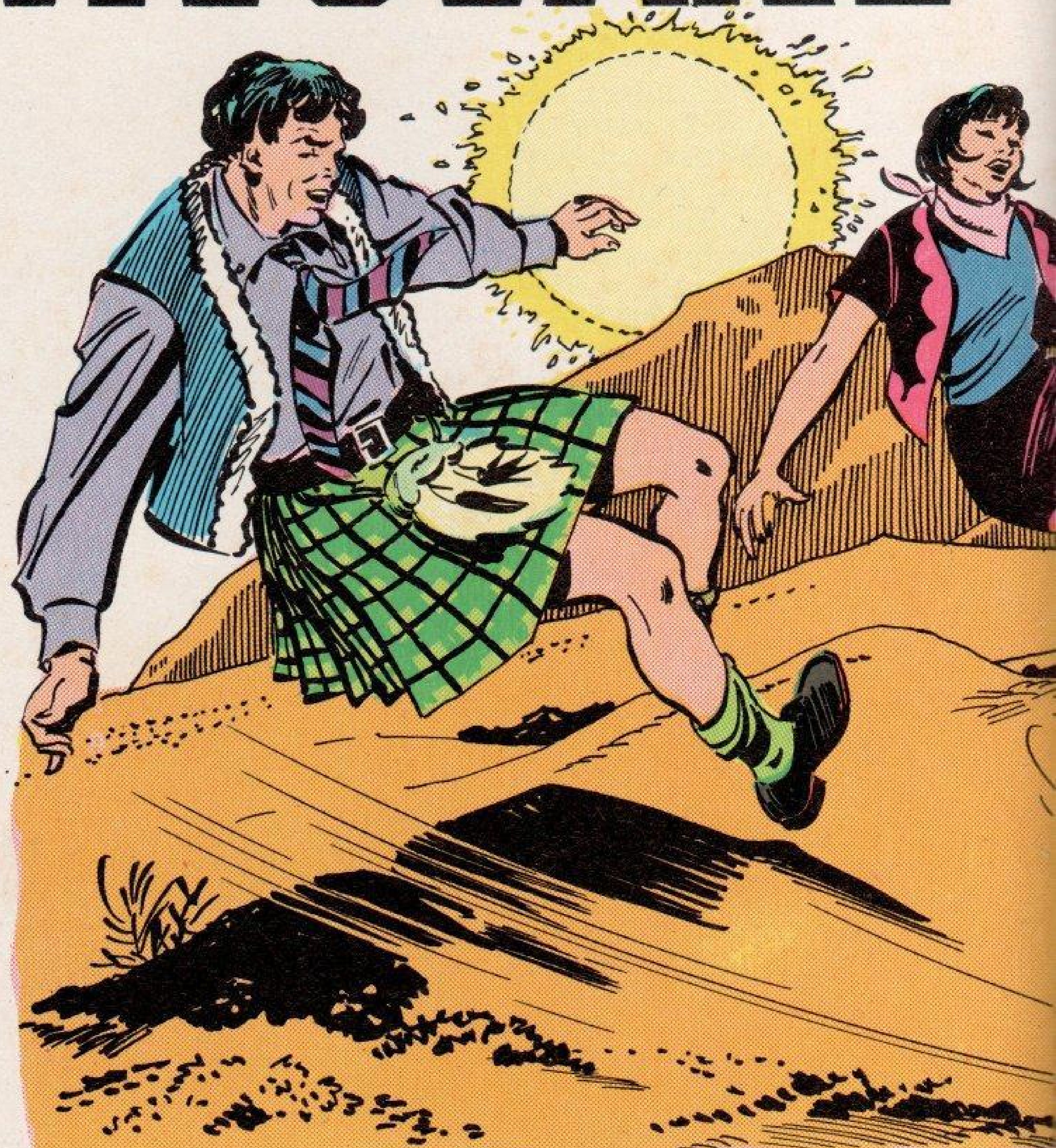
A moment later the scientist was scrambling through the door of his ship, helped by his young companions.

Going to the controls he activated the great door. The scene outside faded and the troubled jungle-planet faded from view. In the sight-screens the menacing shadows and gigantic trees gave way to the grey nothingness that exists between the dimensions.

The *Tardis* was once more on its way.

"How fortunate that some of these space inhabitants are not music lovers," murmured Dr. Who, and his companions grinned at each other.

A THOUSAND



Just as the *Tardis* was materialising out of Space and Time to land on one more fragment of matter whirling in its orbit through the immensities of the universe, Dr. Who was sounding off in one of his frequent lectures on Relativity and the Space-Time Continuum in which the other two of his fellow-voyagers had been born.

"Like most people," he was saying oracularly, "you no doubt believe that our universe is the whole thing that exists anywhere. Maybe you would call it Everything, All That There Is. But there you would be wrong. The universe in which the planet Earth revolves round Father Sun is but one of an infinite plurality of universes, every one different to every other and no two alike. Of Space there is no boundary; of Time there is no end.

"You may recall that question—'How many legions of angels could stand upon the point of a pin?' The same notion applies to these infinite universes. They occupy no *space*, or room, if you like that better. They may overlap or coincide with each other, as many philosophers have thought, without any of the life-forms native to them being aware of the presence of the others. In Infinite Space, my children, there is no such a concept as *size*! A universe may be infinitely large or it may be infinitely small. Depends on which way you look at it and where you observe it from. Without some fixed point of one certain, absolute magnitude, what standards are you going to go by?"

"Whisht, Doctor," said Jamie wearily. "Ye're giving us both headaches. I never could get my mind round all those weird ideas you go on about. Anyway, we're landing, and this, at least, is a solid bit of matter that isn't infinitely large or infinitely small."

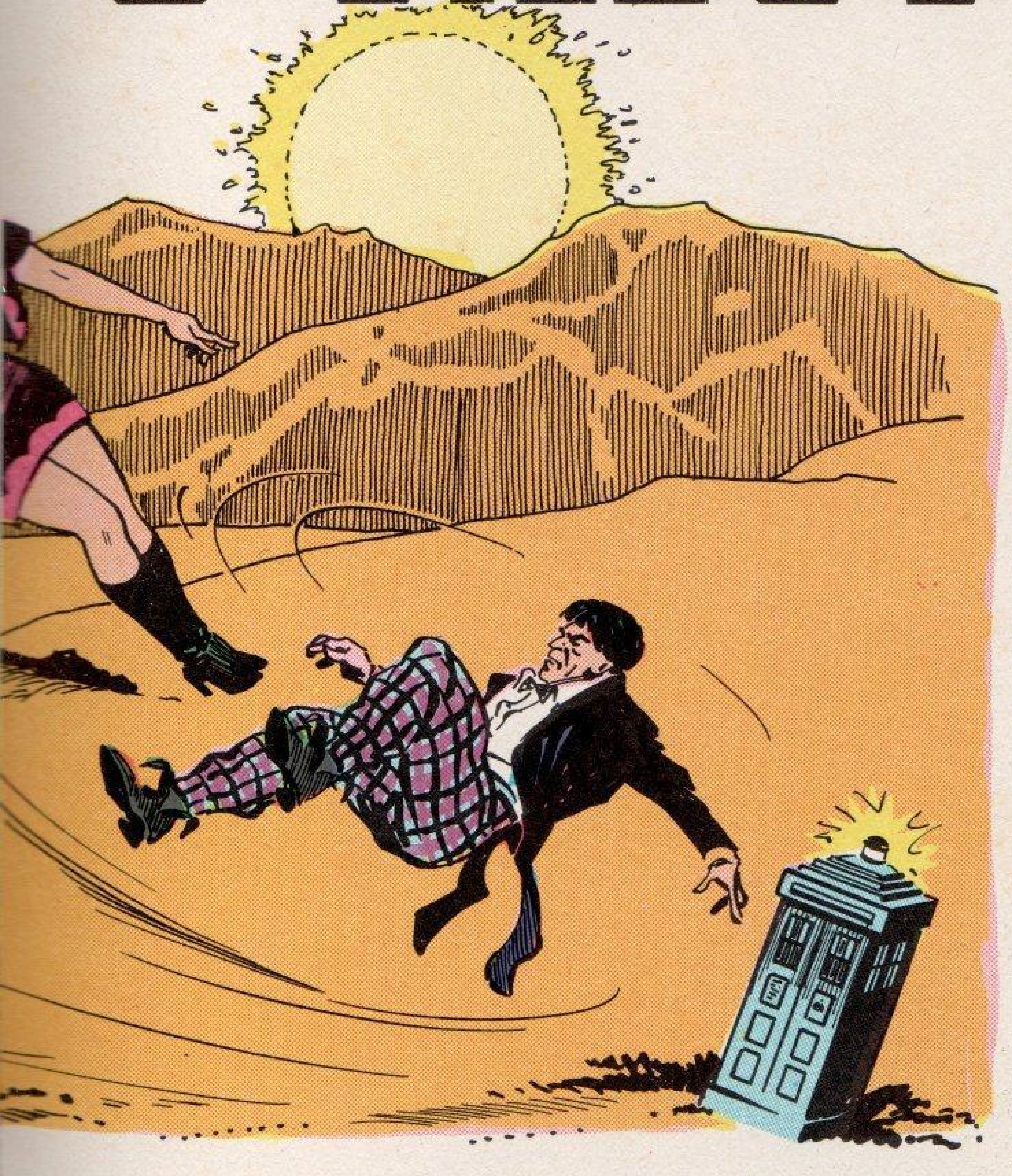
Dr. Who beamed tolerantly at the two young people who were his fellow-travellers. Of course, all that he had spoken of was far beyond their range of thinking. They had not, as yet, after all, gone through the myriads of fantastic and incredible experiences he himself had been through in a life far longer than that of any other human. With a crooked grin, he set about the task of landing his *Tardis* in one piece, right side uppermost, and upon a level footing. Then he activated the great door.

"At least we can breathe the air," Jamie laughed, as he was first out. "Seems quite like Earth. It isn't Earth by any chance, is it?"

"Not a chance, Jamie," laughed Zoe. "Earth never had two suns, did it, Doctor? Maybe this is one of those other universes you spoke about."

"I would indeed give a lot if it was," said the doctor earnestly. "I'd dearly love our *Tardis* to throw me out of our Continuum into one of those other universes which, after all,

& ONE DOORS



we can only theorise about. I mean, some universe where the laws of Nature that we know are different. Somewhere possibly maybe without gravity, or where the chemistry is different from ours. Where, maybe, light doesn't travel in a straight line or at one definite velocity, and where —Jamie, for the love of heaven, what are you up to?"

Jamie had soared up into the air before their eyes and now, as the doctor stared, so did Zoe. Even as he saw her go up, he himself was aloft.

"This is marvellous," exulted Jamie in a great shout. "This is real flying at last. I feel like a bird or a butterfly."

"That's just what you will be if you don't watch out—a butterfly with a pin through you." Dr. Who roared out the words.

The thunderous vibration of the ground had made itself felt to him even as he went aloft. He saw the titanic shape loom up above them, quite unidentifiable, and then he felt the mesh of the vast net as they were all gathered into it.

They came together in one corner of the net and sprawled in a heap across each other, the breath knocked from them. Their senses almost left them as the net bore them dizzily upward what seemed an enormous distance. In one of the whirls, Dr. Who caught a glimpse of the *Tardis*, tiny and almost invisible, down there, as the net whirled them up and the view was lost.

He thought to himself: "This is *it*! This is a universe in a dimension where the laws of Nature are not our laws. A fascinating experience, at least. But, one has to confess, most unnerving and scarifying."

Then he lost his senses and lay huddled against the others, in a corner of that gigantic, enigmatic net.

When he recovered consciousness he was in a large round metal room that vibrated and hummed and smelt of oil. All round him seemed to be the sound of machinery in violent, rapid motion. He raised a hand to his head and a voice spoke.

"Look, I told you, but you would not believe. The creature moves and lives. It breathes in oxygen; it is a monster!"

Indignantly the doctor sat up and looked round for the owner of the voice. He saw the being standing over against the far wall, with others.

Now it might be thought that monsters in all their possible forms might have been quite familiar to the far-ranging Dr. Who. But there are monsters *and* monsters. These creatures seemed enough like men to be vaguely familiar, but there were features that rendered them as terrifying as any dinosaur might have been.

They had, for instance, three eyes, two in the normal position and one in the back of the head. They had two legs only, but four arms, the extra two emerging from the torso between the shoulders and the middle. They were clad in what seemed to be silvery metallic suits and they carried weapons of some odd form that was not familiar.

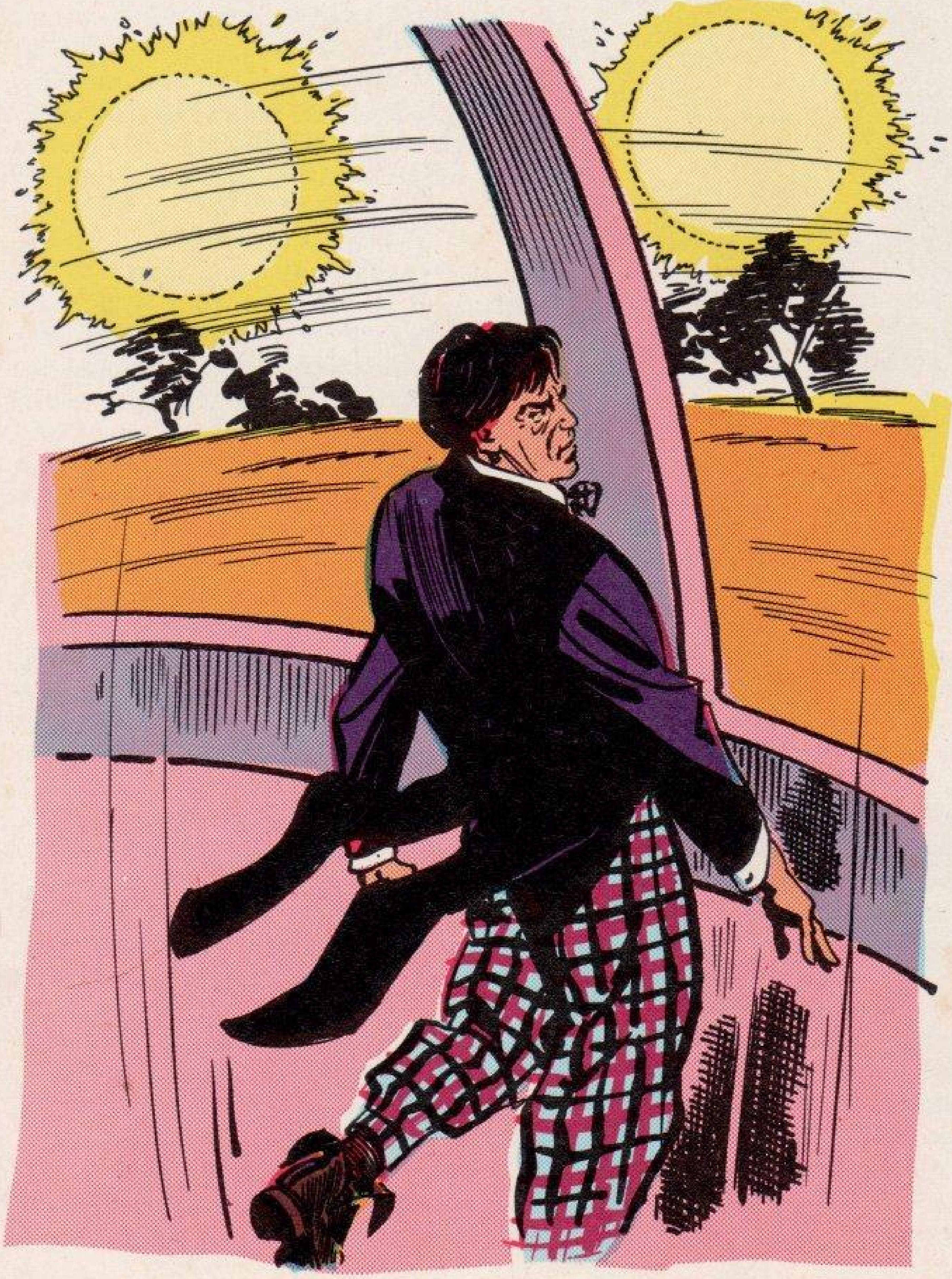
"And which door did you come through?" went on the creature amiably. "This is indeed proving a most delightful experience. In all our probings through the dimensions I don't think any of us have ever come up against anything so much like to us and yet so unlike. Wait until we get you back home."

"This one, and the others, we aren't going to get back, Belunda," came another voice. "They breathe this foul poison we found here. They will not live in our atmosphere."

"Upon my word," fumed Dr. Who. "And who do you think you are discussing? I have never in a long life been discussed as though I was a specimen under a microscope. Who are you and where am I? Where are my two companions?"

"By all the universes!" said the first one. "It speaks! Over my phones I distinctly heard *words*. Well, I think it is our right to ask questions of you, rather than you of us. If you are a rational being, you are welcome. If not, we will make room for you in our dissecting laboratories back home. You'll have to prove your function, you know. Every living creature has the right to its own type of life if it can prove it is of use to the Life Force."

"Where are my companions, Jamie and Zoe?" rapped the doctor angrily. "I will not carry on this foolish conversation until they are restored to me."



"They are safe, have no fear of that," came the reply, intended no doubt to be reassuring but uttered in a tone that chilled the doctor's blood.

He got up from the floor and instantly shot to the top of the circular compartment. As he flew up he caught a glimpse of the outside through windows. It seemed to be moving quickly past him. Or, was it the other way round? Was he, or whatever sort of building he was in, moving rapidly through the landscape?

There was a crackling of hideous laughter from the group on the floor.

"Again he is like us," came the words. "We must fit them all with shoes like ours. This tiny planet was not made for beings of our weight and mass."

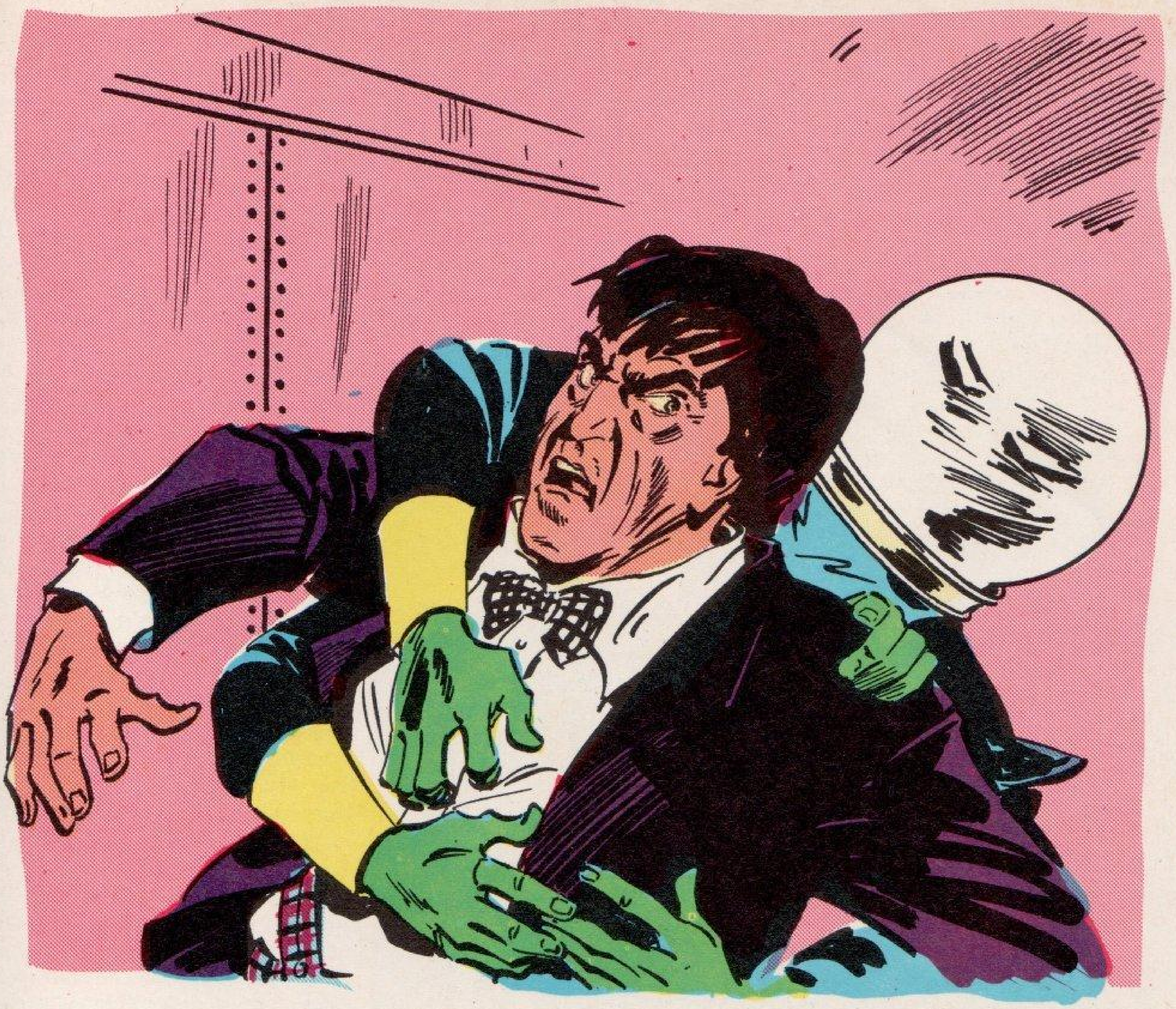
Like a feather the doctor dropped to the floor. He had held every muscle in rigid control, for the words proved to him that he was on a planet so small that its gravitational attraction was negligible and that the slightest movement would send him violently away from the ground.

He landed closer to his captors and now he was startled to see that they had no faces. Or rather, he saw, now that he was close, that their features were of glass and the three eyes were not eyes at all but spyholes for the turning heads of the creatures inside what could only be the helmets of spacesuits.

Inwardly he heaved a sigh of relief. The creatures would have only two eyes inside those globes, and only two arms inside the suits; the extra pair being aids to manipulation.

"How can I prove to you that we are of use to what you call this Life Force?" he asked in a calm voice when he had landed on the floor. He felt better now that he had rationalised the situation. "My name is Doctor Who and I have landed on your planet in my Space Time vessel *Tardis*, from the locality of which you so savagely ripped me and my two friends. Now, where am I, for the love of heaven?"

"That curious box," said a voice. "You recall we saw it and thought it



was nothing. Our nets caught these three and then——"

There came a violent lurch of the whole room and a terrific grinding noise. Two of the beings ran to the wall and examined a row of dials.

"This one is running down," came the words. "We've used up all its energy. We'll have to abandon it and get into another. All ready. I'll bring this one with me and you get the others; they're still in the nets."

Dr. Who felt himself seized roughly and carried to a door which opened in the side of the metal room. He looked down as he was carried through the opening and his heart almost turned over. He was high up in the air and the ground seemed very far away. But the creature which bore him went down like thistledown and they all landed close together on what looked like sand.

Jamie and Zoe, still in the vast net and still unconscious, were now with them. It was intolerably hot even though one of the two suns was now beneath the horizon, which itself seemed to be very close.

Astounded, the doctor stared back up from where they had dropped. The thing was like a vast metal tower. It stood on two great metal columns and it was now quite motionless. But there were others like it moving slowly about the landscape.

Forgetting, he ran to Jamie and Zoe and shot into the air.

But one of their captors grabbed him and held him down. "There, Tabro, fit it with a pair of stabilisers. It can be tiring catching it every time it takes off."

"I resent being addressed as 'it'," stormed the doctor but none of them took the slightest notice of him. He was fitted with metal foot casings and at once felt free of that queasy sensation he had felt since they had landed.

Jamie and Zoe had come muzzily to their feet and, of course, had shot up into the air. They were stopped by the net and hung there, staring down in amazement at the doctor and the strange beings.

"I have probed them, Tabro," said the first one. "They are from the Five Hundred and Third Universe. We have records of a breakthrough there several times. But the atmosphere, almost all oxygen, is so fatally poisonous that we thought it had been sealed off for ever. Now, strangers, which of the doors did you come through?"

"We came through no door," snapped Dr. Who huffily. "We landed in our normal manner on your planet ——"

"This is not our planet. We could not endure life under two suns and with deadly oxygen," came the reply, equally snappy. "And keep a civil tongue in your head if you know what is good for you. We are from the Eight Thousand and Ninety First Universe and we are dimension explorers. We entered this universe by our normal method out of Space Time, but some clumsiness in navigation or some failure of apparatus threw us into this sphere. We found these ingenious metal monsters here; evidently they are huge handling robots. The occupants travelled in its head. The inhabitants have abandoned them. We have no wish to encounter these natives, as they must be, like you three, oxygen-breathing monsters. We have been exploring this quite useless world, and we were returning to our vessel when you so rudely dropped into our midst. We don't really know what to do about you now."

"I suggest we ray them out of existence right now," came another voice. "There's no possible use for them. We can't take them back as specimens. They would die after one breath of our methane and chlorine atmosphere."

"What is all this talk of *doors*?" asked the doctor, trying to ignore the suggestions in the last speaker's voice, for the benefit of the boy and girl.

But Jamie and Zoe had heard and Jamie set up a howl.

"Hey, Doctor," he bawled. "These things are going to murder us! They aren't human! They're monsters!"

"Steady, Jamie boy," said the doctor desperately. He wished he could see the expressions on the faces and in the eyes of their captors. But through the glass of the faceplates nothing could be seen clearly.

"We'll destroy them when we've examined them a little," said the first one. "This taller one, at least, seems to have some small intelligence, even though this must, of course, be an illusion. No creatures breathing poisonous oxygen could possibly be intelligent. It stands to reason."

There was such an odd matter-of-factness in the voice that Dr. Who's heart sank. These beings were not human, they were cold-blooded breathers of poison gases. Their weapons were ray-guns. The lives of all three humans hung on slender threads.

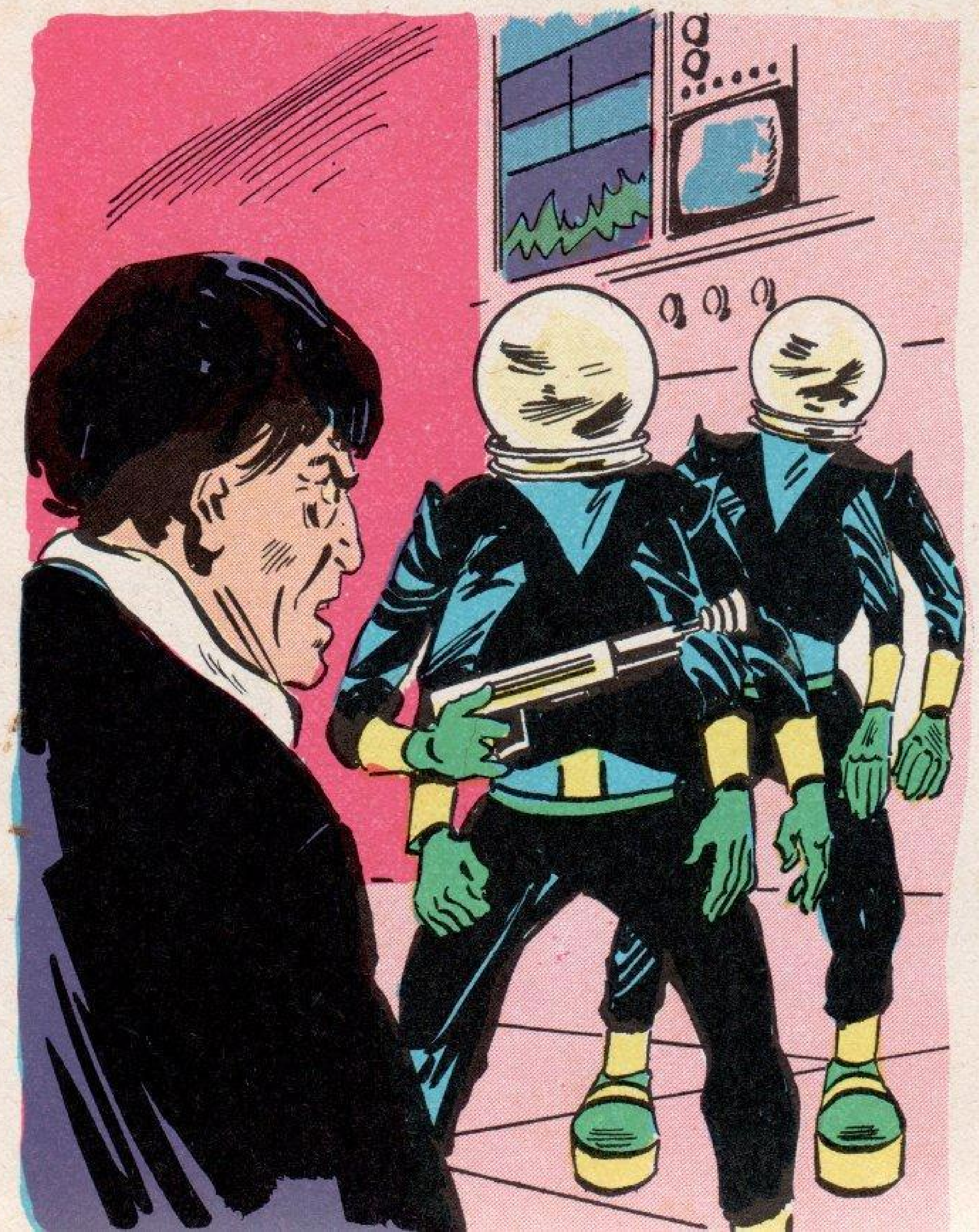
"The doors?" he insisted firmly, and there was a crackling laugh.

"Not doors in any sense *you* mean," was the reply. "Just a figure of speech. The 'doors' are tangential points where universes 'touch' each other. We have discovered a thousand such points and this is the one thousand and first. It shall be closed for ever when we get back. And, because you, in your turn, appear to have discovered a way from your oxygen universe into this one, which itself impinges upon *our* home universe, this planet must be totally atomised and all its electro-magnetic vibrations neutralised."

"I can prove we *are* intelligent," cried Dr. Who desperately. "I know all about your multi-dimensional Cosmos. On my world we speculated about this but it has always remained only theory. Long have we sought ways to reach into other co-incidental universes. . . ."

His voice trailed away into a deadly silence and he knew he was saying all the wrong things. On the unseen faces behind the glass, of whatever form they were, there would be grim expressions. To these creatures he and his kind, the oxygen breathers, were monsters which must be destroyed.

Out of the corner of his eye, he had seen that the *Tardis* stood close by, evidently brought for examination in one of the huge nets. Jamie was trying to attract his attention, twisting his right hand in a peculiar way. By the mercy of Providence the doctor understood, and he threw the key towards the boy. Jamie caught it and his knife was cutting at the net. The ring of other-worlders were taking not the least notice, their whole attention centred on the doctor.



Dr. Who saw one of them raise his weapon and he moved fast. In spite of the metal boots he was agile, and his hand struck the weapon away. Then he tore at the glass globe of the holder and it broke under his blows. Blindly, he attacked the neck of the suit and it ripped away.

He looked and his gorge rose and he was almost sick. That face and that body! There were no words to describe it. It bore no slightest resemblance to anything the doctor had ever seen before. Now at last he had proof that there really was a multitude of universes, for this thing was not of flesh and blood and bone. Its organism was so far from the familiar Earth pattern that there just were no words to describe it. It was like a writhing vortex of something slimy and sticky, and as it burned up under the fierce oxygen that was poison to it, the doctor, watching fascinated, almost fainted.

He felt Jamie's arm round him and heard the boy's snarling words.

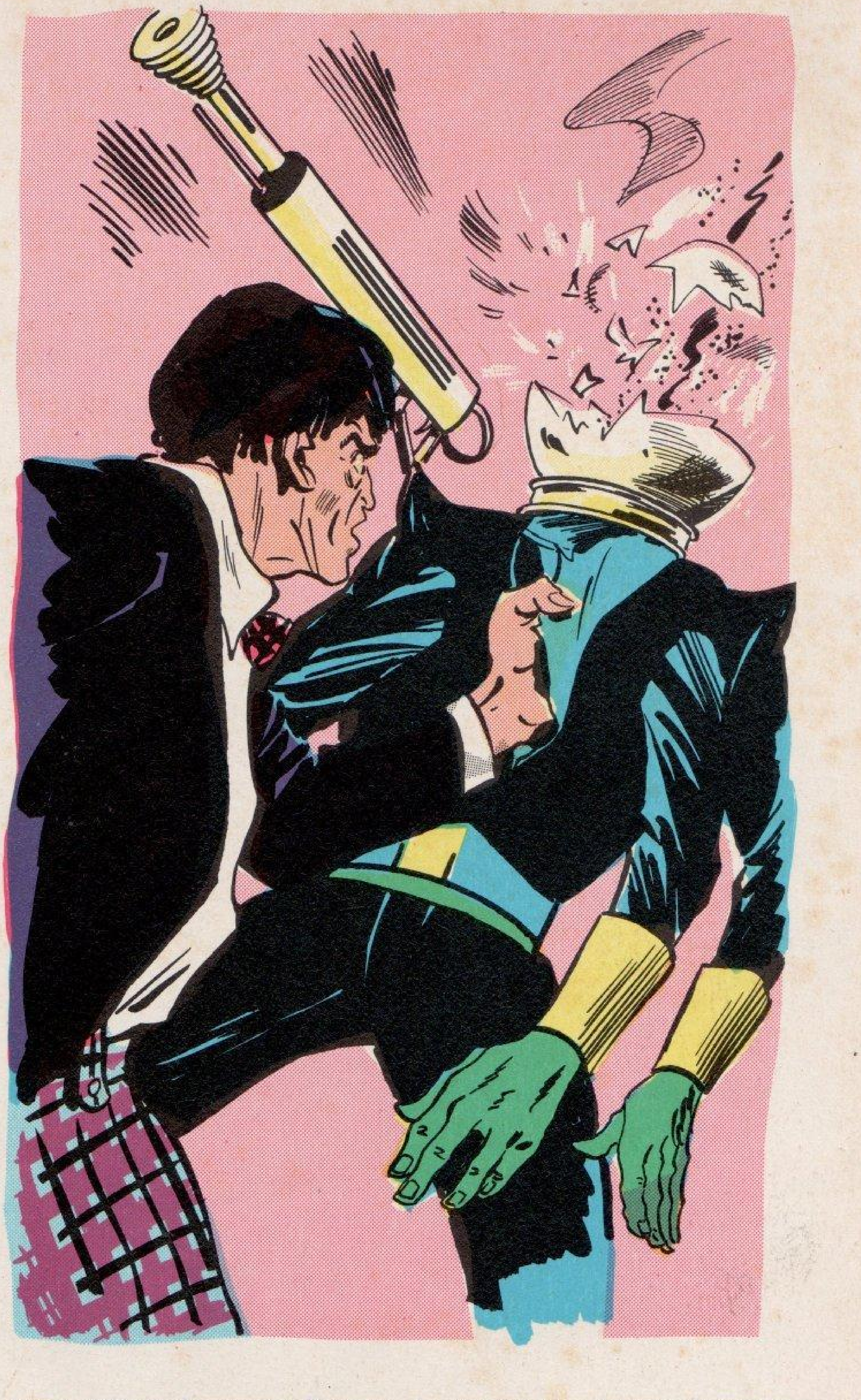
"Keep back," barked Jamie and he had in his hand the weapon the doctor had knocked from the grasp of that dead thing in the torn spacesuit. "Run, doctor, run!"

The doctor grabbed Zoe and held her down. He ran for the open door of the *Tardis*.

Inside, he turned, to see that Jamie was retreating slowly backwards towards the door. He ran out and held the boy down as he began to rise in the air and he dragged him inside.

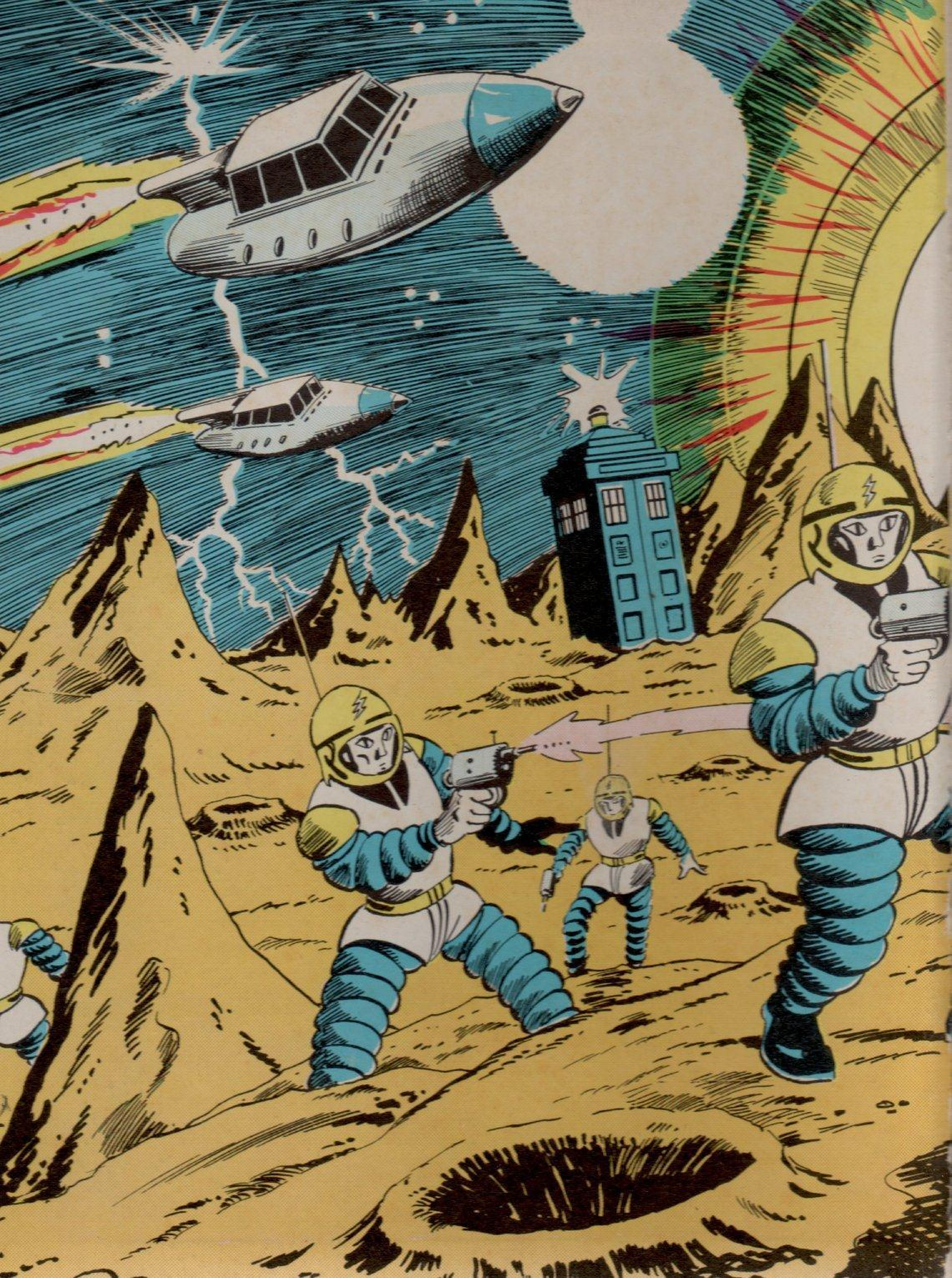
The group of figures seemed paralysed, and it was obvious to the doctor that they knew of the devastating powers of the atomising ray-guns and could not, for that few precious seconds, risk a move. The last thing they saw as the great door closed was the vast metal two-legged tower that reared above them.

"Quick," roared Jamie, leaping for the control console. "Those things could vaporise the *Tardis*!"



"No hurry now, Jamie," beamed the doctor, himself again now he was home. "I've told you many times, the *Tardis* is invulnerable against all weapons. We'll not waste too much time, of course. This is a most dangerous spot in Space Time. You know, children, I was right. Now we have indisputable proof that this is a multi-dimensional Cosmos, with probably many tangential points where one could pass from one Space Time Universe into another. But . . ." His face clouded and his spirit cringed as he recalled that fantastic horror in the torn spacesuit, its very organs burning as the oxygen got at them.

"We'll move on, children," he muttered, repressing a violent shudder. "This is no Space Time for *us*."



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